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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

DEVOTED TO

History, Biography, Literature
and State Progress

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In Issues

VOLUME XLV
NEW SERIES, VOLUME VIII

CONCORD, N. H.
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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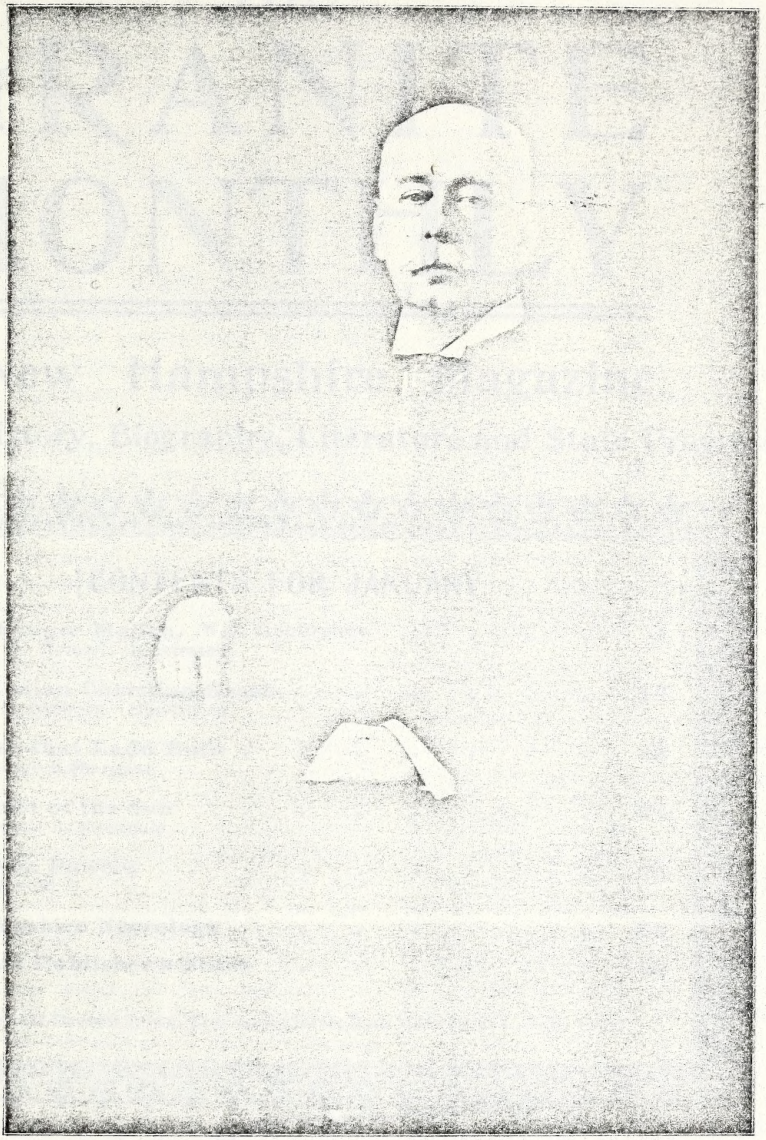
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C. E. Hurlbut

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLV, NO. 1 JANUARY, 1913 NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, NO. 1

CHARLES SANGER MELLEN

By H. H. Metcalf

Nothing has contributed more to the world's material prosperity, or the progress of civilization itself, in the last half century, than the growth and development of transportation facilities. The school boy of fifty years ago was taught that Agriculture, Manufacture and Commerce were the three great occupations of civilized mankind. The school boy of the present day does not need to be taught that Transportation is an industry of equal importance with those, and that without its coöperation there would be no prosperity for either.

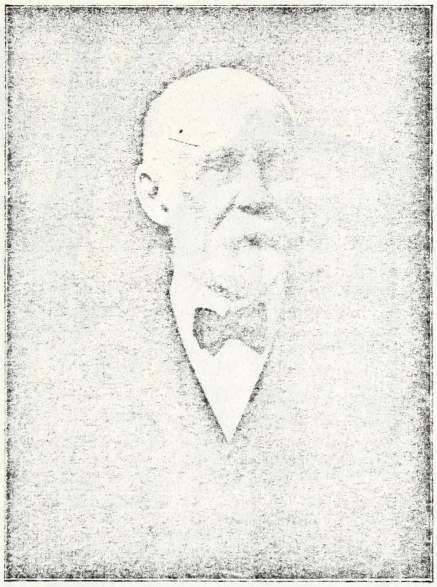
That there have been tremendous abuses incident to this wonderful development is not to be denied. Ambition and avarice have found ready field therein for the exercise of their arts; but here, as in every field of modern enterprise, good has transcended evil, and the outcome has been vastly advantageous, on the whole, to the country and mankind.

If it be true, as undoubtedly it is, that New England has suffered a relative loss, through the development and perfection of the country's transportation system, it is none the less true that upon its wisely directed use and improvement it must largely depend for future advantage and prosperity. Nor is it to be forgotten that no section has contributed more in genius, energy, and enterprise, as well as capital, to the development in question than has New England. The sons of New Hampshire, in fact, have been at the front in the projection, construction or operation of most of the great railway lines in the country, and today a New Hampshire man, who has had a wider, more varied and successful experience in practical railroad operation than any other man in the country, stands at the head of the combined railway system of New England, and to him, more than to any other man, must its people look for the promotion of their own material prosperity.

CHARLES SANGER MELLEN, though born in Lowell, Mass., August 16, 1851, came of New Hampshire stock, and was reared from early childhood in New Hampshire's capital city, receiving here his education and early business training, and forming attachments that no lapse of time has broken. His father, the late George Kingsbury Mellen, was a native of the town of Alstead, in Cheshire County, and learned the trade of a hatter in the town of Claremont, being employed by Charles Holt Sanger, whose daughter, Hannah Maria, he subsequently married. He followed his trade in Boston and, later, in Lowell, but removed with his family to Concord in 1855, when Charles S. was four years of age. Their first home here was on Union Street, in the south tenement of a double house still standing, and now owned by Dennis Green, on the east side of the street, next below the Abbott house, and but a stone's throw in fact from the house in which the late George F. Evans, vice president and general manager of the Maine Central Railroad, was born and

reared, so that in childhood days, these two successful railway operators, in whose careers Concord people have long taken special pride, doubtless came in frequent contact.

The family soon removed, however, to a house at the corner of Wall and Elm streets, and a little later to one on Thompson Street, corner of Myrtle, which had been built as an investment by the late Lowell Eastman, and which became their permanent residence, until a few years before



George Kingsbury Mellen

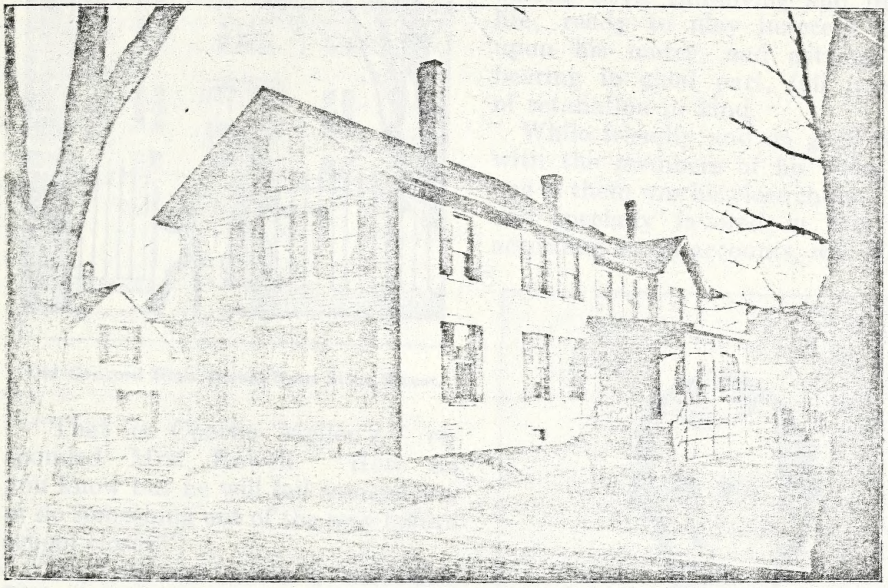
the death of Mr. Mellen, senior, when it was sold to Mr. H. C. Osgood, the present owner, Mr. Mellen removing to the house on Rumford Street, where he died, August 31, 1909, his wife having passed away five years earlier. He had been many years in the hat, cap and fur trade in Concord, was a kindly, lovable man, with the finest sense of honor, was especially fond of children, and was universally esteemed and respected.

Charles S. was the oldest child. Two other sons died young, and there were two daughters, Marietta, who married the late Sam Butterfield, a son of Hon. William Butterfield, long editor of the *New Hampshire Patriot*, and died a few years since, and Cora, now the wife of Herbert G. Abbot of Concord, long known as one of the best soprano singers in the city.

The first school attended by young Mellen was the private one, conducted by Miss Mary L. Burgin, daughter of Hon. Hall Burgin, a man of note in the county who had removed to Concord from Allenstown. Miss Burgin's school was largely attended and became quite noted, her ability as a teacher being marked. It was in the house on Fayette Street, near South, on or near the site of the present Chandler School. From this school he went to the Intermediate School in the two room building on Myrtle Street, which has since been enlarged by the addition of one story and transformed into a four-tenement house. Among his schoolmates here were Frank E. Brown, now assistant general passenger agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and Henry Robinson, later mayor and postmaster of Concord. From this school he went to the Rumford Grammar School, among the teachers whom he recalls in the latter, during his attendance, being Miss Tompkins, Miss Julia Jones and Miss S. Augusta Gerrish. From the Rumford School he entered the High School, then located on the site of the present Parker School, in the building destroyed by fire in 1887 along with the Unitarian Church. The late Moses Woolson, a noted teacher of his time, who subsequently conducted a private school for many years, was principal of the High School when Mr. Mellen entered, which was in 1866, his wife, Abby Gold Woolson, who, later, became noted as a writer and lecturer, was an assistant teacher. The following year John H. Woods became principal, and a year later Joseph D. Bartley succeeded him, and was the principal during the last year of Mr. Mellen's attendance, he having completed the four years' course in three years and graduated with the class of 1869, which numbered sixteen members at

graduation, of whom were Henry Robinson and John W. Ford, among the boys, and Clara F. Brown, now assistant librarian of the Concord Public Library, the late Nannie V. Butterfield, Sarah H. Fifield, Helen M. Peverly and Mary L. Thompson of the girls, the latter, since distinguished as an author and teacher, being the valedictorian and ranking "No. 1," though Mr. Mellen ranked practically even with her, and is said by Mr. Ford, who vividly recalls his school boy association with him, to have been the best all around scholar of the class, as proven by the fact that he covered in three years the work done by the others in four, while, at the same time, taking lessons outside of school hours in music, and also in draughting. Music and drawing were lines in which he excelled, particularly the former, and the fact that he for some time seriously thought of becoming a professional musician is commented upon by most people in Concord who remember him as a young man. He is said by ex-Mayor Robinson, who was in school with him throughout, to have regarded the late Prof. John H. Morey, of whom he took piano lessons for a long time, also studying the organ to some extent, and who, by the way, was one of the most successful musicians of his day, though he probably never made over $1,000 per year from his profession, as an ideal man, whose career he well might emulate.

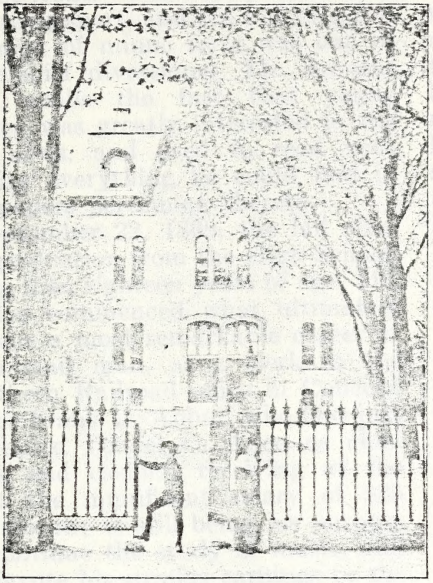
During his last year in the High School Misses Abby B. Parker, who subsequently married the late Francis H. Fiske, and Sarah E. Blair, now the widow of Moses Dole of Campton, and still living in that town, were the assistant teachers. Miss Blair, who was then boarding with Mrs. James H. Rowell at the corner of Green and School streets, nearly opposite the High School building, had a high regard for young Mellen, and always felt sure of him both in scholarship and deportment. Mrs. Rowell, who still occupies the old home, recalls a circumstance which illustrates the good standing of the young man in school and the pride which he took in the same. At one time, near the close of the term, as Miss Blair was at work on her report cards, showing



The Mellen House, Thompson St., Concord. Now Owned by H. C. Osgood

standing in deportment and scholarship, she remarked to Mrs. Rowell,

"Here is one that I am going to mark perfect now, throughout," showing her the same.



Old Concord High School from State Street,

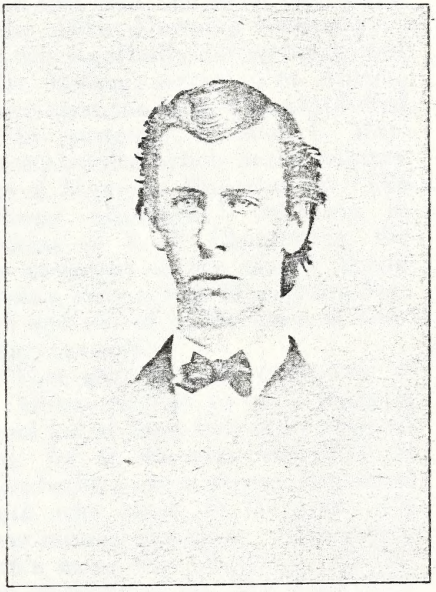
"That is Charlie Mellen's," responded Mrs. Rowell. "How do you know but he will fail somewhere, or do something out of the way before school closes?"

"Oh, I am sure he won't," said Miss Blair.

It so happened, however, that as the scholars were filing out of the room not long after, young Mellen, whose attention was otherwise attracted just then, did not start the moment he should, and one Charles Clough got into his place, seeing which Mellen started upon the impulse of the moment and crowded around ahead of Clough—a procedure against the rules, which necessitated marking him down, much to Miss Blair's regret. Mrs. Rowell remembers that he called to talk with Miss Blair about the matter soon after, telling her how hard he had tried to insure a perfect standing and how much he regretted this failure.

The universal testimony of those who attended school with him is that he was, while not specially brilliant, a good scholar in all branches, seldom, if ever, failing in anything. If he particularly excelled in anything it was in mathematics, but he was good in Latin, in English, and all other studies. He also entered heartily into the sports of the day such as they were, though decidedly different from those now obtaining. He was a boy among boys, fun-loving and full of life; ready to play innocent tricks upon his mates, and getting, and bearing in good part, full measure of retaliation in kind.

While friendly and on good terms with the members of his class, one one of them was his close chum. The one specially favored in this line, according to all accounts, was Henry



Charles S. Mellen as a High School Graduate

W. Stevens, a year or two younger than he, now a prominent Concord lawyer, son of the late Hon. Lyman D. Stevens, whose home was then near by his, and with whom he spent

much time in all sorts of games and amusements. The two lads were together a great deal in war time days; saw the various regiments in camp and witnessed their departure for the front. The war spirit entered into their sport, and the building and manning of mimic forts was one of their chief diversions. Mr. Stevens now recalls the fact that young Mellen was greatly interested in the war news, and used to read with avidity everything he could find in the papers pertaining thereto.

September 22, 1869, the fall after his graduation from the High School, being then eighteen years of age, Mr. Mellen commenced what ultimately became a most remarkable career as a railroad man, as a clerk in the Northern Railroad office in Concord under Frank D. Abbot, who had just succeeded Daniel C. Allen as chief clerk and cashier, receiving at the start the munificent salary of $25 per month; it still being his purpose to continue the study of music, and to devote his surplus earnings to the furtherance of such object. He continued in the office until May, 1872, winning the confidence and good will of both his employer and fellow employes.

Mr. Abbot, who is now superintendent of repairs for the American Express Company in Boston, speaks of Mr. Mellen as one of the best clerks he ever knew, neat in dress and pleasant in manner, remarkably quick witted and rapidly mastering all the details of his work. Mr. Charles F. Nichols, who was a clerk in the railroad office when Mellen entered, was friendly with him and the two worked together a good deal while engaged in invoicing vouchers, Nichols taking pains to instruct his associate in his work at first; but it was not long, he says, before the young man got ahead of his instructor. Everybody about the office liked the young man very much, except Superintendent Todd, in getting into whose good graces he seemed to make no headway, and there is still a lingering suspicion in some quarters that he did not try very hard. Mr. Todd used to complain to Mr. Abbot about Mellen's whistling so much. "He can't help that," Abbot would reply, "he's full of music." "He'll never make a railroad man," was Todd's response; but Abbot stoutly defended him and insisted he was the best clerk he had—accurate, systematic and reliable. He declared, in fact, that he was the *only* real clerk he had ever seen. Governor Stearns, the president, did not agree with Mr. Todd. He took a strong liking to young Mellen and placed great confidence in him, which he manifested in many ways, then and later.

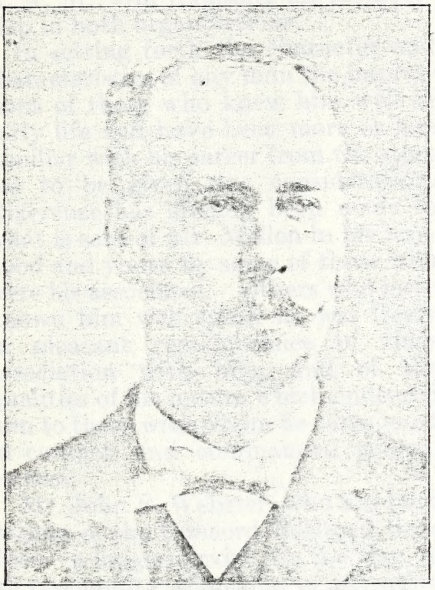
In May, 1872, Mr. Mellen went with Albert M. Shaw, chief engineer of the Vermont Central Railroad, as his clerk, with headquarters at St. Albans, remaining until the following spring when he returned to Concord, and took the position which Mr. Abbot had held, the latter then going to the Abbot-Downing Company.

It was manifestly during this period of Mr. Mellen's service in St. Albans, if ever, that the basis was established for the paragraph in Isaac F. Marcosson's leading article in the January issue of *Munsey's Magazine*, on "The Railroad Alinement," wherein in speaking of E. J. Chamberlin, the new president of the Grand Trunk Railway (also a New Hampshire boy, born and reared in the town of Lancaster), he says:

"That shabby little workroom at St. Albans proved to be a training school for at least two great railroad men; for at the very next desk to Chamberlin's sat a plump, keen-eyed youth who stuck to his work and never minded the clock. This young clerk's name was Charles S. Mellen, now president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and 'transportation czar' of all New England. By a queer prank of fate Chamberlin and Mellen were afterward the chief figures in the fight over the entry of the Grand Trunk into Boston."

After his return to Concord, in the

spring of 1872, Mr. Mellen remained with the Northern Railroad for eight years, serving as Superintendent's clerk, chief clerk, and assistant treasurer, giving close attention to duty, and developing marked ability as an accountant. In 1880 he went as assistant to the general manager of the Boston & Lowell Railroad at Boston; from September, 1881, to March, 1883, he was auditor of the Boston, Lowell & Concord; was superintendent of the Boston & Lowell in 1883–84 and general superintendent from 1884 to 1888.



Charles S. Mellen at 40 Years

In the latter year he was called to the service of the Union Pacific Railroad, as assistant purchasing agent, soon becoming assistant manager, and subsequently, from 1889 to 1892, general traffic manager. In 1892 he returned east, as general manager of the New York & New England Railroad at Boston, but, in October of that year he was made a vice-president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and was actively connected with the management of that road until September 1, 1897, when he resigned to accept the presidency of the Northern Pacific, devoting the next six years most effectively to the rehabilitation, development and uplifting of that great system.

When he went to the latter corporation it was freely predicted that he would be back with the New Haven ere many years had passed. Six years later the prediction came true, and in 1903 he returned to the New Haven as its president, to the multifarious and burdensome duties of which office, increased in 1910 by those of the Boston & Maine presidency, he has given all of the tremendous strength and energy of his nature up to the present time, when the cares and responsibilities of his position have become greater and more trying than ever before, and the wonder is that he carries the weight and bears the strain without any sign of weakening or discouragement, harassed and beset as he has been by all manner of opposition and obstacle.

As showing the thought and feeling uppermost in his mind upon coming into the presidency of the Boston & Maine, and assuming supreme control of the old roads with which his first service had been rendered, it is related that in a conversation with one of the heads of departments, just after the directors' meeting at which he had been elected, the latter remarked to Mr. Mellen: "I suppose this must be a very gratifying moment to you."

"Yes," replied he, but with no tone of elation, or sign of exultation, "Yes, but it means work—work!"

And with a thoughtful, far-away look he added: "I wish my old father were alive."

Mr. Mellen was united in marriage, September 23, 1875, with Marion Beardsley Foster of St. Albans, Vt., who died March 27, 1892, leaving two children, a son, Graham Kingsbury, born May 10, 1880, a graduate of St. Paul's School and Yale University, and now eastern agent of the Keystone Coal and Coke Company at New York; and a daughter, Marion Foster, another son having died. On November 15, 1893, he married Katharine Lloyd

Livingston of Brooklyn by whom he has five children living—Kathryn, Amory, Raymond, Candace and Priscilla, two others having died young.

The family home is in New Haven, 389 Whitney Avenue, while as a summer residence Mr. Mellen has a fine estate in Stockbridge, Mass., where the family spends much time, remaining usually until after the Thanksgiving season.

Mr. Mellen became a member of Eureka Lodge, No. 70, A. F. & A. M., of Concord, February 5, 1880, and subsequently joined Trinity Chapter, R. A. M., still retaining his membership in both organizations.

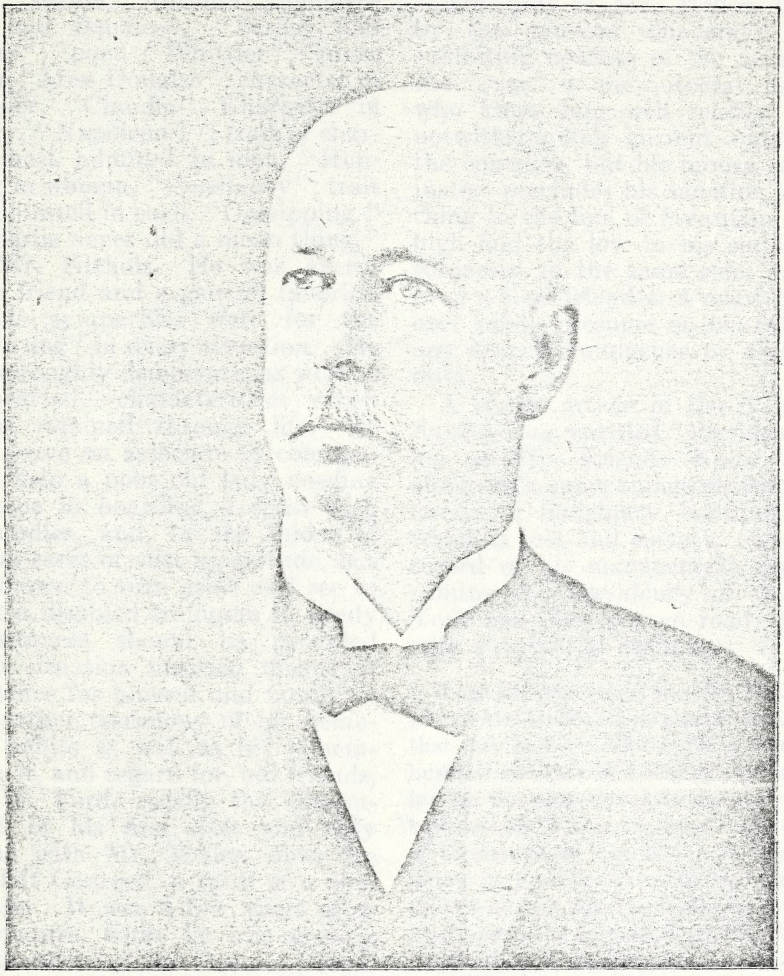
In setting forth the character and characteristics of any man the impressions of those who knew him well in early life and have been more or less familiar with his career from the start are to be given due consideration. Reference has already been made to what is said of Mr. Mellen in his boyhood and youth by some of those who were his associates. Others who have known him well speak no less freely in pleasant remembrance of their association with him, and of the qualities of his nature which endeared him to those with whom he came most in contact, and commanded general esteem.

Mr. John F. Webster, who has been cashier of the Concord Railroad since 1865—a longer service, by the way, in all probability, than that of any other man connected with any of the corporations centering in Concord, and whose office has been continuously at the railway station here, recalls clearly the time when Mr. Mellen commenced service as a clerk in the Northern office, and the impression he made as an earnest and diligent young man; his popularity with his associates, and his readiness to perform his part in any line of duty or obligation. He especially remembers his interest and activity in connection with the annual "reunions," held by the Concord and Northern Railroad employes, which were then a prominent feature in the social life of the community, or that particular portion thereof.

Mr. Frank E. Brown, previously mentioned as an early and later schoolmate of Mr. Mellen, and who subsequently came in contact with him in railway service, having been himself engaged therein all his active life, was more or less intimate with him from childhood until the time when he left Concord, their mutual love for music, undoubtedly, giving strength to their attachment. They studied and practiced together many hours, Mr. Brown being a frequent visitor at the Mellen home for this purpose and naturally becoming familiar with the family life therein. "Charlie," as he was known then and always at home and in the community, was ever a good boy, and the apple of his mother's eye, so to speak. He was well cared for and his friends were always cordially welcomed. In return he was alway kindly considerate of his parents and their welfare.

In this connection it may be stated that Mr. Charles Nichols recalls his devotion to his mother during a time when several members of the family were ill with diphtheria, and finally she, herself, was stricken with the disease. Nurses were not at hand in those days as now, but the sick had to be looked after and young Mellen saw to it that his mother and the others did not want for care, just as he saw to it all through their later years that "father" and "mother" lacked nothing essential to their welfare. If he was his mother's pride and joy in childhood, he was his father's chum and confidant, when they were together in later years, as was perhaps natural from the fact that he was the only boy in the family to grow up.

Perhaps no better index of the young man's character, as formed at that time, can be found than is afforded by a page in a mental autograph album, so called, still possessed by Mr. Nichols, in which, in connection with his photograph and autograph, the latter written in the same strong,



Charles S. Mellen at 50 Years

handsome hand, familiar to all who have seen his signature in later years, Mr. Mellen gave his favorites, in various lines, following the printed questions, this being under date of March 6, 1873—almost forty years ago. There his favorite flower is given as the "Violet"; tree, the "Elm"; season, "Autumn"; names—male and female—, "Father and Mother"; poet "Whittier"; prose author, "Miss Douglas"; character in Romance, "Claudia"; Character in History, "Napoleon I"; trait of character most admired in man, "Honesty"; in woman, "Constancy"; trait most detested in each, "Gossipping."

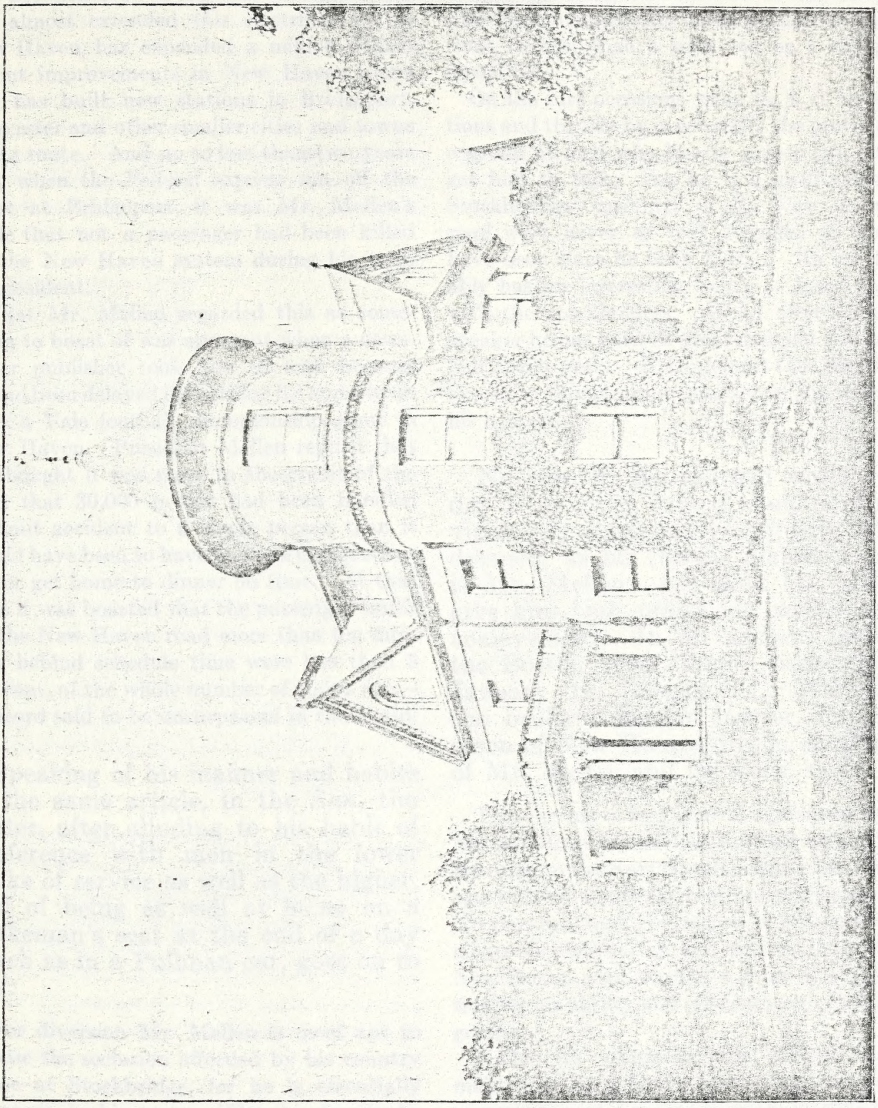
"Charlie never did a mean thing," says Mr. Nichols. He was everybody's friend and a general favorite, and his sympathies were for the "under dog" in every situation. He was thoroughly democratic as well as kind-hearted — characteristics which he has retained through life. He would leave an associate or companion to help a poor old lady needing assistance in boarding a train with her bundles, and, in the midst of pressing cares of vast magnitude, has been known to turn aside and see to it that a disabled trainman in needy circumstances should be provided with a situation insuring means of subsistence for himself and family.

In further testimony of his democratic habits as well as his remembrance of, and regard for, old friends, John W. Ford, recalls the circumstances of his first, last and only meeting with Mr. Mellen since the latter left Concord, a third of a century ago. It was a few years after his depature, while he was general superintendent of the Boston, Lowell and Concord Railroad, that Mr. F., while in the old Lowell depot at Boston, saw Mr. Mellen, with a party of associate officials as they were about to take an elevator for some office above. He had no idea that Mr. Mellen recognized him, and had no disposition to intrude upon his notice. He did see him, however, knew him at once, and, breaking away from his dignified associates, manifestly not a little to their surprise, made a rush toward him, greeting him with the old-time "Hello, John," grasped his hand with friendly fervor, expressed his delight at meeting him and plied him with questions about the old home city and its people.

Not only is Mr. Mellen imbued by the genuine democratic spirit, exhibiting nothing of the manner of the "czar" or the autocrat, as those who know him well readily attest, notwithstanding current opinion to the contrary, but his inborn sense of justice precludes his sanction of anything in the line of favoritism. The high and the low in his employ are subjected to the same rule, and not even a close friend or a relative could ever safely presume on his favor for any special indulgence or neglect of duty.

A recent article in the *New York Sunday Sun*, entitled "President Mellen as His Friends Know Him," along with some things entirely inaccurate or imaginary, contains much which is just and correct. As to the record of his management since assuming the presidency of the New York and New Haven road, it says, with substantial accuracy:

> When the directors of the New Haven road picked Mr. Mellen for its head it was declared that they had secured the ablest man in the business and that he would succeed in building up the property as it was said he had built up his Western railroad. On the day of his arrival in New Haven to assume his duties as president Mr. Mellen announced that he did not plan to revolutionize the railroad business in New England, but that with the backing of the stockholders he did hope to develop the New Haven road so that it should be second to none in efficiency.
>
> During the nine years that he has been its president the New Haven road has acquired the Boston and Maine, thus controlling practically the entire railroad situation in New England; has acquired the Connecticut Western and developed the Poughkeepsie Bridge route via the Ontario and Western, so that the New Haven road has access by its



New Haven Residence of Charles S. Mellen



own lines to the Pennsylvania coal regions; has acquired most of the steamship lines running out of New York to New England points; has bought or built hundreds of miles of trolley roads in Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts; has electrified the main line between New York and Stamford and has almost extended this electrification to New Haven, has expended a million dollars in cut improvements in New Haven alone and has built new stations in Bridgeport, Worcester and other smaller cities and towns on its route. And up to less than two years ago, when the Federal express ran off the track at Bridgeport, it was Mr. Mellen's pride that not a passenger had been killed on the New Haven system during his term as president.

That Mr. Mellen regarded this as something to boast of was apparent when a newspaper publisher took him to task because he had been delayed in reaching his home town after a Yale football championship game in New Haven. President Mellen replied that he thought it was more to the credit of the road that 30,000 people had been handled without accident to a single person than it would have been to have had one Connecticut editor get home to dinner on time. At that time it was boasted that the passenger trains on the New Haven road more than ten minutes behind schedule time were less than 5 per cent. of the whole number of trains run—a record said to be unsurpassed in the world.

Speaking of his manner and habits in the same article, in the *Sun*, the writer, after alluding to his habit of conference with men in the lower ranks of service as well as the higher, and of being as well at home on a brakeman's seat at the end of a day coach as in a Pullman car, goes on to say:

For diversion Mr. Mellen is most apt to choose the seclusion afforded by his country home at Stockbridge, for he is essentially domestic in his taste. With his family he drops all business cares and enters into the diversions of the young people with all the enthusiasm that might be expected of a man who had dropped a quarter of a century from his age. His country home is famed for its hospitality, although the entertaining by his wife and himself is never suggestive of display. On occasion, when in New Haven for the winter, Mr. and Mrs. Mellen entertain elaborately. Mr. Mellen apparently does not enjoy social affairs much, and is seldom seen at social gatherings unless accompanying his daughter or some other member of the family. The theatre apparently offers no more attractions to him than a pink tea or a college reception.

On the rare occasions when he is at receptions and the like he is generally the centre of a group of men who like to corner him and get him to talk. For he is a good talker. Stockholders' meetings of the New Haven road were never so well attended as they have been since he took charge. He invariably has an interesting heart to heart talk with the stockholders. As an after dinner speaker he has been in great demand the last half dozen years. If he doesn't talk shop he is sure to discuss some question of interest to his hearers.

No man in the railroad world today is so much talked about and so vigorously condemned—unjustly condemned, as his friends maintain—as is Mr. Mellen; yet even his critics give him high praise for ability and achievement. In an address before the Boston Wool Trade Association, January 11, Sherman L. Whipple, the brilliant Boston lawyer, himself a son of New Hampshire, in speaking of Mr. Mellen and his work, said:

There seems to be a general agreement that Mr. Mellen is an efficient railroad executive. He came to the New Haven board a few years ago with an excellent record of performance. No one can read the record of his achievements in building up and systematizing the New Haven road without a sense of admiration for his ability and efficiency as a railroad genius.

Under his administration millions upon millions of capital have been expended in the construction of a railroad system intended to be adequate for the transportation needs of New England. He has shown genius, foresight and a comprehensive grasp in his schemes of upbuilding.

The plans which he has outlined for the future, involving the physical connection of

the New Haven and Boston & Maine roads into one great system, and for the expenditure of more millions in building up the efficiency of both roads, show not only great sagacity and wisdom, but a great benefit to the transportation service of New England.

Furthermore, no one, I believe, can read Mr. Mellen's recent statements without being convinced that he conscientiously and honestly believes, not only that he has been guilty of no misconduct in what he has done, but that he has fully and faithfully discharged his duty as he has understood it. He evidently feels sincerely that the critcisms to which he has been subjected are unwarranted and unjust.



Mr. Mellen's Summer Home at Stockbridge, Mass.

The expenditures which have been made and those which are contemplated demonstrate a sincere desire on the part of the New Haven road and its management to serve the city of Boston and New England to the best of their ability and do all that lies within their power to promote the well-being and prosperity of the industries and commerce of New England.

Mr Whipple then went on to speak of the unpopularity and condemnation to which Mr. Mellen is subjected in so large measure at this time, and to attribute the same to a disposition on his part not to regard the rights of the public, or to take the latter into his confidence, as it were, but to work solely for the interests of his stockholders, regarding the same as the final test, conceding him, however, to be entirely sincere in his view.

This opinion by Mr. Whipple will hardly be coincided with by fair-minded men in New Hampshire when they consider the letter and spirit of Mr. Mellen's address before the Wonolancet Club of Concord, delivered October 21, 1910, a few days after he assumed the presidency of the Boston & Maine Railroad; and when they consider, farther, that as far as he is concerned, and has been able to act, every pledge and promise embodied, or involved therein, has been faithfully kept and fulfilled. For the information of readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY interested in the fair adjustment of the relations between the railroad and the people, without which there can be neither peace nor prosperity for either, the address referred to is reproduced below:

MR. MELLEN'S WONOLANCET CLUB ADDRESS

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

In addressing you this evening I want to remark that I am not unfamiliar with the saying that "a prophet is not without honor

save in his own country," and at the same time assure you that achievements elsewhere will never satisfy that craving which consumes every man, not born to power and wealth, to achieve the honor and respect, and to enjoy the confidence of that community which knows so well of his days of small beginnings as do the neighbors and friends of his boyhood.

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> That never to himself has said,
> This is my own, my native land!"

This is my own country; you are of my own people, and you should trust me and grant that time, so necessary, in which to work out the problems that have vexed you, and of which a successful solution is as necessary to your interests as to those I have been selected to protect and represent.

It is not often given to a man who has left his home to seek that fortune which we all look for, and which so few achieve, to be called back, after long years of toil in other vineyards, to help solve the problem that have vexed the patience of his comrades, his neighbors of early life; but when such opportunity does come to pass it will surely call for all there is in him to merit and secure in his old home, certainly, a modicum of that which has been given so freely and apparently with good will elsewhere.

For me the "Suwanee River" will always flow through Concord. Here is where my old folks stay. Here is where all the inspiration came from, that has held me true to the line of my duty, when temptation was strong, when courage was waning, when failure seemed impending; and it is here, with the lapse of a little time, I shall hope to rest with my neighbors, my friends of long ago, to learn whether it has been well or ill; whether I have done the things I ought not to have done, and left undone the things I ought to have done; whether I shall hear the, "Well done, good and faithful servant," that in the ultimate is the only reward worth while.

It is always well to have ideals but it is hard to try and force those who think differently to your own way of attaining them. Ideals are desirable, as the goals which we should all strive to reach, though but few may attain them. If the striving makes us a little better—if by such striving we make progress toward better conditions—our work has not been in vain though we fall far short of our mark.

My coming to this property, it is true, is a coming back home; but it is, also, falling heir to an immense amount of work that is going to tax my strength, and not unlikely your patience, most seriously.

With every disposition, with ample means, it is going to take time in which to find cars and locomotives, to build shops and bridges, and to bring about conditions, which it will be my pride as well as yours to accomplish; that shall make this great property a most efficient agency of your prosperity, and that you may praise it, and feel that those in charge of its affairs are looking sharply after all that may be done to make your state one of the great pleasure grounds of the whole country, as it should be, and see that your cities do not suffer discrimination in markets for the product of their manufacturies, but are able to place that produce, on equal terms with their competitors, in all the markets of this country, and if possible, in all the markets of the world.

Help me to realize your ideals. Let us work together that they may materialize; but do not take it too much to heart if we fall a little short of our desires. Ideals realized leave nothing to strive for, and some of us, it seems to me, have had no proper training to sit still, or to produce other than discord in attempting playing on harps.

I am advised that the people of New Hampshire complain that the company has been too active in the political affairs of this state, and I wish to assure you it will, hereafter do nothing which is not in accord with the soundest principles which should govern public service corporations in their public relations. To be specific:

We shall not interfere, in any way, with the election of members of the legislature or of other public officers.

We shall not give or offer to any public officer, directly or indirectly, any consideration which shall tend to influence him in the performance of his public duties.

We shall do away with the lobby, in the sense in which that term is commonly used. We must, however, employ the ablest talent we can secure to present to the legislature our views upon pending legislation affecting

our company. At the end of the next legislative session there will be no complaint about the pernicious activity of any lobby employed in our interest.

Our business before your legislature will be in charge of Mr. E. J. Rich who understands the changed policy of the company, and is in hearty accord with the same. I do not believe either you or I will have any occasion to criticise any act of his, or that is with his approval.

To my great regret, at the beginning of my administration, I find two great lawsuits in progress between our company and your state officials, to which I shall refer briefly:

The first I will speak of is the rate case.

My own views are set forth in a letter to your governor—the first letter I wrote after becoming president of this company,—and in this connection let me say:

I would much have preferred to restore the old rates immediately, but this was beyond my power, the interests of other roads being so seriously affected, and, besides, such action must have resulted in raising many rates above the present standard, which would have been misunderstood, and likely as not immediately enjoined by the interstate commerce commission. Further, such action would have been seriously misinterpreted and furnished material for farther misrepresentation.

From such examination of the existing rates as I have had time to make, I am of the opinion that the objection to them is more that they are considered by so many to be illegal, rather than that they are unreasonable, and it is a condition, or state of mind, with which we must deal. Is it not better that the whole matter should be carefully considered and settled by the incoming legislature rather than by any severely technical construction of the law?

We both want a better railroad than we now have, and to get it there must be a large amount of money raised before it can be expended and the desired result reached.

Are you willing to help me get this money and improve this property, making it an efficient, up-to-date railroad, or do you prefer to have this litigation drag its weary length to a decision which will surely satisfy nobody, and which, if it results in the old rates being again made effective, will seriously, I am afraid, discriminate against industries in your state as compared with similar ones located elsewhere.

It is a time when it is much better to foregather, and see what is best to be done for all, rather than that either should win its contentions at law; and the advent of new men to the administration of the property affords an opportunity to arrive at a solution that should hurt no one, rather than have a decision handed down that may give us all what we do not want.

A corporation is for the time being only the personality of the men in charge of its affairs. Men come and go, but the corporation stays. New men have come before you as the Boston & Maine Railroad. Why not test them and see if they are what they should be; sit down with them and thresh out your controversies—discuss your troubles? Those who foregather much always find relief.

I believe our interests are common—that you will find more and more difficult the road to prosperity if you seek to travel it alone. That we should work together does not seem to me to admit of argument, and I extend to you the right hand of fellowship.

I solicit your partnership, and assure you I can carry a heavy burden when put to the test, and believe I can truly say, after many years of trial in many places in this country, that those who have trusted me have never gone empty handed, or turned away to cast stones.

The second great lawsuit to which I have referred is the tax suit.

The railroad property should pay its full tax under the law, but its taxes should be assessed, as are other taxes in the state, on the same basis of valuation. Taxes should be fair and equitable and legal. They should not be punitive, and to make them so is to drive away from the railroads of the state the capital so necessary for their improvement for their and your development.

The state of New Hampshire has not arrived at that stage of development that it can furnish the capital for all it needs itself, and it must at least offer the inducement of fair treatment, in the matter of taxation, to outside capital, if it is to prosper. It is upon the investment of outside capital in your midst that your prosperity so much depends.

Desiring to avoid controversy, and com-

mence with the people of New Hampshire with a clean slate, I am ready to sit down with your responsible officials and settle this suit, paying everything which the Boston & Maine should pay, basing the valuation of its property as other property within the state is valued for purposes of taxation.

It is my opinion that the present taxes would never have been assessed had not prejudice and a desire to punish had greater influence than a desire to be just.

A poor and broken-down railroad is not an efficient agent of prosperity in any community, and if anything is needed in New England today, it is a more efficient transportation system than it is now possessed of. I hope I may help, somewhat, toward that most desirable result, but it must be done with your coöperation, for neither of us can accomplish much more than increase the irritation if we attempt to reach that result alone and by different ways.

GOLD

By Stewart Everett Rowe

"May flowers bloom for you beneath the snow," dear,
That's what you wrote to me without the "dear":
But still, I dare to dream (because I know, dear),
You meant the sentence as I've penned it here.

For Mary Moulton, off there in the distance,
No matter how the Ships of Life may list,
In more than one Divine and Heavenly instance,
I hear you whisper softly through the mist;

Yes, hear you whisper to this strange old heart, dear,
And though you don't say much, you speak to me
In tones that let me know we'll never part, dear,
In spite of all the many things to be!

And in return I say: "I'll never doubt you—
You or the friendship that for me you hold;
For this lone life would weaker be without you,
So, Mary Moulton, you to me, are Gold!"

May flowers bloom for you beneath the snow, dear,
And may the world be dear and kind to you;
I trust and hope that some day you will know, dear,
I liked you better than perhaps you knew!

VANISHED STARS

By Theodora Chase

Look up in the sky, O wonder!
Why are the stars so few?
They have melted from out the azure
As sunlight dries the dew.

We counted them once by the million,
Bright like the eyes that sought,
O Time give us back our treasure,
Undo what thou hast wrought!

Ah, still as the years glide onward,
And fast each season flies,
Some stars we shall all be missing
Forever from our skies.

But those that remain are dearer
Than the countless throngs of old,
They shine to our dimming vision
Not silver now, but gold.

And the moon seems larger, nearer,
To age than to youthful sight,
For it floods the sky with splendor,
As fades the stars' fair light.

And thus to our failing vision
The Great Light draweth near,
As we lose the stars beloved,
His light shines full and clear.

O, LITTLE MAID OF LONG AGO

By Jean McGregor

O, little maid with eyes of blue,
Across the years I look at you.
Your golden curls are hanging low;
Atop your head a satin bow.
Your cheek is just the faintest pink,
Your steadfast eyes refuse to shrink.
Your lips have never framed a lie,
In scorn they e'en refuse to try.
And you'll be always, always true—
Old-fashioned maid, with eyes of blue.

* * * * *

Ah, Little Maid of Long Ago,
Within your heart as pure as snow
There burns the crimson cross of woe.
Your golden curls are silvered now,
Your head submissive seems to bow.
Those tired eyes look so far away,
With longing for the Reckoning Day.
For only God can tell you why
He sends the cross, the tears, the sigh.
But in your eyes I read the truth.
What others sow you reap, forsooth!
You've done your best and God doth know,
O, Little Maid of Long Ago.

A MACEDONIAN CHRISTIAN GREEK

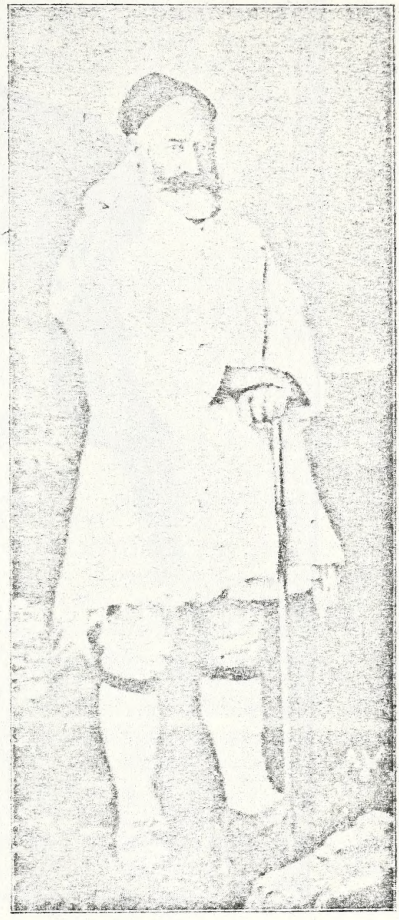
By F. B. Sanborn

The readers of St. Paul's Epistles will readily see how fast and how firmly Christianity established itself in ancient Macedonia, under the brave and fervent missionary labors of the convert from Tarsus in Cilicia. Cilicia and Macedonia were both but small portions of the huge empire of Alexander of Macedon,

"Who fought secure of fortune as of fame,"

and overran vast countries almost with the celerity of a trading caravan, crossing the wide spaces that measured the much smaller extent of the Persian Empire he subdued. Yet, making allowance for centuries instead of decades (which new religions require for taking root, where armies merely march and retreat), the spread of Christianity, preceded by Paul, seems almost as great a miracle as the campaigns of Alexander. Where the converted Jew was preaching in synagogues and writing to the faithful few at Philippi, at Thessalonica and among the other little churches of Macedonia, in the first Christian century, there had sprung up in the third and fourth centuries, numberless churches, many bishoprics, and a whole people of the new faith, instead of the scattered minority, persecuted and suffering, whom Paul encouraged and to whom he made his fatherly complaints. You may still see, as I did, twenty years ago, churches at Salonica, now mosques, where the legend is that Paul preached, though it is evident they are of later construction, and imply the power of numbers, and not the feebleness of the first converts; who probably met in their own houses, when the Jewish synagogues were not offered for Paul's fervid discourses.

But Christianity in Macedon, like the philosophy of Aristotle at his native Stagira, culminated and was eclipsed in course of ten or twelve centuries; and a more warlike and simpler religion, that of Islam, came there to take its place; or rather, to succeed in the misgovernment of



Shepherd of Olympus

the land of Philip and Alexander. Then began centuries of scornful tolerance and malevolent or indifferent cruelty and oppression in Macedonia, which have now ended forever, as we trust. While the partitioning or the protection of the fair land, and

its motley and interbreeding races, is going forward, let me give some account of an interesting branch of a Greek Christian family, residing in a district of Macedonia not far from Mount Olympus, but early rescued by a kinsman from the pecuniary exactions and the personal risk and shame that too often accompanied the life of young Christian women in every country misgoverned by the Ottoman power.



Eleutheria at the Age of 18

In a village in sight of Olympus, the romantic mountain which makes part of the boundary between Macedonia and Thessaly, there was born a Christian child whom we may call Eleutheria Zographos, about forty years ago. By chance or Providence, her mother had an uncle, Mavros, who had found his way to the United States, obtained an education, become a Protestant, studied divinity, married a Bostonian Baptist young woman, and had been sent back to Athens as a minister-at-large and missionary among the humble people of that once ruined, but now pros-

pering city. Having established himself there, and having no children of his marriage, he bethought himself of his kindred in ill-governed Macedonia, and adopted a grandchild of his sister, then a lively and promising girl, and brought her up a Protestant in Athens, where he had a small Baptist chapel and congregation.

Good schools by that time existed in the Greek capital, and Eleutheria, true to her name (Liberty) was liberally taught, and learned rapidly. She was also of a pleasing form and favor, and, as she grew to be sixteen, and was seen at chapel and in social gatherings, she began to have followers; among them she soon distinguished a young Briton, Trelawney by name, and in due time they were betrothed. He had come to Greece seeking his fortune, and was in the lower mercantile ranks, threading his way upward, having a professional man for his father in a famous English county. All was going well with the lovers, and the course of true love for once seemed to be running smooth, when a sudden cloud came up in the North, where we look for storms in Attica.

The family remaining in the Macedonian village was of the Orthodox Greek Church,—the original form, I suppose, by which Christianity as an ecclesiasticism, had been set up in the Roman, as yet undivided, empire—the Church as by Constantine established, with an Emperor practically at the head of it. Now the head is a group of Patriarchs; him whom the Greeks mostly obey is the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, under whom are Archbishops, bishops, and priests innumerable, for various functions. Suddenly there came down from Macedonia, a stately archbishop, accompanying the mother of Eleutheria, demanding that her uncle, who had brought her up, should now give her up, and should himself be punished for perverting her to Protestantism. The aged and reverend Mavros had no difficulty in appealing to the American Consul, proving himself an American citizen of many a years' standing, and escaping blame. But young Trelawney did not mean to run any risks; he took care that his affianced bride should make a visit to the west of England, where his parents lived, and she had sailed from Laurium before I reached Athens on my second visit to Greece. With some pride, Trelawney, whom I had known in a former visit, gave me her photograph, taken by the photographer to the king and queen, Baron Merlin, an excellent artist (painter) who had studied at Munich, where Boecklin and Lenbach were then the more famous painters, but had given up his art on marrying a Greek heiress.

I was then made acquainted with the romance, so far as it had gone, but did not expect seeing the heroine of it, since I was to leave Greece in May, and was not to go to the west of England, but only to the north and to Scotland. Having done this, and sailed for Boston from Liverpool, what was my surprise to find in September that Miss Eleutheria was in Boston, visiting her uncle's American relatives, but was to return to England in October, and to be married there, before returning to Athens for the winter. I said to myself, I will then call on her, and give her a small wedding present, to show my regard for her courage, and for her husband's amiable and serviceable character; for he had done many small mercantile services for me on both my Grecian visits. So one day I betook myself to the house of Mrs. T., a relative of the American Mrs. Mavros, hoping to find there the fair Eleutheria. I found her hostess, but she informed me that her guest had removed to the city, to take part in a Bible-reading school of her sect, which was intended to qualify young persons for missionary work. While I was still conversing with Mrs. T. as to the approaching wedding in England, who should come in for a call but the bride herself! So I was able to compare her with her portrait, to express my good wishes, and to hand her in

person the small gift. She sailed for England a few weeks after, was married, and returned to Athens as Mrs. Trelawney. But this was not the last of her brief visit to Boston. A month or two later, as I was at a public dinner there, in connection with some benevolent undertaking, I happened to sit beside a Baptist clergyman of whom I inquired about this particular Bible-reading school where she had made a brief term, and which my neighbor at the table was in the habit of visiting. He described it to me, and added:



The Trelawney Family (1904). Eleutheria with her Husband and Children

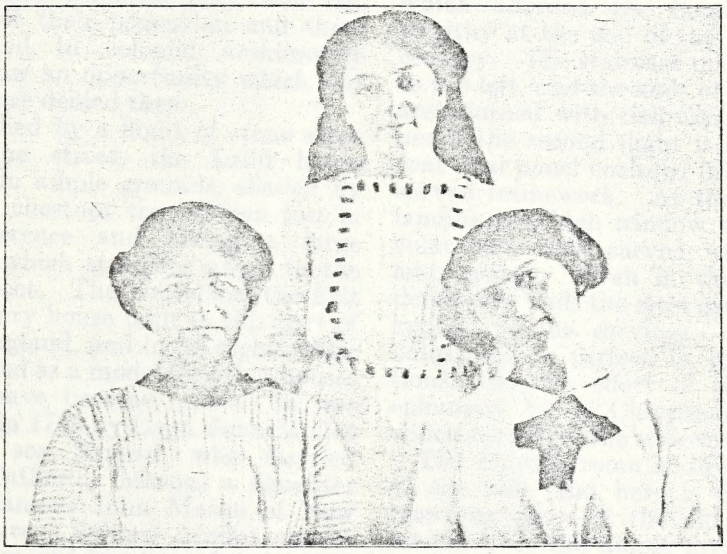
"I was there last autumn, and we were having a conference on the missionary work in this and other lands, when a young lady, recently from Greece, rose, and in excellent English and with much religious earnestness pleaded for American missionaries to visit Greece and teach the people there the truths of the Bible and of the Reformed religion, which she said was greatly needed among her countrymen, and the mixed races who dwell in Greece, the Islands and Macedonia."

In writing to Trelawney, as I did for some years frequently, I congratulated him on having so eloquent an exhorter; and he was good enough to send me portraits of his children, both daughters, from time to time. Here is one of the whole family at afternoon tea, that sacred English ceremony, about 1903–4, when Helena was nine, and Iphigenia six—a charming group, in the garden of one of those suburban cottages perhaps a mile from the Acropolis, which are found in the environs of the famous city, now a pleasing mixture of ancient and modern architecture, of Oriental scenes and of modern civilization and culture; where I have spent six delightful months, and made interesting friends.

Time has run his ceaseless race; Greece has risen from the disasters of her last war with Turkey, when she fought against sad odds, and without the aid of England or France, which ought to have been freely given; has prospered in her finances, has trained her army and navy for successful action, and has now had unexpected success in what may be her last contest with the "unspeakable Turk";

and again I have resumed correspondence with my friend Trelawney. He is now in an honorable position, not mercantile, has sent his daughters to England to finish their education, and, on the eve of their departure from Athens, as the war was beginning, has taken their pictures—among his other gifts he is a photographer—and has favored me with a copy. Here you see the Christian Greek race of Macedonia (about which we often hear unkind and unjust things said) as it shows itself when blended with the Anglo-Saxon race, as we of English descent like to call ourselves. It is a handsome, sprightly, moral, religious, capable blend of races and of cultures; bred to the simple life, but complex enough in its talents, powers and accomplishments; with skill to govern and capacity to obey good government and make it continually better; but very unwilling to submit, as it has done in Macedonia for centuries, to the grossest and most depraving misgovernment. This it has now thrown off, as it rejected as bad a form of it in Greece, eighty or ninety years ago, with the aid of Byron, Hastings, Howe, Trelawnly, Miller, Stanhope and other noble Philhellenes, among whom our countryman, Dr. Howe, gave perhaps the most efficient aid, since he continued it as warrior, surgeon, colonist, almsgiver and historian, from 1824 to 1868, more than forty years, with untiring ardor.

This Macedonian Greek family, of which I happen to know a branch or two, is perchance exceptional in some of its qualities; but others have admirable traits of other sorts. It is a race with faults, of course, but mostly superficial and occasional faults, which time and opportunity have cured or will cure. And we may hope the best from it when it shows us strength and glowing beauty, as in these samples



A Macedonian English Trio.



THE HOUSE THAT LADD BUILT

By George H. Sargent in Boston Transcript

In that "Old Town by the Sea," Portsmouth, most famous among many famous old houses is the one which stands on the north side of Market Street, between Hanover and Dover streets, now owned by the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Dames and recently opened to the public. Through seven generations it has passed and, unchanged by time, it has been preserved as one of the finest specimens of colonial architecture to be found in New England. Today it is known as the Ladd house, having been given to the Society of Colonial Dames by the descendants of the last occupant of the house, the donors being Jonas Ladd of Milton, Mrs. Manning Emery of Cambridge and Mrs. John Langdon Ward of New York. The daughters of New Hampshire colonists may well feel proud of their possession and those interested in colonial architecture have now an opportunity which was heretofore denied them.

Reached by a flight of stone steps from the street, the Ladd house stands in ample grounds, shaded by a horse chestnut tree sixteen feet in circumference and hiding a large garden which stretches away to the next street. The house was the first three-story house built in this part of New England, and in its architecture has served as a model for other houses which have become noted. It was erected in 1763 by Capt. John Moffat for his son Samuel, who married Sarah Catherine Mason, a daughter of the famous John Mason of New Hampshire. Samuel Moffat was a shipowner and importer, but in 1768 he failed in business and fled to the West Indies to escape the stringent penalties of the law which his creditors might then inflict. So Capt. John Moffat bid in the house and after the death of Samuel Moffat in Demerara the old captain and his daughter-in-law lived here until the captain's death in 1786. Then the place passed to Robert C. Moffat, son of Samuel. From him it passed to Dr. Nathan Appleton Haven and then to his daughter, Maria T. Ladd. Alexander H. Ladd was the last occupant of the place, and his descendants, named above, turned it over to the Society of Colonial Dames.

Entering the house through a great doorway, one stands in a large square hall, the reproduction of that in the ancestral mansion of the original builder in England. At the right is a broad staircase with richly carved banisters and handrail of either cherry or mahogany. The woodwork in general is painted white, and the paneling is superb. The wall paper dates back more than a hundred years and is of the pictorial pattern which adorned the houses of the wealthy at the end of the eighteenth century. The staircase makes a turn to the left, and the ends of the treads are adorned with rich carvings. Beneath the second flight is a magnificent oval panel enclosed in an oblong carved framework. At the staircase landing is a high window with a circular top, with carved window sill and casings. Even in the smallest details one finds the most careful work applied to the carvings. The high balustrade is perfect in its proportions, and the effect of richness is enhanced by a Chippendale settle which stands on the staircase landing.

The drawing room is directly back of the hall, and here is found the crowning glory of the old house, a mantel over the ample fireplace, executed by the famous English woodcarver, Grinling Gibbons, who carved the chapel at Windsor Castle and many other famous places. This mantel is a reproduction of one in the old Moffat mansion in England, and is a superb specimen of the workmanship of a craftsman whose carvings, for delicacy and elaboration of detail

have never been surpassed. Above the mantle stand some magnificent gilt candlesticks of the colonial period. The furniture is of varying periods, but the principal pieces are Chinese imitations of Chippendale. On the walls hang oil paintings of former occupants of the house. In the dining room, which is at the left of the hall, is another fireplace surrounded with pictorial tiles and surmounted by other rich carvings. The paneled shutters at the windows fold back, and the bars which kept them securely locked are still preserved. In one of the walls is a concealed closet, so cleverly hidden that unless it were pointed out to the visitor it would be unknown. Here is more old furniture, and the sideboard is built into an alcove. Above the fireplace hangs a portrait in oil of Nathan Appelton Haven, painted by Gilbert Stuart.

Ascending the staircase, on the wall beside the two-story window with its fluted pillars on either side, are oil portraits of old Capt. John Moffat and his wife, painted by Smibert; of Samuel and his wife and other members of the family. From a square upper hallway doors lead to the chambers. In one of these is a carved cornice of cabinet work, and the fireplace, with its original pictorial tiles, is surrounded by elaborately carved panels. Interesting pieces of furniture in this room are a fine rush chair and a mahogany work-box and sewing-table. The windows of this room look out upon the great garden, and at the right, back of the house, may be seen the old shipowner's countingroom. On the walls are panels taken from the original pictorial wall paper and a Chippendale mirror. In another of the chambers is still another handsomely carved fireplace mantel and a mirror set in rich carved paneling. The designs of the mantels are all different and in this room interlaced ribbons and flowers, surrounded with narrow lines of blue on white, make a most attractive picture. A mahogany tea table of the eighteenth century is a piece of furniture which should not be overlooked. In another chamber are window seats from which one may look out over the waters of Portsmouth harbor. The staircase leading to the third story is a gem. There are three spindles on each tread in the railing, and similar spindles are carried back on the floor at the side of the steps, a feature which evokes admiration from the architects who visit the place. In all of the chambers the windows are shuttered, and in one of them the panels of the shutters bear narrow lines of gold against the white, giving a highly decorative and chaste effect.

It has been objected by some visitors that the furnishings of the house are not altogether in harmony with their surroundings. In the hall, for instance, is a haircloth sofa. In one of the chambers is a bedstead of the early Victorian period. If these things strike a false note as undoubtedly they do, it must be remembered that the house has been occupied by generations of brides, who naturally wanted the fashionable furniture of the period. It is probable that with increased means the Society of Colonial Dames will gradually replace some of the more modern furniture with that of the period of the house itself. The furniture, however, is loaned by the generous donors of the house, and most of it is in harmony with the architecture of the rooms.

The Ladd house adds another to the great attractions of old Portsmouth. The city is on the direct automobile route to Maine and the White Mountains, and as a large number of the tourists find this a convenient lunching place and tarry at the Rockingham, they should take an hour more and visit not only the Thomas Bailey Aldrich memorial, but the Ladd house, both of which are only a few minutes' walk from the hotel. The Ladd house is open on week days from 10 A. M. until 6 P.M. until the first of October, and no student of colonial architecture can afford to miss a visit to the mansion

THE CHARIOT OF THE SUN

(Dedicated to Phoebus Apollo)

By Everett S. Stackpole

Everybody who has ever visited the Rospigliosi Palace in Rome and, seated upon a bench or settee with mirror in hand, has gazed long at the painting on the high ceiling and its reflection in the mirror, will never forget it. It is the masterpiece of Guido Reni, commonly called Aurora. Apollo is driving his four-horse chariot over the morning clouds, while Lucifer with flaming torch flies before, and Aurora, the golden hour, strews flowers upon the clouds. How joyfully the seven hours dance along, half encircling the Sun's chariot. The picture is full of life and joy. It has inspired some Latin poet to write lines, which usually are found under the steel engraving of this painting, or the Latin lines were the inspiration of the painter himself. I have not been able to find them in the works of the ancient poets of Rome. Can anybody tell their origin? They are as follows:

Quadri jugis invectus equis sol aureus exit
Cui septem variis circumstant vestibus Horae.
Lucifer antevolat. Rapidi fuge lampada solis
Aurora umbrarum victrix ne victa recedas.

The following translation fails to imitate the rumbling of the chariot wheels in the last line, which will be heard when one scans it after the manner that Homer's "Odyssey" and Virgil's "Aeneid" used to be scanned in school. Nor does the hasty flight of the third line appear.

Driving a team of four horses and shining as gold the Sun rises,
Whom the seven Horae surround, dressed gaily in robes of bright color,
Lucifer flies before. Flee quickly the flames of Apollo,
Victress of shadows, Aurora, unconquered and never receding.

Thus poetic fancy once pictured the fabled sun-god in his daily round. He drove a steady, but joyous course, though he never succeeded in catching up with Aurora. Times have changed, and it is hard for fancy to keep pace with facts. The Hours have multiplied and the Sun drives on faster every day. New figures of speech now offer themselves, such as ancient poets knew nothing of. A free translation of poetic thought, rather than of words, would today require lines somewhat like the following:

MODERN ADAPTATION

Old Sol has sold his horses; he will need them nevermore;
The two wheels of his chariot have been replaced by four;
No longer fiery, prancing steeds enrich the golden scene;
His glittering auto now is run by common gasolene.

Three Hours, who oped the cloud-gates, were enough in Homer's day;
But seven were clad in garments glad, as Latin poets say.
They tripped along in gleeful song, without a care in mind;
Now twenty-four,—we wish for more,—are chasing on behind.
Ambitious little Lucifer has given up the race;
He steals a ride on either side, squat in a safer place;
Instead of smoky torch he has reflectors bright and clean;
We blame him not, he's melting hot with dodging the machine.

And rosy-red Aurora, early conqueress of shades,
Now plies her arts in conquering hearts, like many other maids;
In garments neat she takes front seat, with eyes of sparkling fun,
And blest by Jove doth daily rove, companion for his Sun (son).



EMILY OWEN POWERS

EMILY OWEN POWERS

Every summer many thousands flock to the Granite State to spend their vacation. Its pure air, diversified scenery, grand old mountains, rugged hills, fertile valleys, dancing and babbling brooks with their limpid, sweet waters, swift flowing rivers, and placid lakes in which the sunshine mirrors the clouds the trees and the mountains, depicting scenes of beauty and grandeur which no artist can ever hope to rival, make it the ideal resort for those from every clime. Here they can rest, invigorate or renew their youth, and gain strength and courage for the activities and vicissitudes of the strenuous life most of this generation are living. But to those born, reared and educated among these scenes, who have moved to other parts of the world, its charms are not circumscribed by physical characteristics. The boys and girls, the people with whom they lived and associated at the time in their lives when impressions, though easily made, are never effaced, make the State of New Hampshire a mecca; to them its soil is sacred.

The subject of this sketch always entertained a love equalling reverence for the State of her birth. Emily Owen was born in Hanover, N. H., September 1, 1852. Her mother, Rebecca (Chandler) Owen, died when Emily was too young to know much about her.

At the time of her birth her father, Frederick L. Owen, was a farmer, struggling to support his family of wife and three children and to meet taxes and the interest upon the mortgage which encumbered his farm. Industrious, frugal, intellectual, keeping up with the times, reading the best books, magazines and newspapers, interested in politics and all public affairs, keen in argument, strictly honest, he felt it to be his duty to give his children an education.

He was an active member of the Baptist Church and Sabbath School, believed in religion, and taught the fear of God to his children. But doubts troubled him and eventually he was expelled from that church for heresy. His daughter in early years affiliated with the Congregational Church, though later, like her father, she became a Unitarian.

In the summer, as a barefoot girl, she trudged to and from the schoolhouse a mile away until she reached the age when shoes and stockings were considered a prerequisite. In the winter, snow, the biting wind, the cold weather—sometimes forty degrees below zero—were not considered any great hindrance and certainly not a good excuse for absence or tardiness. She did not want an excuse; she had her heart set on an education.

Quick to learn, in some studies remarkable, at the age of fifteen she taught in the same district where she had previously been a pupil.

Prosperity came to her father and, leaving the farm in charge of a hired man, he moved his family to Lebanon where he erected a fine home out of lumber cut from his own timber lot, and devoted the rest of his life chiefly to the care of trust estates. In 1883 and 1884 he represented the Town of Lebanon in the legislature of New Hampshire.

From the district school, she went to Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, N. H., taking a three years course and graduating with honors in 1871. She then taught in Hanover, N. H., and studied French under Professor Godeby of Dartmouth College. In 1872, she became Preceptress of Norwich Academy at Norwich, Vt.

Still eager for education, she resigned this position and went to Mount Holyoke and took a special course, making many life-long friends among the students and faculty.

In 1878, Miss Prentice, the preceptress of Kimball Union Academy, was ill, and Miss Owen was secured as

teacher in English and given the responsibilities of preceptress. She worked beyond her strength and in 1879 resigned.

On May 1, 1880, she married Wilbur H. Powers, then a young lawyer in Boston, Mass., who was her classmate at Kimball Union Academy.

It may seem strange that the rigorous rules then in force at that academy prohibiting "walks and talks" between the "members of the two departments" should ever result in matrimony, but it often did. Yet while there she never infringed on any rule.

For one year after marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Powers lived in Canton, Mass., and in 1881 moved to Hyde Park, Mass.

Two children were born of this marriage, Walter, now a lawyer in partnership with his father, and Myra.

Mrs. Powers was devoted to her children and for years confined herself almost wholly to household duties. As the children grew older and required less personal care, she became deeply interested in church work. The Unitarian Church in Hyde Park was not large, but the opportunity for work in it was unlimited. Mrs. Powers was unceasing in her efforts in all departments. As head of the Alliance department, on entertainment and supper committees, as general adviser, as solicitor of funds, in its charities, in visiting the sick, in welcoming strangers and new comers, and in the Sabbath School she was always active and successful. She even had charge of the repairing, painting and decorating of the church edifice, and gave up her summer vacation at one time to superintend and see that the contractors and employees were faithful and carried out her plans according to the agreement and in an artistic manner.

She was also prominent in literary and social clubs, and wrote on many subjects. Her addresses on Alliance work, her "Life of Tolstoi" and other literary productions were delivered in and out of Massachusetts.

In 1909 the family moved to Cambridge, Mass., and there Mrs. Powers joined both social and literary clubs. She also became a member of the First Parish Church and, in less than two years, she was selected as its representative to the National Conference held at Washington, D. C.

She was a member, in Cambridge, of the Cantabrigia Club, the Tuesday Club, the Post Office Mission, and the Women's Alliance of the First Parish Church. She was a member of the Thought Club and the Current Events Club of Hyde Park, and the Hyde Park Historical Society. She was also a member of the Massachusetts association Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to women but had not been recently active in the work of the latter.

She took great pleasure in writing poetry, and many of her poems were published in periodicals and newspapers. In 1911, she delivered the poem at the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the town of Hanover. We quote one of her short poems which will give some idea of the literary character of her efforts:

KEEP SWEET

Whatever the test of your temper,
Whatever temptations you meet,
Whatever your trial of patience,
Whatever besets you,—keep sweet.

Whenever the world seems against you,
Whenever you're downed by defeat,
Whenever assailed, you can conquer
Whenever you smile and,—keep sweet.

Wherever on earth you may wander,
Wherever Life leadeth your feet,
Wherever Fame finds you, or Failure,
Wherever you labor,—keep sweet.

Howe'er you're saddened by sorrow,
Howe'er your life seems incomplete,
Howe'er disappointment may daunt you,
Howe'er you're discouraged,—keep sweet.

On December 13, 1912, she passed to her reward. Intellectual, refined, hospitable, one of the best letter writers that ever lived, devoted to her family and friends, never ceasing in her work for church or charity, unselfish, self-sacrificing, pure in heart, Mrs. Powers won a host of friends and leaves an example safe to imitate.

THE CHOICE

By L. J. H. Frost

On the bank of a dark, deep river
A youth, bewildered, stood;
Beside him were two spirits—
One evil and one good.

The one he whispered sweetly
In the young man's list'ning ear—
"The world is full of beauty,
Of pleasure and good cheer.

"Joy's cup is over-flowing,
Go taste its nectar sweet;
'Twill banish every trouble;
Haste thee with willing feet."

But the good angel, smiling,
Clasped tight the young man's hand,
Saying—"There are pitfalls on life's broadway
And many a shifting sand—

"My path is straight and narrow
And thorns may pierce thy feet;
But it leads home to the mansions
Where rest is very sweet.

"Earth's joys are very fleeting,
Soon they will pass away;
Heaven's gladness is eternal—
Its bliss will last for aye."

The youth paused for a moment,
Uncertain what to do,
Then looked at the good angel
And said, "I'll go with you—

"For though the world is beautiful
'Tis full of sin and strife;
My soul longs after purity,
And a higher, nobler life.

"And though the way be narrow
I will gladly walk therein,
Till I reach God's blessed mansions,
And escape the snares of sin."

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. SAMUEL W. EMERY

Samuel W. Emery, a prominent lawyer of Portsmouth and Boston died suddenly at his home in the former city, on Friday evening, November 29, of heart disease, soon after reaching home from Boston, where he has had an office for several years past.

He was born in Portsmouth, March 30, 1863. He graduated from the Portsmouth High school in 1879; studied law with Walter C. Harriman and Calvin Page, and was admitted to the bar April 24, 1884, commencing practice the following year in his native city and continuing with marked success there until 1905, when he opened an office in Boston, though retaining his Portsmouth residence. He was city solicitor of Portsmouth for several years from 1885, and county solicitor from 1887 to 1891, conducting the trial in several capital cases during his term of service in the latter office. He was also judge of the Municipal Court of Portsmouth from 1895 to 1905. He was extensively engaged in corporation practice and was counsel for the New Hampshire Traction Company, the Northern New England Street Railways and the Rockingham Light & Power Company.

Politically he was originally a Democrat, but had acted with the Republicans in recent years. He had served in the New Hampshire Legislature and was a member of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts Bar Associations. He was a Mason and a past master of St. Andrew's Lodge of Portsmouth. He had been twice married and is survived by a wife and three children by the first marriage—Mrs. Harry M. Weeks of Amesbury, Mass., Marguerite, a teacher in the Haven School, Portsmouth, and Samuel W. Emery, Jr., city solicitor of Portsmouth.

COL. OSCAR G. BARRON

Col. Oscar G. Barron, representative from the town of Carroll and one of the most prominent hotel men in the country, died at the Littleton hospital, January 2, 1913.

Colonel Barron was a native of Quechee, Vt., a son of the late Asa Barron, a White Mountain hotel pioneer, born October 17, 1850. His first hotel experience was as a bell boy in the Junction House at White River Junction, of which his father was for a time proprietor, going thence to Twin Mountain when Oscar was nineteen years of age. There he opened a small hotel, subsequently enlarged, which became the famous Twin Mountain House. Subsequently, in 1878, they leased the Fabyan House, with which Oscar was ever after connected during the summer season. He was also connected with various other houses at different times, in Florida, at Hot Springs, Ark., and Seattle, Wash. For several years, also, he was proprietor of the Quincy House in Boston; and was at one time manager of the Senate Restaurant at the national capital. At the time of his death, he was also proprietor of Hotel Vancouver, B. C.

Politically he was an active Republican, and although the town of Carroll was Democratic he served long as chairman of the board of selectmen, and was several times chosen to the legislature. He was a member of the staff of Gov. Charles H. Sawyer.

Colonel Barron was prominent in Masonry and a member of St. Gerard Commandery, Knights Templar, of Littleton. He leaves a wife, who was Miss Jennie Lane of Montpelier, and one daughter, Mrs. Joseph A. Hyde of Seattle.

MRS. JOHN M. MITCHELL

Julia Charlotte Lonergan, wife of Hon. John M. Mitchell, Associate Justice of the Superior Court, died at the home, 57 Rumford Street, Concord, December 28, 1912, after a long illness.

She was the daughter of Peter P. and Charlotte (Daly) Lonergan, born at St. Johnsbury, Vt., June 7, 1854. Her parents were natives of Ireland but came to America when young, were married at St. Johnsbury, and there kept their residence, Mr. Lonergan being a successful dealer in boots and shoes, while his wife, a gifted young woman, in early life gave lessons in French to many pupils.

Mrs. Mitchell was thoroughly educated, completing her studies in a convent school at Montreal, and making music, for which she had a rare talent, and in which she excelled both as a vocalist and instrumentalist, a specialty, though by no means neglecting other branches.

She united in marriage with Mr. Mitchell, who had just become established in the practice of law at Littleton, November 19, 1874, and their home was in that town until their removal to Concord in 1881.

Physically delicate, modest and retiring, and thoroughly domestic in her tastes, Mrs. Mitchell made the home preëminently her sphere of action. Its duties were her highest pleasure, and the comfort and happiness of her family her chief satisfaction. Nevertheless with kindly heart and ready hand she ministered to the comfort of those less favored than herself and met every obligation of the true woman, religious and secular, with conspicuous fidelity.

With her husband, Judge Mitchell, she leaves two daughters, Agnes and Marion L. A daughter and son, Gertrude and Leo Lonergan, died in early childhood. She also leaves one sister, Mrs. James Kenney of St. Johnsbury.

JOHN C. BROWN

John C. Brown, a well-known citizen of Walpole, died at his home in that town December 4. He was a native of Acworth, born June 10, 1831, a son of Aaron and Eadey (Watts) Brown. He was educated in the public schools, and was engaged in farming most of his life, though for two years after his removal to Walpole in 1866 he was in the meat business as a partner of George H. Holden. He then bought a farm near the village, which he carried on with success.

Politically he was an ardent Democrat and knew the reason for the faith that was in him. He was prominent in town affairs, having served as road agent, selectman and three terms as a representative in the legislature. He is survived by a widow, two sons and two daughters; also by two brothers, George R. Brown of Newport, and James H., of Hillsborough.

GEORGE WOODS

George Woods, a native of Keene, 90 years of age, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Fred L. Carter, in Winchester, Mass., December 6, 1912.

He removed to Boston early in life, but spent most of his business career in Cambridgeport, where he was the head of the Woods Organ and Piano Co., with a large establishment on Central Square. He had been retired from business many years.

HARRY F. TOWLE

Harry F. Towle, born in Epsom, sixty-one years ago, died in New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., December 31, 1912.

He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, class of 1876. He taught school in Hollis and Nashua, and in Whitman, Mass., and then went to Yonkers, N. Y., as principal of a grammar school. In 1883 he went to the Central High School in Brooklyn and was teacher of mathematics for five years, going thence to the Boys' High School as assistant principal and head of the Latin Department. Later he became principal of the Curtis High School in the Borough of Richmond which position he held at the time of his death. He had been a member of Plymouth Church of Brooklyn for twenty-one years. He leaves a wife and daughter.

HON. CHARLES H. BURKE

Charles H. Burke, born in Milford December 4, 1850, died in Nashua December 9, 1912.

He had lived in Nashua since early infancy, and was educated in the public schools of the city. He was associated with his father in the manufacture of crackers, and followed that business till his retirement a few years since.

He was a Democrat in politics, a member of the Universalist Church of Nashua and president of the society at the time of his decease. He had been active in public affairs, serving in the city councils, as a member of the police commission, as collector, as a member of the legislature in 1876 and 1889, and as mayor in 1889 and 1890. He was a prominent Mason, Odd Fellow and Knight of Pythias. He leaves a wife who was Miss Asenath D. Spaulding, and one daughter.

FRANK H. FOSTER

Frank H. Foster, born in Walpole, January 6, 1857, died in Topeka, Kan., December 9, 1912.

Mr. Foster was a graduate of Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and of the Michigan University Law School, locating in Topeka where he had been in the successful practice of his profession over a quarter of a century. He had been a police commissioner under the metropolitan system and was a candidate for county attorney in 1906. He was a charter member of the Saturday Night Club at Topeka, and an active supporter of Unity Church. He married in 1884, Harriet B. Franks, who survives him, with two sisters and a brother—Velma, of Brattleboro, Vt., Florence of Washington, D. C.; and Willis C. Foster of Walpole, who was with him when he died.

DEA. CHARLES MASON

Charles Mason, a prominent citizen of Marlborough, died at his home in that town, November 22, 1912, at the great age of 96 years 4 months and 27 days.

He was a native of the town of Sullivan, but settled in Marlborough in 1877, and became active and conspicuous in church and public affairs. He was long a deacon of the Congregational Church, and served many years on the board of selectmen, as he had formerly done in Sullivan, besides representing that town twice in the state legislature. He had been for some time the holder of the *Boston Post* cane, as the oldest man in Marlborough.

CAPT. EDWARD F. GORDON

Edward F. Gordon, a brave soldier, prominent Grand Army man and an esteemed citizen of Concord, died on Friday, December 6, 1912.

Captain Gordon was a native of New Hampton, a son of John C. and Sally Robinson Gordon, born June 14, 1842. His grandfather, Josiah Robinson, was a soldier of the Revolution. He was educated in the public schools, and was engaged in the employ of the Federal government at the Springfield Armory when the war broke out. He enlisted in the Twelfth New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War, and participated in all the battles in which it was engaged, except Gettysburg, at the time of which he was disabled by a wound received at Chancellorsville. Following the battle of Cold Harbor he was promoted to sergeant-major, and at the close

of the war was discharged as a captain by brevet.

After the war he followed manufacturing and mechanical pursuits in this city, where he married, March 26, 1866, Eunice C., daughter of the later Elder John Hook. For many years past he had been connected with the Concord Manual Training School, in whose development, he had taken great interest, and of which he was for a long time principal. He was a prominent member of E. E. Sturtevant Post, G. A. R., and its commander in 1905. He was also a member of the "Hall of Heroes" commission.

Funeral services, under Grand Army auspices, were held at the home, No. 2 Auburn St., on Monday following his decease, Revs. Walter C. Myers, John Vannevar, D.D., and Jesse C. Libby attending. Interment was in the Old North Cemetery. Captain Gordon is survived by his wife, one daughter, Mrs. Harry Doyen, of Manchester, and one son, Edward A. Gordon of Concord. Another son died some years ago.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The New Hampshire Legislature met at the State House, Wednesday January 1, to organize the State government for the ensuing two years, under circumstances more interesting and exciting than had been the case for many years. There was no certainty at the opening of the session as to which party would be in control in either branch of the Legislature or in the executive department, though the Democrats had given their candidate for governor a plurality of some 1700 votes, and had elected two councilors by constitutional majorities, no candidate having a majority in either of the other three districts. Ten Democrats and ten Republicans had been elected to the Senate, and in the House, neither the Democrats nor the Republicans had a majority, the balance of power being held by the so-called Progressives, concerning whose actual members there was much doubt, the same being variously estimated from fifteen to thirty.

The Senate being tied, a temporary organization only could be effected there, and it was not till the second day that the House organized by the election of William J. Britton of Wolfeboro, the Progressive candidate, as speaker, the Democrats supporting him on the fifth ballot. He had received 27 votes on the first ballot. The organization of the House was followed by the choice, in joint convention, of the Democratic candidates in the four districts that had failed to elect senators. The Senate then organized by the election of Hon. Enos K. Sawyer of Franklin, Democrat, as president, and, in joint convention of the two branches again, Samuel D. Felker of Rochester, the Democratic candidate, was chosen governor, and the Democratic candidates were elected as councilors in the three districts that had failed to return majorities, making the council solidly Democratic. Up to the time of writing—January 23—the Legislature has failed to elect a United States senator, the Democrats standing almost solidly for their caucus nominee, Henry F. Hollis of Concord; the Republicans scattering their votes among various candidates at first, with Henry B. Quinby of Laconia in the lead, and finally centering upon Edward N. Pearson. The Progressives, with ex-Governor Bass as their candidate, commanding 21 votes, hold the balance of power and the final outcome is, as yet, entirely problematical, though it may be reached before this issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY comes to the hands of its readers.

Any one not a regular subscriber for the GRANITE MONTHLY, receiving a copy of this issue, is invited to become one at once, which may be done by remitting one dollar ($1.00) for a year's subscription, accompanied by the address to which it is to be sent. This magazine, devoted to the history, biography and material progress of the State, invites the patronage of all New Hampshire men and women, at home or abroad. With this number the magazine enters upon its forty-fifth volume, or Volume 8 of the New Series, and the libraries of the State, public and private, which contain the entire set, have a store of historical and biographical information which may well be envied by others. The bound volumes for 1912 are now about ready for distribution, and subscribers desiring to exchange their unbound numbers for the same can now be accommodated. The seven volumes of the New Series—1906 to 1912 inclusive—may be ordered by any subscriber, new or old, for $3.50.

The next issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY will be a double number for February and March and will be largely devoted to the personnel of the present Legislature, as has been the custom in legislative years for a long time past.

The annual meeting of the New Hampshire Board of Trade will be held in the General Committee room at the State House Tuesday, February 4, at 11 o'clock.

VOL. XLV, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1913 New Series, Vol. VIII, No. 2

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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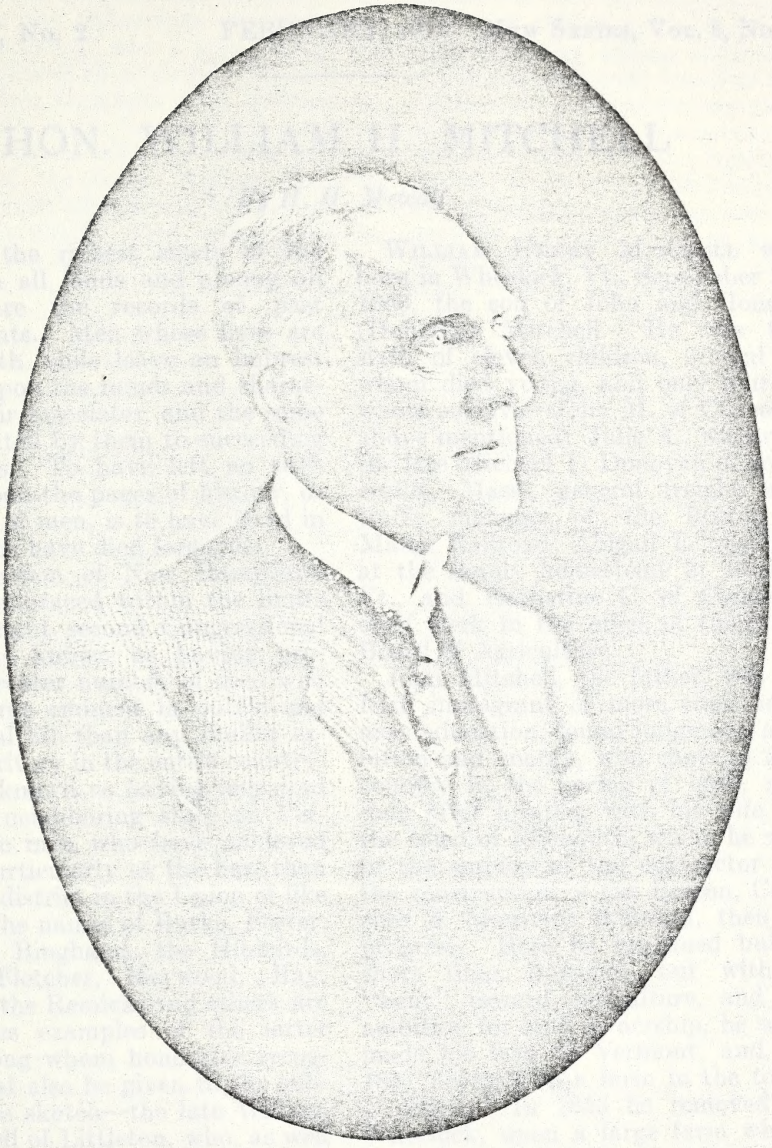
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HON. WILLIAM H. MITCHELL



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLV, NO. 2 FEBRUARY, 1913 NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, NO. 2

HON. WILLIAM H. MITCHELL

By H. H. Metcalf

Among the richest assets of the present, in all lands and among all peoples, are the records of past achievements. Men whose lives are really worth while leave an impress for good upon the minds and characters of their associates, and the same is transmitted by them to succeeding generations. To have left no such impress upon the pages of history, or the hearts of men, is to have lived in vain, and to have died forgotten.

That portion of New Hampshire which is embraced within the limits of the present second Congressional District, is known as having produced a greater number of men who have become eminent in public and professional life than any similar extent of territory in the entire country. It is also known as having imported from the neighboring state of Vermont more men who have achieved success, particularly at the bar, than any other district in the Union of like extent. The names of Burke, Foster, Wait, the Binghams, the Hibbards, Benton, Fletcher, Heywood, Ray, Atherton, the Remicks and others, are conspicuous examples of the latter class, among whom honorable recognition must also be given to the subject of this sketch—the late William H. Mitchell of Littleton, who, as well as his elder brother, John M., now Associate Justice of the Superior Court, came into New Hampshire from the Green Mountain State, though the latter had his birth in the town of Plymouth, but removed, with his parents, to Vermont in infancy.

WILLIAM HENRY MITCHELL was born in Wheelock, Vt., September 18, 1856, the son of John and Honora (Doherty) Mitchell. He was the sixth of eleven children, several of whom died young, and only four of whom survive—John M. of Concord, above mentioned; Julia A., widow of the late Michael T. Donovan of Somerville, Mass., general freight and traffic manager of the Boston & Maine Railroad; Abigail E., residing at the family homestead in Derby, Vt., and Katherine C. of Concord, chief clerk in the office of the State Board of Agriculture.

John Mitchell, the father, was an Irish immigrant of more than ordinary education, sound judgment, ambition and energy, who came to this country in the spring of 1848, and soon after located, with his wife, in the town of Plymouth, where he was in the employ of the contractor for the construction of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, then in progress. Here he remained but a short time, however, but with a "bent" toward agriculture, and an ambition for land ownership, he soon made his way to Vermont, and, in 1851, located on a farm in the town of Salem. In 1853 he removed to Wheelock, upon a large farm which he had purchased there, where he remained for a number of years, and upon which several children, including the subject of this sketch, were born. In 1862 he sold out and returned to Salem, where, in that part of the town now included in the town

of Derby, he located on a farm of four or five hundred acres, which was ever after the family home, where sons and daughters, alike, were reared to lives of industry and integrity, and taught the obligations of patriotism and morality, and a due regard for the rights of all as well as the needs of those less fortunate than themselves.

While early familiarized, as were his brothers, with the duties and labors of the farm, William H. was given such educational advantages as were available, and encouraged to make the most of them. From the district school he went to Derby Academy, which he attended for several terms, and was also for some time at school in St. Hyacinth, P. Q., but, when about twenty years of age, his brother, John M., having become established in legal practice in Littleton, he went there and continued his studies in the high school of that town, after a time taking up the study of law in the office of Bingham, Mitchell & Batchellor, his brother having entered into partnership with Harry Bingham, with whom he had pursued his own legal studies, immediately after admission to the bar, and Albert S. Batchellor, another student, having subsequently been admitted.

It is safe to say that no student at law ever pursued his studies under auspices more favorable to success than were enjoyed by him in this office, which long had been, then was, and long continued to be regarded as the veritable fountain and source of legal wisdom for the surrounding region and all northern New Hampshire.

Harry Bingham stood first among the masters of the profession in the state and John M. Mitchell was as anxious for his brother's success as for his own, which was even then, thoroughly assured. No wonder that, under the advantages of such tutelage and encouragement, with strong mental grasp and developing ambition, the young man here laid the foundation for a subsequent professional career which should be as creditable to his instructions as it was honorable and successful for himself.

While pursuing his studies in Littleton, Mr. Mitchell found time, in the winter of 1887–8, to teach the district school in the village of Franconia, which experience he found of no little subsequent value, both from the discipline afforded, the knowledge of life extended, and the acquaintanceship gained, which was maintained through all subsequent years, as was his regard for the town where so much valuable experience had been gained, so that when, a few years since, Franconia held an "Old Home Day" in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of its Dow Academy, he felt fully justified in personally entering into the spirit of the occasion.

Mr. Mitchell was admitted to the bar in Concord, March 19, 1880, and was soon after admitted as a member of the partnership, the firm name being changed to Bingham, Mitchells & Batchellor. This firm continued, notwithstanding the removal of John M. Mitchell to Concord in 1881, when the new firm of Bingham & Mitchell was established, until the death of Harry Bingham in 1900, when the new firm of Batchellor & Mitchell—Albert S. Batchellor and William H. Mitchell—was constituted, continuing until the summer of 1911, when Mr. Batchellor, having lost his eyesight, and his time being largely occupied by his duties as state historian, retired, leaving the business entirely to Mr. Mitchell, who had in fact, on account of his partner's unfortunate disability, long carried the chief burden of labor and responsibility.

In his more than thirty years of active practice in the legal profession, during the greater portion of which time he conducted the laborious work of preparing for trial the numberless cases submitted by the firm to court and jury, and adjusting the details of settlement in the still greater number that never went to trial (the function of the true lawyer being to keep his clients out of court in all cases that

can be otherwise adjudicated), Mr. Mitchell became one of the most prominent lawyers in northern New Hampshire; nor was his practice confined to that section, but extended to all parts of the state and into Vermont.

Through this extensive practice, and the close and intimate contact with men of all classes and conditions, which it involved, he necessarily gained wide acquaintance, commanded in a high degree the confidence of the people, and naturally exercised a strong influence in the community.

Aside from his general practice, which covered a large share of the important litigation in that section of the state, he was for many years, up to the time of his death, one of the trusted counsel of the Boston & Maine Railroad and was largely engaged in protecting the interests of the corporation in the courts and before legislative committees. He was, also, for six years, solicitor of Grafton County, receiving three successive elections at the hands of the people—in 1888, 1890 and 1892—his term of service extending from 1889 to 1895 and being signalized by a most faithful and efficient enforcement and vindication of the law. It was during this period of service that occurred the last conviction and just punishment of a first-degree murderer in the state of New Hampshire, it being the case of the notorious Frank C. Almy, who fiendishly murdered Christie Warden at Hanover in the summer of 1891. Mr. Mitchell was promptly on the ground, after the shocking news of the tragedy was sent abroad and when Almy, heavily armed, was finally trapped in the loft of a barn in the vicinity where the murder had been committed, it was he alone who had the courage to face him, as he stood at bay with a revolver in each hand, without arms himself, and induce his surrender. He subsequently conducted the prosecution of the case, and secured the conviction which was followed in due time by execution at the state prison in Concord, since when no other murderer has paid the extreme penalty of the law in New Hampshire, though there have been scores of them who should have similarly suffered.

Although never an office seeker, Mr. Mitchell was greatly interested in public affairs in town, county and state. Aside from his service as solicitor of Grafton County he was chosen by the people of the Second or Grafton Senatorial District to represent them in the upper branch of the Legislature of 1889, where he took his seat as the youngest member of the body but quickly ranked with the oldest and ablest as an alert and discriminating legislator. David A. Taggart, then of Goffstown, was president of the Senate that year; Ira A. Chase of Bristol, clerk, and Charles J. Hamblett of Nashua, assistant clerk. Edwin G. Eastman of Exeter, subsequently attorney-general of the state, was chairman of the Judiciary Committee, of which Mr. Mitchell was a member, as he was also of the Committee on Banks, and a member and chairman of the Committee on Education, in which latter position he rendered conspicuous service, securing the passage and final enactment of the present free text-book law, of which he was himself the author, and which was the first measure introduced during the session, notice of the same having been given on the opening day and the bill introduced on the day following. If he had never done more to promote the cause of education in New Hampshire than to secure the enactment of this beneficent measure, his name, through this service, would have held place all the same in the front rank among its honored benefactors.

Among Mr. Mitchell's associates in the Senate of 1889, now living—several having passed away—are ex-Governor Henry B. Quinby, Hon. Charles R. Corning of Concord, James B. Tennant, then of Epsom, Ezra S. Stearns, subsequently secretary of state, now of Fitchburg, Mass., and Col. Thomas P. Cheney of Ashland.

In 1903, Mr. Mitchell was a repre-

sentative from the town of Littleton in the popular branch of the Legislature, his colleagues from that town being Daniel C. Remich and Wm. H. Blake. Harry M. Cheney, then of Lebanon, now of Concord, was speaker of the House for that session, and he assigned Mr. Mitchell to service on the two most important committees of the body—the Judiciary and the special committee on Liquor Laws, the latter having been created to deal with the local option question, then coming prominently before the Legislature, and the outcome of which was the present local option law, which was framed or perfected by the committee, and enacted at that session. In both committees he did much valuable work, besides taking an active part in general legislation. It is a notable fact that his colleague, Mr. Remich, served with him on both committees, and that both committees had the same chairman, Mr. A. T. Batchelder of Keene, now deceased.

Notwithstanding the pressure of professional duties, constantly increasing and exacting as they were, and the added burden of public service in other fields, to which reference has been made, Mr. Mitchell took an active interest in many matters connected with the business life of the community, as evidenced by the fact that he had served as president of the Littleton Driving Park Association and of the Littleton Musical Association, a member of the Board of Health, of the Littleton Board of Trade and an active member from the start of the White Mountain Board of Trade, of which he was one of the vice-presidents at the time of his death, the proper development of the White Mountain region being an object always near his heart.

His interest in the cause of education was particularly deep and strong, as evidenced not alone by his authorship and activity in securing the enactment of the Free Text-Book bill, but by long years of faithful service as a member of the Board of Education in the Union School District of Littleton, of which he was for eight years president, resigning finally on account of the great pressure of professional work, to the great regret of all the people of the district, who expressed their appreciation of his valuable and long continued service by naming the new school building on the south side of the river, the "Mitchell School" in his honor. Aside from his service in the line of educational work at home, he was for ten years, from 1887 to 1897, an active and valued member of the board of trustees of the State Normal School at Plymouth. In short, it may safely be said that no man in the state, in the last half century, devoted more time, without financial remuneration, or rendered more valuable and effective service, to the cause of education in the state of New Hampshire, than did William H. Mitchell of Littleton.

As a lawyer, Mr. Mitchell ranked high, as has been said; but he was essentially the lawyer, rather than the advocate. His judgment was good, his counsel safe, and his ability to make the most of any case in hand not to be disputed. In the preparation of a case for trial, the weighing and sifting of evidence and in the handling of witnesses he had no superior. His perfect self-control, evenness of temper, wide acquaintance with men and thorough knowledge of human nature gave him full command of every situation and made him an antagonist to be feared in any cause. He knew the strength and the weakness of any given case, and when settlement was to be preferred to trial, and in effecting settlements he exercised rare skill, a faculty in which direction is no less desirable in the lawyer than one for securing judgments.

He was an active member of the Grafton and Coös and the New Hampshire Bar associations, and was no less esteemed and influential in the social than the practical side of professional life.

While never an office seeker, as has been said, he was for many years deeply interested in politics. By birth, education and association he was a Democrat, and throughout his early life gave hearty support to the principles and policies of the Democratic party; but, like many others, broke away in the crisis of 1896, and subsequently allied himself with the Republican party, with which he continued to act, though taking less interest in matters political in the last few years of his life. While he retained the full measure of interest he was a most effective force in party management, and was recognized as one of the most influential men in northern New Hampshire in effecting organization and accomplishing results. He was one of the presidential electors chosen for this state in November, 1900, and assisted in casting the vote of New Hampshire for McKinley and Roosevelt.

Better than all professional or political success was the standing which he won and held in the community in which he lived as a man and citizen. Frank, generous, open-hearted, kindly, considerate of the poor and unfortunate, at home alike in the so-called "first circles," and among the humble and lowly; generously supporting the institutions of religion and of organized charity, yet giving more liberally in the line of private benevolence, where his aid was most appreciated and least advertised, he was, indeed, the friend and neighbor whose worth was universally recognized.

No enterprise clearly designed for the promotion of the public good ever suffered for lack of his support. No worthy person, needing assistance or encouragement, ever went empty-handed from his door. While, generally speaking, he was the friend of all, intimate friendships were many, and he was ever true as steel to those whom he esteemed as true, no matter what misfortune might have befallen them. He was the trusted adviser of many a man, without money and without price, and the legal services which he freely rendered those unable to pay would have brought a handsome fortune at ordinary charges.

A kindlier heart or knightlier spirit than that of William Henry Mitchell has seldom animated the bosom of man; and when, yielding to the sudden and sharp attack of acute disease, which a physical constitution, never strong and weakened by long continued overwork, was unable to resist, the silver cord was broken, and the freed soul passed into "the infinite beyond," as the news of the dissolution spread through the community, there was experienced a wider sense of personal loss, as well as of public misfortune, than had there been felt for many a year.

Fraternally Mr. Mitchell was associated with the Masonic order, having become a member of Burns Lodge, No. 66, of Littleton, February 5, 1891. He was also a member of St. Gerard Commandery, R. T. of Littleton, had received the Scottish Rite degrees to and including the 32d, and had recently joined Mt. Eustis Chapter, O. E. S. His Masonic associations were warmly cherished and the beautiful tributes from these several organizations of which he was a member were conspicuous among the wealth of floral testimonials surrounding the casket at the funeral service, occurring at the home on South Street at noon on Tuesday, following his death at 12.30 Saturday morning, April 20, 1912, which was attended by a large company of relatives, friends, neighbors, townsmen, and associates in professional and public life.

Mr. Mitchell united in marriage, May 4, 1887, at Columbus, O., her home for many years, with Miss Delia Bingham, daughter of the Hon. Edward F. Bingham, late chief justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, by whom he is survived. By marriage, therefore, as well as professional tutelage and partnership, he was associated with one of the most notable families in the country, his wife's father being a younger brother of Harry and George A. Bing-

ham, and all standing in the first rank among lawyers.

Devotion to his professional and public duties never dwarfed or dimmed his love of home and domestic life, wherein he found solace and rest from the pressing cares of the day. For several summers he had been an enthusiastic motorist, and, with his wife, who equally loved the diversion, had enjoyed frequent short outings by auto amid the beauties of the surrounding mountain scenery. Occasionally, when the burden of care became too heavy, he indulged, with her, their mutual love for travel, visiting different parts of our own country and lands beyond the sea; but cherishing ever an unswerving love for his northland home, among whose eternal hills his mortal remains have found their final resting place.

CONCORD

By George Warren Parker

By our state's majestic river
In a valley fair and wide,
By the primal hills environed,
Is the capital—our pride.

Concord the beautiful, honored and blest,
Pride of the Granite State, which we love best;
Homage we pay to thee, tribute we bring,
Thy praises ever we joyfully sing.

Fair her aspect as a maiden's
Decked the nuptial groom to meet;
Fraught with nature's richest blessings,
Learning's Mecca, Culture's seat.

In her parks and beauteous structures
Visitors a pleasure find;
From her State House laws enacted
Emanate to bless mankind.

Healthy, happy, and contented,
Prosperous, too, her people seem;
Giving means and service freely
Wrong conditions to redeem.

History tells but half the story,
They who would all else best see—
All her beauty, grandeur, glory—
Must her foster children be.

A NOTABLE CELEBRATION

By Frank Warren Hackett

Worcester, Massachusetts, if I remember aright, used to be styled "The Heart of the Commonwealth." Joy must have sprung up in that heart in the month of October, 1912. The American Antiquarian Society, founded in 1812, by that eminent printer, Isaiah Thomas, took it upon itself to celebrate the completion of a hundred years of its existence. This it did in royally good shape.

The society sent out invitations to historians, and to the more prominent of the historical societies of the land, to come to Worcester and participate in the happy proceedings designed to mark the arrival of the centennial birthday. One was advised that he could listen to the reading of papers that were going to be well worth hearing. It was a part of the project that he should be seated at a good dinner, within the hospitable walls of the Worcester Club, and later be treated to speaking of a superior quality. The list was to be headed by that pleasing master of the art, William Howard Taft, President of the United States. The invited guest, after reading the program, needed little coaxing.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 14th of October, a reception was held at the spacious rooms of the society on Salisbury Street. More than a thousand of the townspeople and others gathered there, both old and young. Palms and flowers decorated the building; and music helped the guests convince themselves that they were having a good time of it.

With the forenoon of the next day the real celebration began. Before an audience which filled the lecture room, the Hon. Charles Grenfill Washburn, a graduate of Harvard, and at one time member of Congress, delivered a fitting address.* The speaker, it was plain to see, felt the inspiration that comes of facing one's townsmen, in a discourse upon a topic which appeals to pride of locality. Mr. Washburn's was at once instructive and entertaining. He proved himself specially happy in what he had to say of the national character of the Antiquarian Society.

A breadth of view characterized the survey that the speaker took of the progress of science during the nineteenth century. Although the facts were to a large extent familiar, he marshaled them into a record that was indeed striking. While the declaration seemed to border upon the extravagant, Mr. Washburn's hearers were disposed to yield assent to the statement that "in therapeutics, medical and surgical, physiological, pathological and hygiene, greater progress had been made during the last century than during the previous two thousand years."

At the conclusion of the address, brief congratulatory greetings were extended by one delegate after another, from state historical societies and from like institutions, the New Hampshire Historical Society being among the first to proffer a friendly word.

The president of the Essex Institute (Mr. Appleton) ventured to contribute the historical fact, among others, that in his college days he had become hilarious in the streets of Worcester, because of the result of an aquatic triumph of Harvard over Yale, upon Lake Quinsigamond. One or two of the delegates spoke hopefully of Time bringing around, by and by, a centennial anniversary for their respective institutions. It was a sort of historical love feast.

Upon being dismissed for a brief interval, the visitors (or such of them as were submissive to the treatment) were stowed away in automobiles,

* Had it been fifty years ago, doubtless a poem would have followed.

and taken swiftly around to discover and admire the signs of prosperity on every hand. Perhaps, it is forty; at any rate, the number is surprisingly large of the languages (so we were assured) that are spoken in the various plants in this thriving city.

The thought occurred that a favorable impression did not wear off which the visitor gains as he alights at what may be called as fine a railroad station as any one in America.

A glance at the Polytechnic, at Clark University (which by the way, upon one of its brick fronts displays the name cut in granite, much as though it were a shoe-factory,) and other buildings of a like educational character, served to confirm the reasonableness of the claim set up by a guide-book years ago, that Worcester deserves to be styled "an academic city." Finally, after viewing many attractive residences, the guest was safely deposited on the sidewalk, upon Elm Street, where a big American flag, and a group of people, signified that the President of the United States was about to be welcomed! This was the hospitable mansion of the Honorable Waldo Lincoln —the presiding officer of the American Antiquarian Society, where a luncheon was in readiness.

This feature of the celebration, it is needless to add, achieved its own success. Among the ladies who stood in line to receive with Mrs. Lincoln was Miss Delia Torrey, the vivacious aunt of President Taft. We had not long to wait before the President himself made his appearance, coming from Beverly in an automobile. A sight of the company reminded one of a meeting of college alumni. Ambassador Bryce was to be seen in converse with Senator Lodge—both statesmen and men of letters. James Ford Rhodes found he could take his choice between Dr. Don Raimundar Rivar Escorar of Bogota, and David Randall MacIver of the Society of Antiquaries of London. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, was there, and Worthington Chauncey Ford, together with that very eminent librarian, Samuel Swett Green, and other worthies who know something of the inside as well as of the outside of books. Charles Francis Adams, president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, an older institution than the American Antiquarian, succeeded fairly well in wearing a look of paternal benignity befitting the occasion.

At three o'clock in the afternoon exercises were to be held in the Unitarian Church. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge was to speak as well as Dr. Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin of Chicago University, editor of the *American Historical Review*. A little out of the common was it, this proposal for laymen to speak from the pulpit of a church. When the hour arrived, it found invited guests standing on a slight hill, at the rear part of the edifice, patiently awaiting the opening of the door. Somebody within had been late in getting to his post. The brief delay led one of the visitors to proffer the explanation that "perhaps the Unitarian Bishop, at the last moment, had forbidden the use of the church." Upon entering we were taken through a room, whose walls bore memorial tablets in honor of youths who had given their lives for the Union, into a spacious and strikingly handsome interior, a church with galleries on three sides, and all its available space filled with people. The President of the United States occupied a front pew, while across the aisle, in another front pew, sat the British Ambassador.

The exercises began with that hymn which your Harvard graduate recalls not without emotion, "Let children hear the mighty deeds," sung to the tune of Saint Martin's.

President Waldo Lincoln, in a few words of welcome, told the audience of the birth one hundred years ago of the American Antiquarian Society, and of the devoted labors of its founder, Isaiah Thomas. Curiously enough, every one of the original members from Worcester, it seems,

were of that parish, whose first pastor was Aaron Bancroft, father of the historian. The church building, said the President, stands on the very spot where Isaiah Thomas, coming from Boston at the outbreak of the Revolution (April, 1775) and setting up his press, printed the *Massachusetts Spy*.

Senator Lodge, who is gifted with attractive powers of delivery, began his remarks by explaining that his engagements had not allowed him to prepare a special address for the occasion. He asked to be permitted to tell the story, which was very entertaining, of a visit made by him while a youngster to Europe in 1866. The narrative had just enough flavor of antiquity to meet the demands of the occasion. The subject of Dr. McLaughlin's address was "Democracy and the Constitution." It proved to be the timely product of a deep thinker, a sound and clearly expressed conception of the purposes of the Federal Constitution. The hearer could not fail to remind himself how urgent is the need of a constant exposition in simple terms to the American people of the design and the meaning of this wonderful charter of our rights, the language of which in many quarters, at the present hour is so readily forgotten, or misunderstood. Other hymns were sung, and the exercises were concluded with the benediction, pronounced by the minister of the church.

In the evening the Society gave an enjoyable dinner at the Worcester Club. A more distinguished company of men devoted to the study of history is rarely seen. The speakers were President Taft, Ambassador Bryce, Señor Pezet (Minister from Peru), Charles Francis Adams, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, ex-Governor Pennypacker, President of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and William A. Dunning, Vice-President of the American Historical Association.

The President of the United States was received with hearty and prolonged cheers. He seemed not to have a care in the world. That morning he had been elected a member of the society, of which a president of the United States had not been a member since the days of Andrew Jackson. It seems that "Old Hickory" was the seventh president of the United States who had been enrolled in the membership of the society. President Taft alluded feelingly to the fact that his father had once been a member, and had taken a deep interest in its work, and attended meetings whenever he could do so. The President expressed a hope that Congress would soon appropriate the money wherewith to erect a suitable building for the Bureau of Archives at Washington, ground for which had been purchased, now ten years ago. The President wanted the historical societies of the country to work together in order to bring about this greatly desired result.

Of course Mr. Bryce was charming. Few after-dinner speakers excel him. With a tone of sincerity that added force to his words he declared that Great Britain and the United States must ever continue to be warm friends. Speaking of the work of the historian, he remarked that it used to be told of Sir Robert Walpole that once he asked his secretary to read to him, but by way of caution added, "Do not read me history, for that is not true." Mr. Bryce also spoke of an English judge who used to say, "Truth will out, even in an affidavit." In a tactful and kindly manner he proffered a few suggestions with regard to immigration. He knew that he was surrounded by friends, and everybody present was delighted with his utterances.

The Peruvian Minister spoke ardently of the work that had been prosecuted of late in archæology in some of the South American Republics. Much that he said was in the nature of news to many of his hearers. He closed by praising the activities of Mr. John Barrett, of the Pan-American Union.

Mr. Adams led the thoughts of his hearers back to the events which were occurring a hundred years ago, when Napoleon was retreating from Moscow. He promised to give to the society certain copies of letters, from the Adams family collection, which had been written at that period from St. Petersburg, by John Quincy Adams, our Minister to Russia.

Ex-Governor Pennypacker, who argued for conservation, spoke with deliberation, yet earnestly. He hovered dangerously near the verge of politics when he said of the President of the United States that he had "fallen upon evil times." He extolled the work of the historian and of the antiquarian. "I am an antiquarian society myself," he exclaimed. He said of the house where he lives, that it once was occupied by Washington during the Revolution; and that it is perhaps the only house now standing, so occupied, that ever since has been owned and lived in by the descendants of the family of the then owner.

The Worcester Club, it is hardly needful to say, was gracious in its hospitality. The guest brought away with him agreeable impressions of the town, and of the stability and intellectuality of its people. The American Antiquarian Society is the fortunate possessor of a large and thoroughly appointed building for its library, and like treasures. This structure with the fine grounds adjacent came of the liberality of the late Stephen Salisbury, of Worcester. The menu card, I may add, bore an engraving of a bookplate, with the seal of the society, and a miniature portrait of Isaiah Thomas, President 1812–1831, and of Stephen Salisbury, President 1854–1884.

The American Antiquarian Society is quietly and steadily engaged in a work whose influences sooner or later reach the hearts and homes of the American people. It is an institution that has just cause to be proud of what it has achieved during the century of its existence.

The reader may be gratified at learning that it is the intention of the society (at least so I am given to understand) to celebrate its next centennial anniversary in 2012.

GOOD-NIGHT

By L. Adelaide Sherman

Low in the west the crescent moon is hung—
Good-night, my love, good-night.
The jasmine tree her vesper bell has rung—
Good-night.
The nightingale from yonder shadowy glade
Is singing, deep within the forest's shade
The whip-poor-will's forlorn lament is made—
Good-night, my love, good-night.

The planets burn within the heavens afar—
Good-night, my love, good-night.
Your perfect face is still my guiding star—
Good-night.
And in my dreams my heart shall homeward fly
As flies the weary bird, till you and I
No longer part beneath a star-gemmed sky—
Good-night, my love, good-night.

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The Wyoming Club, it is hardly needful to say, was present in its

AN INTERESTING EVENT

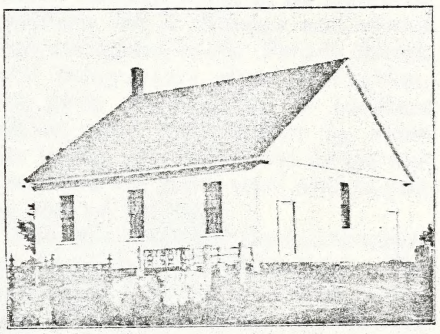
Celebration and Dedication at South Barnstead Congregational Church

Historical Address by Mrs. Lydia J. Reynolds

The old town of Barnstead, territorially one of the largest in the state, and, judged by the number of men and women who have gone out from its limits and taken an active part in the world's work, one of the most important, was settled early in the eighteenth century, and for more than one hundred and fifty years has contributed a generous share in the work of sustaining the institutions of religion, and promoting the moral as well as the material welfare of the state at large.

Of its three Congregational churches —one at the North village, one at the "Parade" and one at South Barnstead—the last two for many years in charge of the same pastor—the South Barnstead church has long filled a distinctive place in the history and progress of the community, and is cherished in the memory of numbers of men and women, in other towns and states, whose early lives were influenced in the right direction through attendance upon its services from Sabbath to Sabbath.

On Wednesday, the eighteenth day of December last, occurred an event of more than ordinary interest in the community, it being in the nature of a "Thanksgiving Jubilee," as the printed programme used on the occasion has it, and signalized by the dedication of a new tower, clock and bell, which had been provided for the old church edifice, during the previous season, the movement therefor having been initiated by Mr. Lewis F. Hanson of Cambridge, Mass., a native of the place, who spent the summer with his family in the old home town, and noting the fact that the old church was still without a bell, was moved to offer the gift of a fine bell, if the society and people of that section would provide the addition of a tower to the church in which it could suitably be placed. This generous offer was enthusiastically accepted, the means provided and the work carried out. In addition the interest of another loyal native of the town and friend of the church—Mr. Everett Clark of Boston—was aroused, and not to be outdone in generosity, he contributed a fine Howard clock, to ornament the tower and keep the people correctly informed of the passage of the hours. Another outcome of the general movement in the line



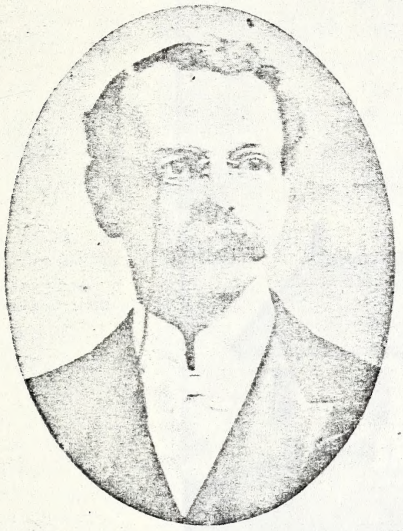
South Barnstead Church as it Was

of improvement was the presentation of a fine piano, by Miss Lizzie Mooney, to the society, in memory of her mother.

The gathering, on the occasion in question, partook of the nature of a reunion, in large measure, many former residents, being present to meet old friends and enjoy the exercises which included both forenoon and afternoon services, that of the forenoon opening at 9.30 o'clock with a praise and devotional service, followed by an Address of Welcome by the pastor, Rev. Henry A. Ryder, who is also pastor of the church at the

Parade and has rendered excellent service in both parishes. A sketch of the movement by which the improvements were brought about was read by Mrs. Mary Tasker, and words of good cheer spoken by visiting pastors and others, while a special feature was the excellent music furnished by the male quartette from the church at the Parade, assisted by a large chorus.

A dinner and social hour followed, from 12.30 to 2 o'clock, when the formal dedication exercises opened



Rev. Henry A. Ryder

with praise service, scripture reading, prayer and music.

The historical paper or address, prepared for the occasion with much care, by Mrs. Lydia J. Reynolds, whose alert memory brought out many interesting facts, not of record, and which might never otherwise have been recorded, was then presented, as follows:

Historical Sketch

Of the early history of this building but little is known. Who conceived the idea or drew the plan, who was the architect, or who helped in the work of building, nothing seems to have been recorded, and the details of the work together with the workmen passed out of remembrance long ago. Not even the date of its erection is positively known.

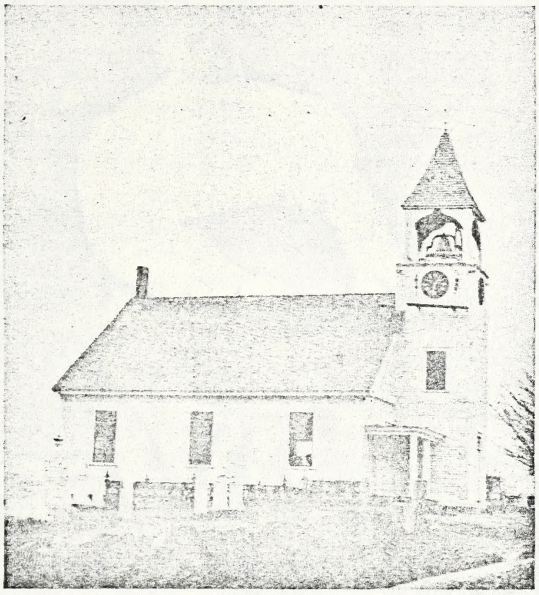
The reasonable idea is that the need of a house of worship, and a church home for the Free Baptist church already existing (having been organized in 1803 by Elder David Knowlton) appealed to the citizens; the idea of building was agitated and discussed, until a committee was chosen to oversee the work and direct the workmen, and the work was then begun.

There was an entrance on the front of the house, where the tower now stands, with, probably, a porch over it, opening directly into the room 40 by 42 feet, with the pulpit in the rear of the room and no chimney. In these days of furnace-heated churches we wonder at this, but this church was not alone in its unheated condition, for a chimney and stoves were not added to the Parade church until many years after its erection. The pews were square, of old-time fashion, well remembered by some now living, and when the house was completed the pews were sold to pay the cost of building.

This was probably the fourth meeting house built in Barnstead. The first a rude log structure, built sometime between the years of 1727 and 1754, on land formerly owned by Levi Clark, and recently by Everett Clark, the site now marked by a granite post. The second, in point of time, but the first framed church edifice in Barnstead is the Parade church, completed in 1799 and dedicated in September of that year.

The third house was begun in 1803, on land presented by Joseph Tasker, Esq., and stood opposite his residence, now the home of Mr. A. J. Fournier, and was called "The Union Meeting House." Tradition tells us that Elder David Knowlton was ordained in that house on November 23, 1803, the Free Baptists using it occasionally for a house of worship, until after the death of Elder Knowl-

ton, when difficulties arising they withdrew, and it was not used again for worship until 1820 when it was moved, being drawn by a team of two hundred oxen, and located at "Winkley's Corner," so called, near the present residence of Isaac H. Clark, and there it was nearly completed. It was a spacious two-story structure, but from the first it seemed to be ill-fated. It is claimed that its erection was actuated by a spirit of competition, and it failed to prosper, and in 1848 it was taken down and its timber turned to other uses.



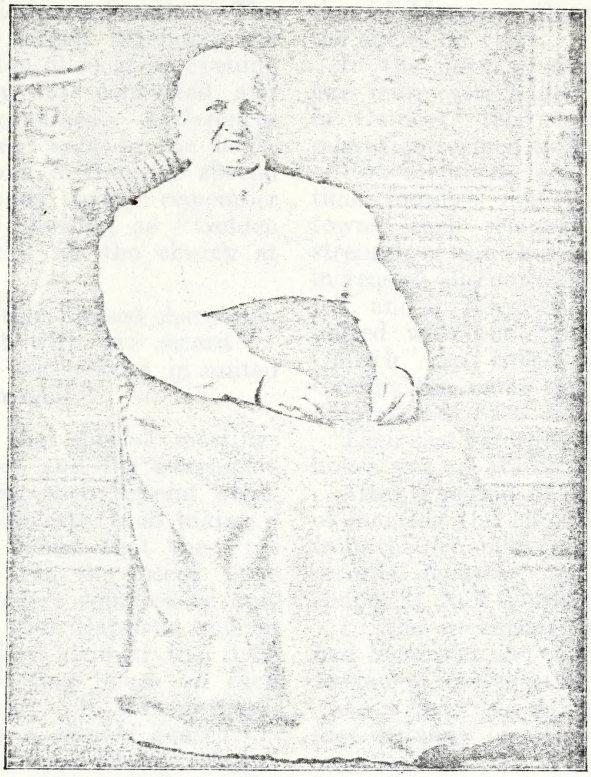
South Barnstead Church Today

This house was probably built prior to the year 1822 on land originally owned by John Clark, one of the first settlers of Barnstead, and given by one of his sons, probably Ezekiel Clark, 1st, for the erection hereon of a meeting house; hence the name, "*Clark* Meeting House." On its completion it became the home of the Free Baptist Church already mentioned. This church consisted of sixteen members, eight males and eight females as follows, viz.: Males—Jonathan Clark, Jeremiah Clark, John Clark, Samuel Clark, William Hill, Enoch Clark, William Lord, Dependance Colebath; Females—Temperance Clark, Sally Clark, Eleanor Colebath, Hannah Lord, Polly Hill, Sally Tasker, Betsey Clark, Lucy Hill. Jonathan Clark and William Hill were the deacons, and Jeremiah Clark, clerk.

I notice, first, that of the sixteen original members, eight were *Clarks*, and secondly, that at that early date the male members were not in the minority, at least in that church. A record of their monthly meetings was kept from 1818 to 1823. The last entry I copy in full; it reads: "March the 12th. Met at the house of Bro. Jonathan Clark for conference meeting. The meeting was opened by prayer, and we had a good meeting. Caverno Hanson, Clerk.

After the church was organized and prior to April, 1834, eighty more names were added to the roll, but the date, or form of admission, was not entered until 1834. Previous to 1833 the Free Baptists in Barnstead were only *associated together in church*

order, but on May 29, 1833, they organized a Society, which was incorporated under the name of "The First Free Baptist Society in Barnstead." The articles of incorporation were signed by six men, namely: Enoch Bunker, John Dow, John Kaime, Oliver Dennett, Mark Dennett, Samuel G. Berry. Of this society John Kaime was clerk.



Mrs. Lydia J. Reynolds

One interesting item in these records was this: "It is thought proper to have the next annual meeting at the *Clark* meeting house in October, 1835." This being the first time this house was mentioned in any known records of the Free Baptist church, or society.

New members were added to the church from time to time until under date of January 9, 1851, we find the names of Ezekiel Clark, Joel Clark, and Louisa Clark. The last name recorded before these was Elder Lincoln Lewis, who was pastor at that time.

Probably about this time a work of repair and improvement was entered upon. The pews were bought up and taken out, and those of today put in. Entries were parted off, two doors put in instead of one, a chimney built, and stoves put in. The pulpit was taken out, and a moderately high one, with "singing seats" back of the pulpit, and a few steps higher, was built in the *front* of the room, with perhaps some other changes, and the pews were sold once more to pay the cost of repairing.

In the "43 move" (so called) of the Advent doctrine, the church was greatly stirred, and when the rallying

call was once more sounded in 1854, a large percentage of the membership had embraced that faith and withdrew from the church.

The year 1857 was a year of great business depression, but a time of prosperity in religion, and during that fall and the following winter revival meetings were holden here, under the united labors of Elder David L. Edgerly, Free Baptist, and Elder Noah Glidden, Adventist. The meetings were largely attended, the room being often filled at an evening service. Many were converted, and backsliders reclaimed. Differences in doctrine were kept in the background. It was a time of special favor, and many today remember those days of blessing as "Golden Days of Grace" for the church at Clarktown.

"And recall the blessed harmony,
when all with one accord
Forgot to be self-seeking, in united
work for God."

But when the special meetings came to a close and the worshipers separated, going their several ways, dividing the converts, each taking a share, it was found that the Free Baptists had been the losers. The Advent pewholders equalled or outnumbered the Free Baptists, and on this ground they claimed the right to use the meeting house on each alternate Sunday. It was granted, and after this—a divided house.

In 1858 the Free Baptist church was revised and attached to the united churches of Free Baptists under the name of "The First Free Baptist Church in Barnstead." A simple covenant was adopted and signed by twenty names, *eighteen* of these being brought over from the old list of members, and *two* new ones baptized and added. This fact tells us how serious had been their loss. The revised church was composed of ten males and ten females. Once more the sexes were equal, and of these twenty, *nine were Clarks.*

The members were: Male—Levi Clark, William S. Clark, David Clark, Samuel Clark, Andrew J. Young, Hiram S. Young, Hezekiah Gray, Simeon Lougee, William P. Gray, Oliver Evans. Females—Sarah Clark, Judith Clark, Betsey H. Clark, Elizabeth A. Clark, Louisa Clark, Nancy Welch, Wealthy A. Caswell, Mary W. Lougee, Margaret Gray, Sarah Evans.

These are all dead with the exception of Margaret Gray who lives at the age of 83 years.

In the next seven years twenty-two more were added, the last ones in October, 1865; but a spirit of migration seemed to have taken hold of the members, and from time to time families moved to adjoining towns, each removal reducing the strength of the church, and bringing increased discouragement to those left, and in May, 1872, the remnant united with the "Free Evangelical Church" so called, at Barnstead Center, the name being changed to "Barnstead Free Baptist Church."

Their last recorded meeting in this house was on March 14, 1867.

After a period of a score of years of inaction the church was dropped from the denominational roll, and the records deposited in the Memorial chapel at New Durham.

In the meantime the Adventists had increased and acquired full possession of the meeting house.

As a body the Adventists were at first strongly opposed to all church organization. To be ready for the immediate coming of the Lord, and to separate themselves from the world and from all connection with other religious bodies was the prominent and parallel teaching. But after the set time had passed great efforts were made to secure unity along other lines of doctrine, and meetings for argument and discussion were frequent. The theme of conversation, whenever neighbors met for a social evening, was along these lines, and the long hours of a winter evening would be all too short a time; when obliged by the lateness

of the hour to drop the subject it was only to resume it at their next meeting.

The Christians of those days were earnest people. Nearly every household had its family altar, where morning and evening prayer and praise were offered, father, mother and children engaging in vocal prayer. Perhaps they were over zealous on points of doctrine, for it led to controversies, dividing the body into factions to such an extent that the "Advent Christian Conference" meeting here in 1878, decided, in order to restore right conditions, to "set them in Church order."

Accordingly on November 16, 1878, a covenant was adopted and twenty-nine names subjoined. There were many who still retained a feeling of distrust and refused to have their names enrolled. Others hesitated, until assured that "the door swings both ways," and if on further consideration they were for any reason dissatisfied their names should be dropped by their request.

Three more names were added in '79, one in '81, making a total enrollment of thirty-three names. Of these one died, seven moved away, seventeen were dropped at their request previous to May, 1886, leaving only eight resident members. So the effort was not successful in securing the desired harmony, but became another cause for dissention, and was perhaps one cause of the separation in 1891, when, at a young people's meeting in this house, a statement of religious belief by the leader of the meeting, misunderstood by a few older persons present, caused such excitement, that at a subsequent meeting one of the leaders of the major party announced, in substance, that they should withdraw from the house. They withdrew, and left the other party in possession of the church.

These continued to hold regular services, and on the third day of July, 1891, formed an association of thirteen members. Three more were added later, and in September, 1891, this society was incorporated under the name of "The South Barnstead Christian Association."

This was the first time the house had been held or occupied, by a corporate body, and when later the question arose as to who should control the house, the Advent or Congregational churches, the lawyers said, "the ones now holding it."

James C. Eastman was chosen president; Lydia J. Reynolds, secretary, and John Tasker, treasurer.

At this time the meeting house was in great need of repair and the society put on projecting eaves, shingled and painted it, and later built the horse sheds.

On October 8, 1892, a vote was carried by the society recommending the formation of a church, and, after careful deliberation a Congregational church was unanimously chosen. A committee was appointed to draw up a covenant, confession of faith and a constitution, to call an ecclesiastical council, and to provide for the formation of such a church. This was done, and on October 24, 1892, an ecclesiastical council was assembled in the church at two o'clock in the afternoon, which was composed of the following named churches, and represented by either pastor, delegate, or both. The four Congregational churches at Concord, the Congregational churches at Pittsfield, Barnstead, Center Barnstead, Gilmanton Iron Works and Chichester.

The Council organized by the choice of Rev. Harry P. Dewey, moderator, and Rev. Edwin J. Aiken, scribe.

A full statement of the facts in the case was made, with the reasons which had led thereto, and the following eighteen names were presented for church membership: Males—Jefferson Emerson, John Tasker, Richard W. Caswell, Charles H. Reynolds, Alphonse J. Fournier, Charles H. Berry, James C. Emerson. Females—Pauline Avery, Annie C. Tasker, Vianna Emerson, Sarah C. Tasker, Martha T. Caswell, Lydia J. Rey-

nolds, Hattie A. Fournier, Mary E. Emerson, Ada E. E. Clark, Annie R. Hanson, Alice C. Hanson. Seven males and eleven females, and of these eighteen names were *seven* of the eight remaining resident members of the Advent church organized in 1887.

The Council by personal examination satisfied itself of the fitness of these persons for such union, and, being by itself, voted to receive them into church membership and extend to them the fellowship of the churches represented.

In December, 1892, the name of the "South Barnstead Christian Association" was changed to the "South Barnstead Congregational Society," its object being, as set forth in its constitution, "to co-operate with the Congregational church at South Barnstead, in providing for and maintaining the worship of Almighty God, in accordance with the faith and order thereof."

To the original number of eighteen there has been added by confession of faith, twenty-eight, and by letters from other churches, five, making a total enrollment of fifty-one.

Ten have departed this life, and seven have received letters to other churches, leaving a present membership of thirty-four; six of these are non-resident.

James C. Emerson, the pastor of the Christian Association, continued as pastor of the newly organized church and in June, 1893, was ordained and installed by the Council, but resigned his office the following December, accepting a joint call to the Congregational churches at Alton and North Barnstead. He was succeeded here by Rev. Joseph O. Tasker, who continued with this church until July, 1895.

The following September this church was yoked with the Barnstead church under Rev. Walter H. Woodsum, who remained with these churches until the spring of 1899. He was followed by Rev. Louis Ellms who filled the office of pastor until the summer of 1901. Rev. George H. Hull was their next pastor, continuing with them until the fall of 1903.

In 1904 this church separated from the Barnstead church in the support of Rev. Richard Wilton, and in the years 1904–07 was ministered to by Mr. George Winch during the summer months, and by different ones as supplies, during the other months, uniting with the Barnstead church again in 1907, in the support of Rev. C. G. Roop. He finished his service in August, 1908, and the following October Mr. J. F. Haas commenced to supply the pulpit. The following spring he gave place to Mr. Luther Markin who served the balance of the year.

In January, 1910, Rev. Henry A. Ryder accepted a joint call from the churches at Barnstead and South Barnstead to become their pastor, and he sustains that relation now.

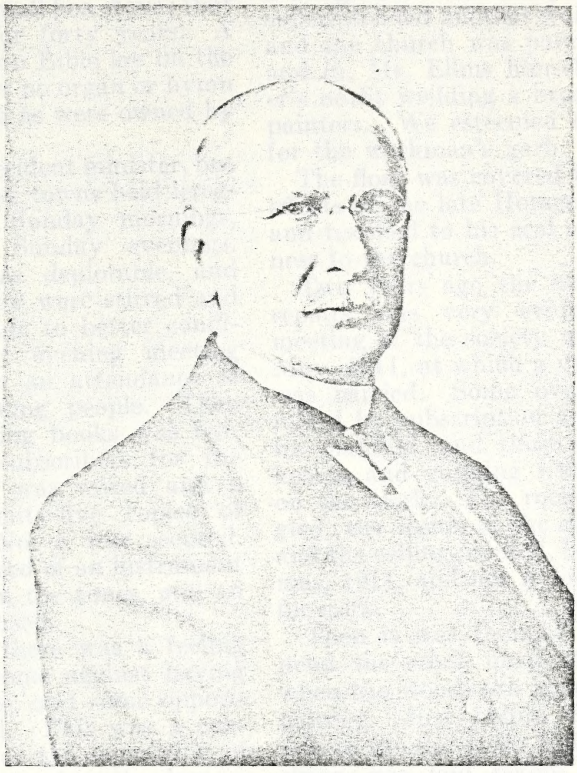
This church has been greatly blessed in the faithfulness of its pastors and ministers. The names of Revs. Emerson, Tasker, Woodsum and Ellms, have become household words with us, and Messrs. Haas and Markin, of more recent date and shorter terms of service, became also very dear to this people, while between the earlier and the later ministers stands the strong and eminent personality of our faithful friend and minister, Mr. George Winch.

This church commenced life under difficulties. Congregationalism was *new* in this locality, and its polity was not generally understood. There was some prejudice against it; it had no wealthy patrons to champion its cause. Some looked upon it as a *man built house*, and watched for its speedy fall. Others, more favorable, considered it "a doubtful experiment." But from its very beginning it seemed to be divinely favored, and grew, reducing prejudice and gathering to itself friends and supporters.

The faith of its members grew stronger, and very soon they began to send forth that old time invitation,

"Come *thou*, and go with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

This call, oft repeated, lingers today. Pause a moment. Don't you feel it in the beating of your own heart as by the agency of the Holy Spirit you recall the words of the Blessed Master, "All ye are brethren"? Listen! You can hear it in the ticking of the clock! Come, come, come, come! It repeats itself again in the silvery tones of the bell. Come, come, come! May its clear ringing tones sound through the valley and up the hillside, entering the homes of the people, calling them to hear that sweetest of all things the Gospel of the Christ. "And let him that heareth, say Come."



Lewis F. Hanson*

Let us glance backward twenty-two years, and we shall see here, a rather old and unshapely building, paint worn off, roof leaking, greatly

*Lewis F. Hanson, now residing in Cambridge, Mass., was the sixth son of the nine children (eight sons and one daughter) of Nathaniel and Margery (Evans) Hanson. He was born at South Barnstead, December 19, 1842, in early life attended the district school, usually of four weeks in summer and four in the winter, near the old homestead now occupied by Sidney C. Hanson. At the age of sixteen he attended school at New Hampton, for one term, after which he took up the trade of shoemaking for the purpose of securing means for attending school again, and located in Northwood, with a brother, Dr. C. W. Hanson. Closely confining himself to the bench, he found but little time for books and study. About that time the Civil War had begun, and the onward rush to war of soldiers from all over the land, and the call for three hundred thousand men by President Lincoln in July, 1862, seemed too great a summons to pass unheeded. On August 14, 1862, with another comrade, Charles H. Hoitt of Northwood, who had already seen service for three months in 1861, he started to enlist. It was a fine,

in need of repair. No shelter for horses, but through storm or sunshine, hitched to posts and fences, they sweat or shivered according to the weather.

Entering we see bare floors and unpainted seats, small box stoves that had done duty for forty years. A small and well worn Bible lay on the pulpit. There was no organ or hymn books, except such as were owned by individuals.

There was no resident minister, but supplies from other towns held irregular services on Sunday mornings, but seldom on Sunday evenings. The situation was deplorable, and the hearts of a few were stirred and an effort was made to better conditions. A Sunday evening meeting was started, with an attendance of forty, mostly young people. Then the need of singing books was felt, and a club of subscribers for the *Christian Herald* was raised and a premium of twenty-five copies of Gospel Hymns No. 5 was secured. Then came the need of an instrument by which to learn the tunes, and an organ was purchased.

At that time there was a feeling on the part of some against having music in churches, and some opposition was aroused. *This* was a contributing cause for the separation of worshipers which soon took place.

Repairs and Improvements

In 1891 and 1892 the house was repaired on the outside and the horse sheds built. New stoves were put in and the windows curtained. During Mr. Ellms' pastorate he superintended another work of repairs and the church was painted outside and in, Mr. Ellms himself in painter's outfit wielding a brush with the painters. We esteemed him no less for the workman's garb.

The floor was covered through the efforts of the late Horace W. Evans, and testified to his zeal and faithfulness to the church.

Two years ago the need of other repairs was very evident, and a meeting of the society was called in May, 1911, at which a vote to repair was carried. Some over $200 was raised by subscription and expended for *material*, and those with willing hearts and cunning hands wrought on the work. The roofs were shingled, the inside of the church ceiled, and the ceiling painted, before Christmas, 1911, and not a dollar paid out for *work*.

Then it was thought best to suspend the work until the next fall, when the woodwork inside was to be painted. Just before the time for taking up the work again, a proposition was laid before the society,

pleasant day, and with an old white horse, in a one horse shay, away to Portsmouth they rode, and were at once enrolled in Company G, Tenth New Hampshire Volunteers, a company then being raised by Capt. George W. Towle, and of which J. Albert Sanborn, was first or orderly sergeant, and subsequently captain in the same regiment.

It was Mr. Hanson's good fortune to be with his regiment, and in every engagement, until after the battle of Fair Oaks, Va., including the battles of Fredericksburg, Pittsburg, Cold Harbor, Drury's Bluff, Fort Harrison and, last, that of Fair Oaks, Va., on October 27, 1864, where he was captured and made prisoner of war with fifty-four others of his regiment in one of the fiercest battles of the war. Out of the fifty-four men captured thirty-seven lost their lives by starvation in Libby and Salisbury (N. C.) prisons where untold suffering was endured during the period from October 27, 1864, to February 22, 1865. On Washington's birthday when leaving prison some one (of 3,000 to 4,000) called at the top of his voice: "Boys, remember this Washington's birthday," when the men were a half mile beyond the prison gates wending their way up the railroad track out of Salisbury. Mr. Hanson was one who barely escaped with his life, being reduced to a walking skeleton of 88 pounds in weight and already coming down with typhoid fever. Being furloughed, on sick leave, he reached home in the latter part of March, 1865. Lincoln's assassination and death was the first news after regaining consciousness from the fever and before leaving the sick bed orders came for him to report to Concord, for muster out of the service when he was sufficiently able to respond. On May 26, following, he was mustered out of the United States Service.

During the autumn of 1865, having sufficiently regained his health, he resolved to again attend school. In September of that year he left for Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to take a commercial course at Eastman's National Business College, from which he graduated in the summer of

that if they would build a suitable tower to install it a bell would be given them. The offer was accepted and work was begun. The tower was well advanced in building, when word came to prepare for a tower clock, as one was to be given. Next, a communication from a lady that she would give the church, for a memorial, the piano of her departed mother, a former resident of this locality. And so the work moves on.

In conclusion it might be well to mention some of the gifts, by which friends have expressed their sympathy for and desire to help in the work of the church.

The first, a gift of $2 with a word of appreciation from David Clark, one of the members of the First Free Baptist church. This gift seemed to bring with it the fellowship of those co-workers of long ago. Through the kindness of Rev. E. J. Aiken of Concord, we have a Bible for the pulpit. Some Chelsea ladies gave us the pulpit chairs. Rev. J. O. Tasker gave us twenty copies of the Gospel Hymns combined.

In 1903 Horace W. Evans presented us with twenty copies of the Pentecostal Hymns, and later the Free Baptist church at Pittsfield gave us twenty copies more.

Last summer Mr. Lewis F. Hanson of Cambridge gave us one hundred copies of the Alexander Songs, followed soon after by the gift of the bell. Mr. Everett Clark added the clock. His niece, Miss Lizzie Mooney gave the piano.

Other friends have aided us from time to time with gifts of money to help carry on the work. I must leave the expression of thanks to these, for all their favors, to some one who can render them more fittingly.

What can I say better in closing my sketch than to repeat the words of that great worker, the Apostle Paul, "Having therefore, obtained help of God," we "continue unto this day."

Other addresses, interspersed with excellent music, followed, after which came the act of dedication, participated in by pastor and people, singing the doxology, and the first formal ringing of the bell.

A communion service was then participated in, led by the pastor with visiting clergymen and the South Barnstead and Parade deacons assisting, followed with a hymn and closing benediction.

Addresses of special interest were those of Mr. L. F. Hanson of Cambridge, the originator and donor of the bell, and that of Mr. E. Everett

1866, then returning to New Hampshire and subsequently going to Boston, where he secured a position as clerk and bookkeeper.

On February 25, 1867, he was married to Sarah Adelia Knowles, of Northwood. They resided in Boston and Roxbury until the autumn of 1868. On December 12, 1869, Mr. Hanson started in trade for himself at Newmarket, there successfully conducting the grocery, crockery, hardware and grain business, till, in the year 1882, he sold out to Durgin Brothers. During the time of residing in Newmarket he erected a beautiful set of buildings on Durham Avenue now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. William A. Martin.

In the autumn of 1882, Mr. Hanson received an appointment to a position in the United States Pension Bureau at Washington, and for several years resided there with his family. He was subsequently appointed a special examiner in the Pension Bureau, in which position he was employed for some ten or twelve years, and was regarded as one of the best examiners in the service, from time to time receiving letters of commendation from his superior officers in the Pension office for the excellent work accomplished.

On January 15, 1906, Mr. Hanson resigned from the government employ to accept a more lucrative position as special agent and claim adjuster with the Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company, in which capacity he is still employed.

The good people of South Barnstead rejoice much in listening to the hourly striking of the new clock in the new church tower and are indeed happy. The donation of the church bell was made on the occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Mr. Hanson's enlistment as a soldier in the service of his country, he being credited to the quota of that town. The Union Memorial Bell, on which his name was cast, will long be remembered by his many friends, and neighbors, in the Old Home Parish. Mr. Hanson, wife and three daughters, Mrs. Allen M. Davis, Miss Harriet M. and Miss Elizabeth M. Hanson, all reside in Cambridge, Mass.

Clark of Pittsfield, a nephew of Everett Clark of Boston the giver of the clock, who made the presentation in his uncle's behalf.

Mr. Hanson's address was as follows:

Address of L. F. Hanson

My Friends:

Coming back to speak a few words of congratulation and happy greeting may I ask your kind indulgence for a few moments, touching upon the matter of my modest gift to this church and in a wider sense to this town.

The thought which underlies the feeling of kindness and good will toward our fellowmen was the sentiment, it now seems to me, which upheld us as a people, and which supported our government and sustained the courage of our armies through the trying years of the War of the Rebellion from 1861 to 1865. It was the spirit which recognized our duty to God and Humanity, a spirit which converted the task of preserving the Union into a holy cause and by rapid degrees transformed our soldiers and all who supported that cause into heroes.

What were the influences which so moulded the character of our people that no sacrefices of treasure, happiness, health, or life seemed too great an offering to the cause which glorified the great event of fifty years ago? Without a doubt, in our own minds, when we cast a retrospective glance into the past and recall again the scenes of our earlier youth, the "Country Church," and the "Little Red School House" were the source of that inspiration of a people which carried that war to a successful finish.

May I call your attention to the fact that following the discovery of this new world by Columbus, Spain sent expedition after expedition across the ocean, whose object was to take possession of the "New World" with the sole purpose of transporting untold riches in gold and silver back to the King and Queen of Spain, all for the earthly honor, wealth and glory of the sovereignty of Spain. The early English voyagers appear to have been actuated by no higher motive, and all for the earthly glory, wealth, and power of Queen Elizabeth and her realms.

Consider for a moment the power, wealth, and influence of the earlier voyagers of Spain and England with their armed ships and soldiery, whose avowed purpose was to rob a primitive people of their gold and lands, and contrast with them that little forlorn band of Pilgrims which sailed from an oppressive Fatherland with the only hope of finding a place on these shores where they might worship God as their conscience dictated. No dreams of wealth or power or conquest stirred the hearts of that brave, devoted company of persecuted men and women. No thought of avarice or ambition animated their bosoms. Yet simultaneously with the building of their own humble homes in the wilderness, they erected their equally humble houses of worship and education. Today Spain owns not an inch of land in the New World. The possessions of England are practically limited to a few islands in the Carribean Sea and the land north of the United States.

It is no stretch of imagination to suggest that the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers has permeated this entire land. The spirit of the "Country Church" and the power of the "Little Red School House" established in humble poverty and pathetic prayers, now animate the mightiest nation on earth. The institution of slavery, being incompatible with it, has disappeared, and many other national evils, provided that spirit remains, will also disappear.

On the fiftieth anniversary of my enlistment in the service of my country, as a soldier credited to this town the thought and desire came to me to contribute something to the support, encouragement, and perpetuation of that spirit of the love of God and uplifting of humanity which I have faintly described, but which I believe was the soul of the army of the Lord fifty years ago.

With the humble hope that this bell for many generations will call the people of this town to the contemplation of those truths upon which our nation, our church, and our homes are founded, I now have the honor and great pleasure of presenting this, the "Union Memorial Bell," to this church and the people of my native town. May it be a signal to God's people to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. May it welcome the stranger, hasten the tardy and remind the careless that they have a duty to perform, and the thoughtless that the Sabbath day has come again. May its tone go direct from this

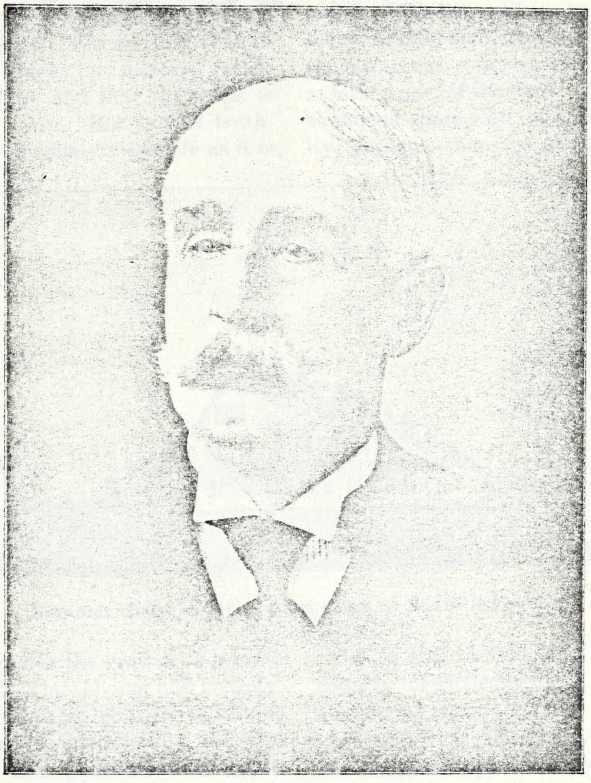
church to the sick, the invalid, the feeble, reaching throughout the valley and over yonder hills, uttering a prayer both beautiful and divine.

The address of Mr. E. Everett Clark, speaking for his uncle, was as follows:

Mr. Clark's Address

I labor under something of a conflict of emotions, if I may be allowed a personal note, as I stand here at this time to fulfil the part of the program allotted to me. We have been told that a member of the Clark family, a great-great-grandfather, was one of the very first settlers of this town, and by his labor the land upon which this building stands was cleared up. Later this land came into the possession of his sons and finally became property of the church. And I hardly need call to mind that most excellent man to whom today we silently and prayerfully pay tribute, the man who organized this society and who was its first pastor. It is with genuine pride, then, that I can claim this as my church, even as it was the church of my ancestors before me.

We are here indeed upon what we may term a festal occasion. But there is always a deeply serious vein in dedication exercises of the kind in which we are engaged. As we look back over the changes of time and as we move about in pursuance of our various callings we are very forcibly reminded of the apparent decadence of country life. Many of you, it is not my good fortune, can remember when this community was filled with young life, such life as is here represented today in part, before the seemingly heartless commercialism had become the powerful influence of the generation, when in the words of the poet, man was content "to live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man," and when men and women were happy in living out their allotted span upon the home farms. To keep up the home place, to care for the old folks, to devote one-



Everett Clark

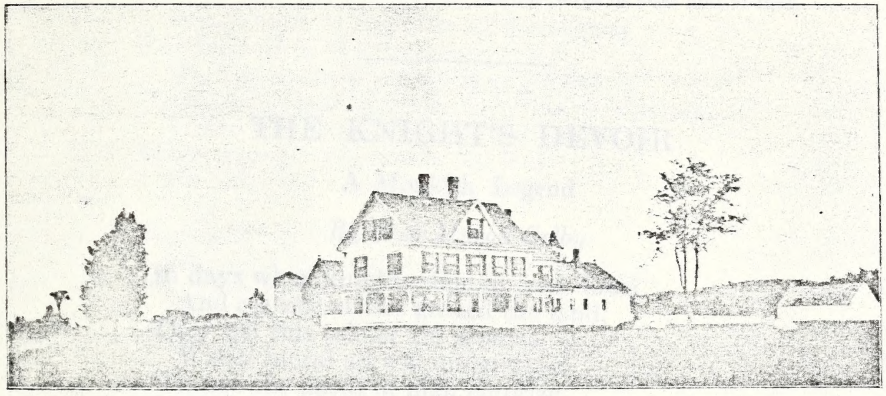


self to the service of God, surely that was a laudable ambition, and many a soul is at rest within these immediate confines of whom we can truly say that the ambitions were realized to the full.

But with the rise of this commercialism and in the mad rush for wealth, so typically American, scores left the country districts for the large business opportunities of the centers of population. And the story of rural communities in general has been the story of South Barnstead.

We are led to wonder at times if all of this has been for the best. We are told that in our zeal we have sought out material rather than spiritual welfare and that the world is steadily growing worse. But is this truthfully said? He who calmly views life as it is, today, he who studies the growth of a sense of national as well as local honor and honesty, the attempts to clean up politics, endeavors which already are bringing results, the continued exposure and punishment of graft, which in former days thrived apparently without restraint, the increasing demand and necessity for honest men in the public service, the absolute requirements of sincerity and honesty for continued success in private business and affairs, the world peace movement, removing the horrors of war by the sane as well as God-fearing methods of arbitration, and finally, most important of all, the rapid growth and spread of Christianity—Christianity in all its divine beauty and strength. I maintain that he who calmly considers these things can no longer doubt the advance of true goodness in the present age.

To return, as I have said, the rural districts have suffered severely, the farms have been abandoned and only the few faithful have remained. Of late, however, there has been a strong counter movement toward the country, a movement which must carry with it good cheer to those who are still keeping up the old places. Men who were reared by country firesides never forget the lessons of youth, the homes of father and mother, whose stimulus it was that made them successful and whose memory kept them from many a pitfall of the larger life. And these men feel sooner or later an increasing desire to return to the old scenes, some to remain and others for at least a part of the time. And we can justly commend those who, of a different nationality, perhaps, than the original settlers have come to this blessed land, have chosen the country for settlement and are reclaiming the abandoned farms. They come of sturdy stock and with their ability to readily absorb the American spirit are performing and will assuredly continue to perform their full duty in the growth of our already great nation.



Summer Home of Mr. Everett Clark at South Barnstead

And again what I have said of country life in general applies in every particular to Barnstead. The few faithful realize it and what better proof can be offered of the revival of the old rural spirit than the splendid achievements of this community. When these few set out to improve this sacred edifice they found the response from both residents and non-residents immediate and hearty. They found the love of home still burning strongly in the hearts of those long

since departed from the immediate vicinity. And we need but note the result to assure ourselves of the character of the response.

It is not my part to commend individuals for their earnest efforts in this behalf. You have all labored diligently and faithfully and what higher tribute can this generation and posterity pay you than to say you have made the world better for having lived?

Furthermore, it can hardly fall to me to dwell upon the great influence that this church has exerted and will exert upon the community. With these dedication ceremonies this society will spring into a new life and go on to better things. It is, then, the duty of every one here present to see that the lessons taught shall not fall on barren ground, but rather shall be caught up and made to serve their full purpose under the blessings of a Divine Providence.

I come now to the most happy part of my task. The honor has been bestowed upon me in behalf of Mr. Everett Clark of Boston, and more happily I may say of South Barnstead, to present to you, to this community, to this church the splendid clock which adorns this sacred edifice. May it ever remind you as it registers the hours and minutes, periodically sending out its messages to each of us by the deep-toned bell, not of the rapid flight of time, but rather that each hour in which we now live is an hour of prosperity and Christian progress and may we here resolve and as we continue to hear these messages may we renew our resolutions to ever devote our lives to a better and higher service both of God and of man.

THE KNIGHT'S DEVOIR

A Monkish Legend

By Fred Myron Colby

In days when knights rode up and down
And stately castles graced the land,
They tell this tale of old renown
Whose moral all will understand.
'Tis not the deeds of high emprize
That most deserve the laurel crown;
Sometimes the road to greatness lies
Through humble byways of the town.

The knights were journeying, two and two,
Adown the wolds to Camelot town;
Sir Urgan cased in armor blue,
His helm ablaze with jeweled crown:
When, as they came to river wide,
The knights all halted in their track,
For there beside the rushing tide
An old crone waited with her pack.

"Help me across this swollen stream,
O gallant knights!" the beldam cried;
"See ye how cold the waters gleam?
St. George will give you grace betide."
But they spurred on, with taunt and jeer,
And left her wailing by the tide;
Sir Urgan though, with merry cheer,
Bent low and drew her to his side.

His good steed bore them safe to land;
The flouting knights laughed long and loud—
When lo! before them on the strand
The beldam stood a goddess proud.
"Laugh, ye vain fools; and thou, good knight,
Bear this with thee to Camelot town;
Who wears it conquers in the fight,
And wins, beside, the world's renown."

She drew from out her opened pack
A silken mantle, rich and rare,
And flung it o'er the good knight's back,
Then vanished into empty air.
Amazed, Sir Urgan kept his way,
Till, through the woods not far from thence,
The listed fields and banners gay
Uprose 'neath Camelot's battlements.

And all that day the gallant knight
Found none to stay him in the course;
The bravest in that tourney's fight
Went down before Sir Urgan's force.
None, none could stay the knight's strong hand,
Before him fell stout lance and shield;
When daylight faded o'er the land
He rode, the victor in the field.

They gave to him the tourney's prize,
His name shines clear in scroll of fame;
But when did he the knightlier rise,
Or glowed his soul with holier flame?
Was't when he dashed his foemen down
And took the prize from Beauty's hand?
Or when he stooped his kingly crown
To help the aged dame to land?

RIGHT LIVING

By Moses Gage Shirley.

Hold to the thing that's high and pure,
Hold to the thing that will endure,
And when your days on earth shall end
God will for you his angels send.

THE OLD BELL

By Charles Hardon

It was a magnificent old bell that used to hangs fifty and a hundred years ago, in the tall belfry of the Unitarian Congregational Church on the common in the center of the principal village in the town of Mansfield, Mass., where I was born. It had a lovely bell tone and could be easily heard in the remotest parts of the town. Whenever any person in the town died the bell struck the age. I don't remember how it was in the case of a child less than a year old. News did not spread as fast then as now and it would often be a day or two before we would find out who was dead. Then it was always tolled when a funeral procession came into view and ceased only when the coffin was lowered into the grave. But what a sweet accompaniment to the burial was the tolling of the bell! Its tolling told everybody what was doing in the old churchyard, a few rods away from the church, and its last stroke was a signal that *that* body was no longer to be seen on earth. In listening to the sound of the bell everybody in town seemed to be united in the solemn service of the burial of the dead.

The bell was rung every Sunday morning at nine o'clock and, with the answering bells from Norton, Foxboro and Attleboro, made a charming ushering in of the day. It was also rung every week-day at twelve o'clock. There were not so many clocks and watches in those days as now. Workers in the fields went largely by the bell to know when it was dinner time. It often seemed to be dinner time at half-past eleven, I know, but the old bell never deceived us. A negro who worked at the old Robinson Tavern, close by, used to toll the bell at burials and I remember how one day he rushed to the church when he had forgotten it till the procession came into the village.

We schoolboys were allowed sometimes, way back in the forties, to go up into the belfry. How awful high it was! And how like a cannon the bell sounded up there and what a great big rope it was that ran through, way down into the lower part of the church with which to ring it!

Every noon when the negro rang the bell he would "set it." That was wonderful. To see that huge bell stand on its head for a long time and then with a magnificent curve to swing down, "Whang—whang — whan — wha — wh — w—" and stop. That was great. I did not know what "magnificent" meant then, nor what "stable equilibrium" was.

I have no knowledge as to when the bell ceased to be rung at twelve o'clock or to be tolled at deaths and burials. I think, however, it must have been before the war. The old church was church upstairs and town-house, paint-shop and schoolhouse below. It was there that I first went to "high school," in 1845, under Josiah L. Arms. This school later became the Mansfield Academy, under James H. Bailey, and ceased to exist as such about 1850.

The old bell has been transferred to the new Universalist church, as the old church was demolished many years ago and what was Unitarian has now become Universalist, the local Orthodox Congregational and Baptist churches having also come off from the original Unitarian. After all, the bell was more the town's bell than that of any church as such, and I shall never cease to regret that it was not placed in the new town-house and thus allowed to retain something of its original dignity.

When I moved from Mansfield in 1868 the old bell and church were still undisturbed in their original location; now the church is gone and the bell is no longer the town bell, and there have been added to the village a Methodist, Swedenborgian, Universalist and Catholic church. These are in addition to the Congregational and Baptist churches in the village, the Christian in West Mansfield and a Methodist at East Mansfield. The Baptist church, I am informed, has lately secured a bell of its own. The memory of the one dear old bell, however, gives me a pleasure all its own and I feel as if it had a kindly sympathy with me when it seemed to toll particularly for me on the occasion of the funeral of my mother in June, 1843, seventy years ago.

THE REIGN OF LAW

By P. L. F.

Oh! that was a brave old period
When Charles the first was king;
Long may its brave old legends
Down through the ages ring!

In the year of sixteen forty, October twenty two,
The fathers of old Dover summoned every freeman true,
Who dwelt within the confines of the "Pascataq" plantation,
To meet that day in Dover and form a combination.
For the King had set no order; no laws to them had given
And to mend the Crown's omission the colonists were driven.
Misfortunes had befallen these stern dwellers by the sea
Which caused them to assemble as a pure democracy.
No stroke of sturdy woodsman rings out across Great Bay;
No fisherman will cast his net upon the stream today.
From Bloody Point and Greenland they cross the swelling tide
And o'er the gentle Bellamy and from Newichwannock side.
Straight to the old time meeting house the colonists repair
And bow their heads in reverence while the pastor leads in prayer;
He pleads that wisdom may abound in every word that's spoken
And that this combination may, by quarrels, ne'er be broken.
To their sovereign lord—King Charles—who reigns across the sea
Although by him neglected—they pledge their fealty.
"We whose names are underwritten," so doth the record read,
"Inhabitants upon the Piscataqua have voluntarily agreed:
That into a body politique we shall ourselves combine
And thus enjoy the civil laws of his majesty's design,
Together with such orders as shall concluded be
By a major part of the freemen of our society."
Then each Piscataqua pioneer—obscure, unknown to fame—
In witness of his promise thereunto signed his name.
Francis Champernowne of Greenland, royal blazonry he bore,
And Walderne, the stalwart of Cochecho's fated shore.

Larkham, Knollys, Huggins and good old Deacon Hall,
Rawlins, Haines and Layton: stout freemen one and all.
Roberts, Colcord, Wastill, Newgrove and Nanney,
Phillips, Webb and Camond. Nute, Cross and Canney,
Follett, Jones and Emery, Beck and Hunt and Heard
And Underhill, the warrior—brave captain of the guard—
The Lahams, Smith and Furbur, Dunstar and Swaddon,
Garland, Dam and Storer, Teddar and Bowden.
With Pinkham, Starr and Pomfret and William Walderne, too,
There were forty-one bold signers, stout-hearted, tried and true,
Who dwelt within the confines of the "Pascataq" plantation.
And met that day in Dover to sign the combination.
E'er since that distant day, when our forefathers saw
The Piscataqua region adopt the reign of law,
Throughout the changing years—time's sourceless and unending stream—
Along the Piscataqua the law has reigned supreme.

Oh! those were brave old pioneers
With loyal hearts and bold;
Still many a brave old story
Of their ancient day is told.

THE LONELINESS OF ME

By Elizabeth Thomson Ordway

Thoughts too sad to keep, too sad to give away,
Have held me fast through all this dreary day,
While wind and rain, and rain and wind grown wild
Have beaten round my lonely home the while.

And listening to the drip, drip, drip of rain
Upon the roof, against the window pane,
The moan of swaying bough and bending tree,
All seemed to voice the loneliness of me.

So once again my heart must lose its ties
My home hold only shadows of dear lives,
While I, alone, must have for many a day
Thoughts, too sad to keep, too sad to give away.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. JOSEPH B. WALKER

Joseph Burbeen Walker, one of Concord's oldest, most honored and most valued citizens, died at his home on North Main Street on Wednesday afternoon, January 8, after a short illness, though he had been in gradually failing health, from the natural infirmities of age, for some time past.

Mr. Walker was born in the house where he lived and died, June 12, 1822, the son of Capt. Joseph Walker, who was, himself, a grandson of Rev. Timothy Walker, the noted "first minister of Concord," who settled on the farm in 1890, transmitting the same to his son, Judge Timothy Walker, who, passed it on to his son, Capt. Joseph, aboved named. He was fiitted for college at Phillips-Exeter Academy of which he was the oldest alumnus at the time of his death and graduated from Yale College in 1844. He studied law in the office of Hon. Charles H. Peaslee, in Concord and at the Harvard Law School and was admitted to the bar in 1847.

He entered upon the practice of the profession in his native city, but continued the same only few years, not finding it congenial, and having plenty of work in connection with the management of the large farm which had come into his hands, and banking and other interests with which he came to be connected.

While he was ever a great student, spending much of his time in the large and well selected library, which he had also inherited and to which he constantly made valuable additions, he devoted much attention to agriculture, along experimental lines, making his farm one of the most productive in the country. For many years he had made the hay crop his specialty, though fine fields of corn continued to be produced.

He was for many years president of the State Board of Agriculture, succeeding the late Hon. Moses Humphrey, and continuing until advancing years admonished him to relinquish the duty, in which he had taken much pleasure and rendered the farmers of the state valuable aid. From the very organization of the Board, indeed, back in 1870, he had taken great interest in its work, and was a very frequent and most interesting speaker at the farmers' institutes held under its auspices, as well before as after his membership in the board, his principal subjects being, Drainage, Forestry and Hay Production, to all of which he had given much attention. He had also served several years as a member of the Forestry Commission. His longest official service. was as a member of the Board of trustees of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, or State Hospital as it is now known, to which he was appointed in 1847 being made secretary the following year and holding the position until August 30, 1897, when after a full half century of service he retired from the board.

He was a director of the Merrimack County Saving Bank from 1845 till 1866, and president of the New Hampshire Savings Bank from 1865 till 1874, since which time he had remained as a member of the board of trustees. Upon the organization of the Mechanicks National Bank in 1880 he was made a member of the board of directors, continuing for some thirty years in the position.

His interest in education was always deep and strong and for many years he had an active part in the direction of school affairs in Concord being a member of the first board of education in Union district; he served on the board for thirteen years, and was largely instrumental in the work of organizing the splendid educational system which is now enjoyed in the Capital City.

He was one of the most active and interested member of the New Hampshire Historical Society of which he became a member in 1845, serving as librarian for the next five years, as recording secretary from 1848 to 1853, as a vice-president from 1860 to 1866, and as president from 1866 to 1869. Upon the dedication of what is now the old building, which was the home of the society from 1873 to the present year when its abode was transferred to the elegant new building donated by Mr. Edward Tuck, he delivered the address of the day.

Although never a politician in the ordinary sense, Mr. Walker always took a strong interest in public affairs, as a Democrat to the time of the Civil War and later and afterwards as a Republican, but never as a bitter partisan. He was active in the movement for establishing a permanent water supply for the city and was a member of the first board of water commissioners, as he was also an original member and president of the park commission. He was a member of the state legislature from Ward Four in 1866 and 1867, serving in the former year as chairman of the special committee to which was referred the question of the establishment of a agricultural college and by his efforts secured the favorable reporting and the enactment of the measure providing for such institution. Most fittingly, when the present main building of the college at Durham was dedicated to him was accorded the honor of giving the dedicatory address.

He was a member of the State Senate, from the Concord District in the legislature of 1893, and had frequently been urged to become a candidate for governor, but would never consent even to consider the proposition.

He had been long and largely interested in the affairs of the old Concord, Northern &



HON. JOSEPH B. WALKER



Portsmouth Railroads, serving as director and clerk and in other capacities.

His historical researches led to the preparation and publication of much matter of historical interest, from his pen, along various lines, particularly in connection with church history, in which he naturally took much interest. He was a consistent member and constant attendant of the Old North, or First Congregational Church of Concord, to which his great-grandfather was the first minister and to whose support he was a liberal contributor. He was an active member and had been president of the New England Historic Geneological Society, of Boston.

Mr. Walker was united in marriage May 1, 1850, with Elizabeth Lord Upham, Daughter of the late Hon. Nathaniel G. Upham of Concord, by whom he is survived, with five children: Charles Alfred Walker, M. D., of Concord, Susan Burbeen, now Mrs. Charles M. Gilbert, of Savannah, Ga.; Nathaniel Upham, a lawyer in Boston, Eliza Lord, residing at home, and Joseph Timothy, also of Concord.

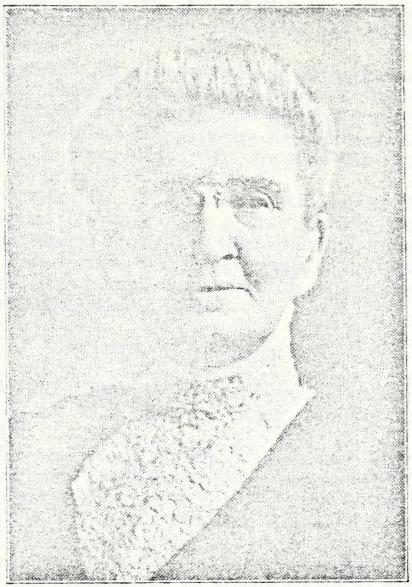
MRS. ORLANDO B. DOUGLAS.

May L. Douglas, wife of Dr. Orlando B. Douglas of Concord, died at the family home, on Auburn Street, in the early morning of January 18, 1913.

She was the daughter of the late Rev. Albert C. and Mary (Brown) Manson, her father being long a prominent preacher of the New Hampshire Methodist Episcopal Conference. He moved into the state from Maine a few days after her birth, March 30, 1836, being first stationed in Portsmouth, and subsequently in other important points in the state. He was pastor of the Methodist Church in Newport at the time the present church edifice there was erected, sixty two years ago, and it was in that town that Mrs. Douglas, then a young girl, commenced giving lessons in music, to which she was always devotedly attached. She was also engaged as a public school teacher when very young, and later, after a course at the Conference Seminary in Tilton, she was there employed as a teacher.

In July, 1858, she married Dr. Sylvester Campbell, and resided in Tilton till November 1862, when her husband was appointed surgeon in the Sixteenth New Hampshire Regiment, and went to Louisiana, at Carrollton, where he died, February 6, following. Soon after she offered her services to the government as a nurse, and, although first refused because of her youth, was soon received into the service under Dorothy L. Dix, and was assigned to the Chesapeake hospital, where she served actively till the close of the war, attending many distinguished officers of both armies. She was in Washington at the time of the grand review, signalizing the end of the war between the sections, and witnessed that remarkable pageant.

Soon after the war ended she engaged as a teacher of the colored people in Florida, where she had charge of 800 different pupils of all ages in the course of a school year of ten months, and winning their confidence and affection in a marked degree. Her health failing, she was unable to return the following year; but, later, took a position as teacher of music in Pennington Seminary, New Jersey, where Senator Taylor of Kentucky was then one of her pupils. Later she became preceptress of the same institution. Here she met



Mrs. Orlando B. Douglas

Prof. J. M. Tiddy, a Methodist clergyman, whom she afterward married, but who died not long after at Springfield, Mass.

After her second husband's death she was engaged for a time as an assistant in the Springfield public library, but on September 16, 1875, she was united in marriage with Dr. Orlando B. Douglas, a veteran of the Civil War, then practicing in the city of New York, where they resided for twenty-five years, she, herself, in the mean time, taking up the study of medicine and receiving the M. D. degree. With her husband she had traveled extensively not only in this country but in Europe, where they visited most of the great capitals and important cities, coming in contact with many of the reigning sovereigns as well as the great scholars, artists and scientists.

In 1901 Dr. and Mrs. Douglas established their home in Concord, where both have been specially prominent in Grand Army and Y. M. C. A. work, as well as in social life and in literary and musical circles.

Mrs. Douglas was actively identified with the Science class in the Concord Woman's

Club, with the Woman's Relief Corps, serving two years as chaplain of the New Hampshire Department and holding the position of national chaplain at the time of her death, and with the Woman's Auxilliary of the Y. M. C. A., serving seven years as president of both the local and state organizations.

With her rich store of experience, the fruit of long study and wide observation, ready command of language and desire to benefit others, Mrs. Douglas was an effective and interesting public speaker, and had lectured extensively in various parts of New England, especially before organizations of women and young people. She was an earnest Christian—a member of the Methodist church, though attending the First Baptist church in Concord, of which her husband was a member, and in whose Sunday School she taught a woman's class of forty members. Few New Hampshire women have filled a larger place in the field of worthy activity, or will be more widely missed therefrom.

LEONARD B. BROWN

Leonard Boardman Brown, long familiarly known in New Hampshire as "Patriot" Brown, from his connection with the New Hampshire Patriot, upon which he was engaged under the late Col. E. C. Bailey who brought him into the state, and later, for a time on the *People and Patriot*, under Col. Charles C. Pearson, died at his home in Farmington, Me., February 16.

He was born in the town of Starks, Me., February 25, 1844, the son of John Greenleaf and Mary (Remick) Brown, and was educated at Farmington Academy and Norwich (Vt.) University. He taught school at an early age, and when only 20 years old leased the Franklin Patriot, at Farmington Me., of the late Hon. Eben F. Pillsbury and ran the paper for a year, when he went to Illinois, but soon returned, and completing his legal studies, was admitted to the bar in Maine and went into practice in his native town, where he was active in politics as a Democrat and held several town offices. Subsequently he removed to Augusta; and was engaged by Mr. Pillsbury upon the *New Age* newspaper in that city.

In 1875 he came to Concord and commenced his work on the *Patriot* which continued several years and was followed by service on the *People and Patriot*, after an interval, in which he worked on the *Boston Globe*.

Later he served as Secretary of the Democratic State Committee and was a special writer and correspondent for different papers.

For the last fifteen years he had been located in Farmington Me., most of the time in the practice of law.

October 30, 1863, he married Annette A. Higgins of Starks, Me., who survives him with one son Harry B. of the *Franklin Journal*, of Farmington, who is a graduate of the Concord High School, and one time commanded the High School Cadets.

WILLIAM E. BROOKS

William Erskine Brooks, born in Acworth April 25, 1828, died in Keene, January 23, 1913.

He was a son of Dr. Lyman and Mary (Graham) Brooks, and after his school life was in the government service in the West for a time, and later with the Adams Express Co. He served as Register of Deeds for Sullivan County for several years after the war. In 1892 he removed to Keene where he was engaged with the Impervious Package Company until 1896, when he retired from business.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

As this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY goes to press, at the close of the month of February, the Legislature is still struggling with the matter of the Senatorial election, balloting daily in joint convention without making choice, Henry F. Hollis, the Democratic candidate, lacking a few votes of election each time, the Progressives holding the balance of power and defeating a choice. Very little has been accomplished in the line of legislation, but the joint resolution ratifying the amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for the popular election of Senators has passed both branches, thus making New Hampshire eighteenth in the list of states that have ratified it. That it will be ratified by three fourths of the entire number and be in effect at the next election is entirely probable.

It was stated in the January number that the next issue would be a double number for February and March, mainly devoted to the Legislature of 1913; but, as the session promises to continue into April, it has been deemed advisable to issue a separate number for February, though late, and make the double legislative number cover March and April.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and Sta[illegible]ogress

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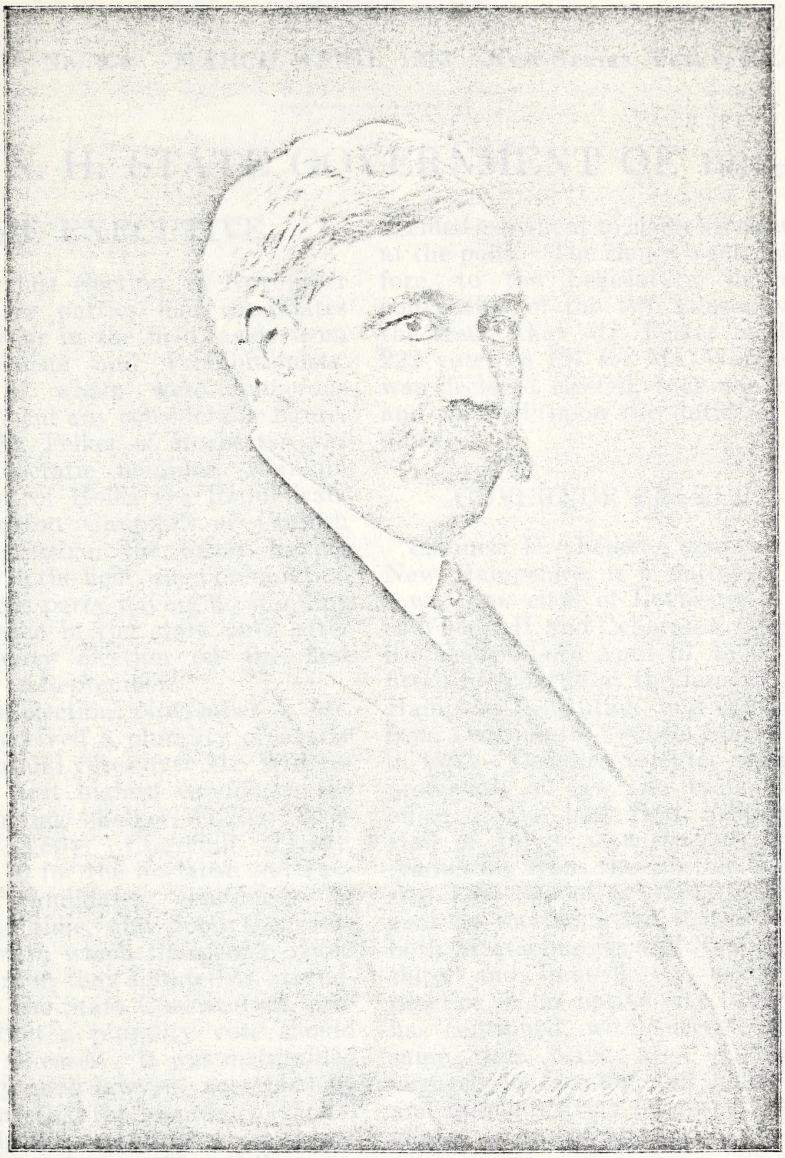
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HIS EXCELLENCY, SAMUEL D. FELKER
Governor of New Hampshire



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLV, No. 3-4 MARCH-APRIL, 1913 NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, No. 3-4

THE N. H. STATE GOVERNMENT OF 1913-14

THE EXECUTIVE.

At the last election, in November 1912, three parties had candidates for governor in the field, aside from the Socialists and Prohibitionists, neither of whom were numerous enough to cut any considerable figure. Samuel D. Felker of Rochester was the Democratic nominee, Franklin Worcester of Hollis the Republican, and Winston Churchill of Cornish the Progressive, the latter having been put in the field, upon nomination papers, the party having no standing or existence in the state until after the primary election on the first Tuesday in September.

At the election, November 5, Mr. Felker received a plurality of nearly two thousand votes over Mr. Worcester, the next highest candidate, the vote standing—Felker, 34,203; Worcester, 32,504; Churchill, 14,401, with 2,170 for the Socialist and Prohibition candidates, combined. At the same time, and upon the same ballots with which the people voted for governor, they adopted an amendment to the State Constitution, providing that a plurality vote should elect in all cases. It was maintained by many good lawyers, sustained by precedent, that the amendment should govern in the election at which it was adopted, and that Mr. Felker was legally elected governor by the people. Other lawyers took the opposite view, and, on the whole, it being regarded as certain that Mr. Felker would be chosen by the Legislature if the matter went before it, it was not deemed expedient to claim his election at the polls. The choice went, therefore, to the Legislature, in joint convention of the two houses, with the result that Mr. Felker received 222 votes to 191 for Mr. Worcester, was declared elected, took the oath and entered upon the duties of the office.

GOVERNOR FELKER.

Samuel D. Felker, governor of New Hampshire, is a native of the town (now city) of Rochester, a son of William H. and Deborah A. (Demeritt) Felker, born April 16, 1859. He fitted for college at the famous New Hampton Institution, and graduated from Dartmouth, "*magna cum laude*" in 1882. Deciding to enter upon the profession of law, he entered the office of the late Hon. Joshua G. Hall of Dover as a student, finally graduating from the Boston University Law School in 1887, in which year he was admitted to the bar in both Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and immediately located in practice in his native city, where he has continued, with success, at the same time being also extensively engaged in farming and lumbering, and taking a lively interest in public affairs, as an enterprising citizen and a Democrat.

In 1889 he served a as delegate from Rochester in the Constitutional Convention, and the following year was the Democratic candidate for senator in the Somersworth District, so-called, being elected after a spirited campaign,

and taking a prominent part in the legislation of the following session, in which he served as a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee as well as that on the joint committee on Revision of the Laws, the only Democrat ever elected from that district. He took advanced ground on many important questions, and has lived to see his position vindicated by the evolution of time and events. He was his party's first candidate for mayor of Rochester, after its incorporation as a city, in 1891, and in 1896 and 1897 was elected to that office. He has been city solicitor of Rochester for the last fifteen years. He has also served several years in the past, as a member of the school board.

Mr. Felker was elected a member of the House of Representatives from his ward in November, 1908, and took a prominent part in the work of the following session being selected by the Democratic minority, as their candidate for Speaker, and accorded the recognition as floor leader which that nomination ordinarily carries. He was active and conspicuous in the work of carrying through the progressive legislation of the session, and gained distinction throughout the state for his services in that direction, to such degree, indeed, that he was urged by many to become a candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in 1910, but declined to do so. He was reëlected to the Legislature that year, however, and again held his old position and fully maintained his reputation in that body. At the primary election in September last, he was the only candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor, having yielded to the universal demand of his party, and submitted his name to the people. He was nominated, as a matter of course, made an earnest and vigorous campaign, and his election followed in manner and form as heretofore described. He presided at the mass meeting in Concord on the occasion of the visit of Woodrow Wilson in 1911 and at the Democratic State Convention last May.

Governor Felker has been, and is, face to face with a decidedly trying situation. He is without the backing of a party majority in the House of Representatives where the balance of power is held by a little knot of "Progressives," few in numbers, but commanding in influence from the simple fact of their position. He seems sincerely desirous of practicing the economy and carrying out the reforms which the Democratic party has long advocated; but up to the time of this writing—the middle of April—nothing has yet been effected in such direction. If nothing is eventually done it will not be because of any failure or lack of effort on his part.

In religion Governor Felker is a Congregationalist. He was united in marriage, June 26, 1901, with Miss Mary J. Dudley of Buffalo, N. Y.

THE COUNCIL.

For the first time within the memory of any man living all of the five members of the Executive Council are Democrats in politics. This result came about from the fact that in three of the five districts—the First, Third and Fifth—no candidate of either party received a majority, though in the Third the Republican was in the lead; and the choice being thrown into the Legislature, the Progressives therein voted generally for the Democratic candidates, as they had in the election of governor, and all three of them were chosen, to act with the two who had been chosen by the people in the Second and Fourth Districts.

Councilor Badger

Hon. Daniel W. Badger of Portsmouth, councilor for District No. 1, is a native of that city, a son of David D. and Nancy S. (Campbell) Badger, born August 18, 1865. He was educated in the Portsmouth and

Newington schools, and engaged in dairy farming in the town of Newington, in early life, where he married Miss Edith M. Whidden, January 20, 1886.

He succeeded alike in his business and in gaining the confidence of his fellow citizens, who honored him with the various offices in their gift, including that of representative in the Legislature of 1903. During the session of that year Mr. Badger distinguished himself by holding up and opposing a unanimous report of the Railroad Committee—the all powerful committee at that time—and openly denouncing the domination of the railroad and corporation power in legislative affairs and in the government generally. This action is claimed by his friends to fairly entitle him to recognition as the original "Progressive" in the state, as, up to that time Winston Churchill, who was then a member of the House, had not discovered anything out of the way in existing conditions.

Four years ago Mr. Badger removed from Newington to Portsmouth, locating on a farm in the suburbs of the city and continuing his agricultural operations in both places. His interest in public affairs was no less active in the larger field, and, in 1910, he accepted the Democratic nomination for mayor of the city, and was elected, although at the state election, just previous, Governor Bass had a majority of 300 in the city. He had the political opposition of a large majority in the city council, but made his influence felt in the line of reform in



Hon. Daniel W. Badger

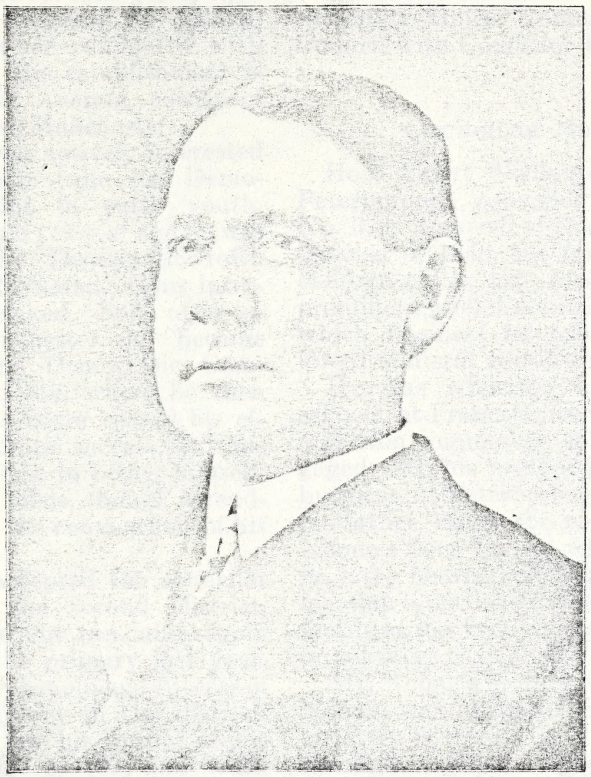


many directions, vetoing many measures, with such substantial basis of reason that his vetoes were invariably sustained. He was reëlected in 1911, and again last December by an overwhelming vote, though the fight against him was a desperate one, through the hostility of the illegal and lawless interests that were solidly arranged against him, on account of his consistent and courageous stand for law and order. He is the first mayor of Portsmouth to be elected for a third term since 1881.

At the recent state election, although the First District has always been strongly Republican, Mr. Badger received a handsome plurality of the votes cast for councilor, and was of course elected when the Legislature assembled in joint convention to fill vacancies. He is now working overtime in the faithful discharge of his duties as mayor and councilor.

Mr. and Mrs. Badger have had ten children born to them, of whom two sons and six daughters are now living. He is affiliated with the Masons, Elks, Knights of Pythias and the Grange, and in religion is a Unitarian.

Mr. Badger is a member of the State House and Finance Committees of the Council.



Hon. Lewis G. Gilman

Councilor Gilman

Hon. Lewis G. Gilman, who represents the Second District in the Executive Council, is one of the two members of that body who received a majority of all the votes cast in their respective districts at the November election.



Mr. Gilman was born in the town of Raymond, August 7, 1867, the son of Enoch F. and Carrie M. (Bartlett) Tilman, his mother being a daughter of the late Horace Bartlett of Concord. He was educated in the public schools of Raymond and early in life engaged as a drug clerk in that town, which business he has since followed, removing to Manchester in 1895, where he was engaged in the Charles A. Williams store for four years, then purchasing the business for himself, which he has since conducted with much success. His establishment is located on Lake Avenue, corner of Hall Street, East Manchester.

Mr. Gilman was actively interested in political affairs from the Democratic standpoint in early youth. When twenty-one years of age he was chairman of the Democratic town committee in Raymond. This interest has never relaxed. Soon after locating in Manchester he became chairman of the Democratic Committee in Ward Six, where he then resided, and has never ceased his efforts for Democratic success, but has always been averse to being, himself, a candidate for office, though attending, frequently, the conventions of his party.

In 1908 he accepted the councilor nomination in the Second District, making an excellent run, and, again nominated in the primary last year, he attained the phenomenal success of a sweeping majority in the district, carrying Ward Six, his former home, by a vote of 987 to 407, and Ward Four, in which he now resides, by a majority of 125, overwhelmingly Republican as it has always been, thus demonstrating his popularity among those who know him best.

Mr. Gilman is an attendant at the First Congregational Church in Manchester (Dr. Chalmers), and is a member of the Odd Fellows, lodge and encampment. He was president of the New Hampshire Pharmaceutical Association in 1905-6, and a delegate to the National Association of Retail Druggists in Chicago, in 1907.

November 14, 1891, he married Miss Lucy B. Fisk of Raymond. They have two children, Rosamond K., born March 3, 1894, now in the graduating class of the Manchester High School and soon to enter the Wheelock School in Boston, preparatory to kindergarten work and Lewis B., born July 7, 1897, now at the Mitchell Military School in Billerica, Mass., preparatory to Phillips Exeter.

Councilor Gilman is a member of the State House Committee of the Council with Councilor Badger.

Councilor Noone

Hon. Albert Wellington Noone, of Peterborough, councilor from District No. 3, is a native of that town, born October 4, 1846, the fourth of seven children of the late Joseph Noone, a prominent woolen manufacturer there, which business he has himself followed and still continues.

He was educated in the public schools, at Francestown Academy and a Boston commercial college, and engaged with his brother in the woolen business, at Peterborough, succeeding his father, under the name of Joseph Noone's Sons Co., of which business, he, later, became sole proprietor. The location is on the old site where manufacturing has been successfully carried on for more than eighty years.

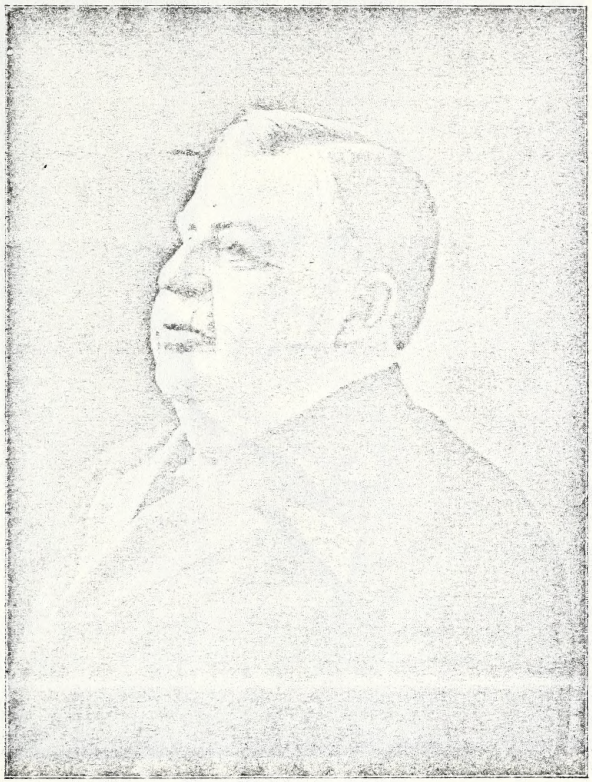
Mr. Noone's mother, wife of Joseph Noone, was Margaret Gallup, whose ancestry is traced back in direct line through various knights, lords and kings to Charlemagne the Great, emperor of the West, born A. D., 742. She was of the sixth generation from Capt. John Gallup, Jr., an early settler of Stonington, Conn., and her great-grand-father, Isaac Gallup, was a Boston merchant who pastured his cows, years before the Revolution, on land now embraced in the business section of the city. Her home was in Sterling, Conn., and the ancestral place is now owned by Mr. Noone, who has large real estate holdings there, as well as some two thousand

acres in southern New Hampshire, some of the profits of his successful manufacturing business being thus invested. Land ownership, and interest in the Democratic party, to which he has always been attached, are, indeed, Mr. Noone's ruling passions.

Mr. Noone, who prides himself upon being a self-made man and having always paid one hundred cents upon the dollar, had also a taste for the military in early life and was one of the charter members of the famous Peterborough Cavalry, still a prominent feature of the state's military force. He is a Unitarian in religion and a member of the Masonic fraternity. In social life he is esteemed for his frank generous nature, and in the community in which he lives for his public spirit. He has a business office at 102 South St., Boston and is widely known among business men at the "Hub."

He has been twice married, first to Isabella P. Cutter, daughter of Dr. Daniel B. Cutter of Jaffrey, who died March 16, 1871, and second, to Miss Fannie M. Warren of Dublin, N. H., only daughter of Jesse and Sarah J. (Taggart) Warren, his present companion.

He has been a working Democrat all his life, but has never sought office and held none previous to the present. He is a member of the Council Committee on State Prison.



Hon. Albert W. Noone



Councilor Sawyer.

Although ordinarily overwhelmingly Republican the Fourth Councilor District, last November, gave a handsome majority for the Democratic candidate, William H. Sawyer of Concord who had also been endorsed by the Progressives, and was substantially aided by the effort to array the liquor interests against him, in that it incited the temperance people to special effort in his behalf.



Hon. William H. Sawyer

Mr. Sawyer was born in Littleton, August 18, 1867, son of Eli D. and Sarah (Pierce) Sawyer. On his mother's side he is a lineal descendent of Robert Cushman, who promoted the *Mayflower* expedition, chartered the vessel, acted as the financial agent of the Pilgrim Company, and in December 1621, preached at Plymouth the first sermon in New England that was ever printed. He was educated at the Littleton High School; studied law with Hon. Harry Bingham, and the Boston University Law School, taking the three years course in two years and graduating in June, 1890, E. H. Mason of Nashua being the president of the class.

He was admitted to the bar in Concord, July 25, 1890, and engaged in practice in the office of Bingham & Mitchell, remaining till January, 1894, when he opened an office by himself, continuing alone till 1897, when he formed a partnership with Joseph S. Matthews, which continued about six years. He was again alone, and then became the partner of John H. Albin with whom he was

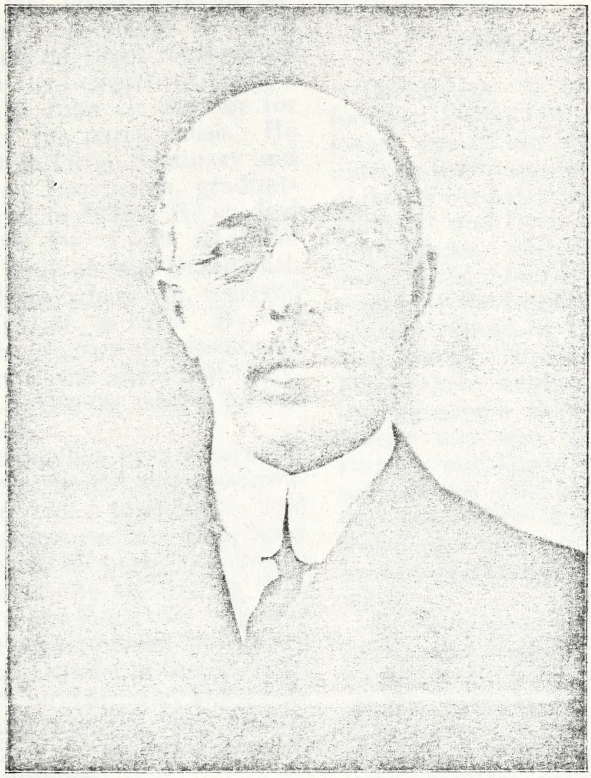


associated until the retirement of the latter, two or three years since.

Mr. Sawyer has always been a staunch Democrat, and has been his party's candidate for various offices including that of representative and county solicitor. For the last four years he has been a member of the board of education in Union School District of Concord. In religion he is a Congregationalist and has been superintendent of the Sunday School at the South Church. He served an enlistment in the National Guard in his younger days, and is a member of Capital Grange, P. of H.

Mr. Sawyer married, November 18, 1891, Miss Carrie B. Lane of Whitefield. They have five children—three sons and two daughters. Howard Pierce, the eldest, is a member of the Sophomore class at Dartmouth; Helen Lane, the second, enters Mt. Holyoke next fall. Marion Farr, Robert Cushman and Charles Murray are in school in Concord.

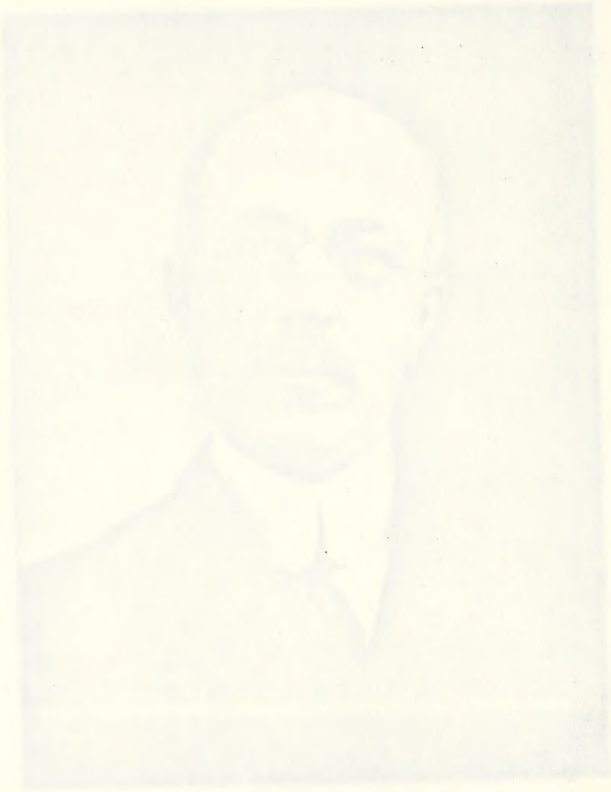
Mr. Sawyer is regarded as a sound lawyer and has been successful in practice. Were he not now a member of the appointing power he would undoubtedly be strongly supported for a position on the Superior Court bench. He is a member of the Council Committees on Finance and State Prison.



Hon. George W. McGregor

Councilor McGregor

Dr. George W. McGregor, councilor from District No. 5, has for many years stood at the front in the medical profession in northern New Hamp-



shire, his practice extending far beyond the limits of the thriving town of Littleton, where he is located and where he is esteemed and respected as a loyal, public spirited citizen, as well as an active leader in the Democratic party, which, although not always in power, is always in fighting trim.

He was born in the town of Bethlehem, June 15, 1853, the son of Willard A. and Almira G. (Blandin) McGregor. His father was an active Democrat, prominent in town affairs, and several times represented Bethlehem in the Legislature, being a co-worker with John G. Sinclair for the success of the party cause. He was educated at Tilton Seminary and New Hampton Institution, graduating at the latter in 1875. He studied medicine with Dr. L. B. How of Manchester, and at the Dartmouth Medical College where he received his degree of M.D., in 1878. He was first located in practice at Lunenburg, Vt., but, after a year and a half there, removed to Littleton where he has since remained.

Dr. McGregor has been a member of the boards of health and education in Littleton, twice moderator, and was a representative from that town in 1905. He was his party's candidate for councilor at the election of 1910 and made an excellent run. He was one of the delegates from the Second Congressional District in the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore last year, and was the New Hampshire member of the committee to notify the nominees.

He is a Congregationalist, President of the Ecclesiastical Society, a Knight Templar Mason, and a Knight of Pythias. He is a member of the Grafton County and N. H. Medical Societies and has been president of each. He is also president of the Littleton Realty Company. February 24, 1880, he married Miss E. Augusta Eaton of Franconia.

Dr. McGregor is chairman of the Council Committee on the State Prison.

THE LEGISLATURE.

For the first time since 1875, when the Democrats held control of the Senate though the Republicans had regained the House, the State Legislature is not fully controlled by any one party. While the Senate is decisively Democratic the House can be carried by that party only through the coöperation of the Progressives or by aid of disaffected Republicans.

THE SENATE.

The Senate of 1913–14 contains fourteen Democrats and ten Republicans, one of the former having run independently against the regular candidate of his party (in the Eighteenth District) and been endorsed by the Republicans, who were there hopelessly in the minority, while four were chosen by the Legislature in joint convention—those in Districts Number One, Seven, Nineteen and Twenty-Four—there having been no choice by the people at the polls. As the Senate was tied, politically at the start, a permanent organization was not effected until after the vacancies had been filled in joint convention, which was done before the election of governor and councilors was proceeded with.

Of the present senators only three have ever before served in that branch of the Legislature, though the greater portion of them have held membership in the House. Senator Scammon of the Twenty-First District, who was the temporary president, was a member and President of the Senate of 1907, while Senators Gerry of Number Five and Prentiss of Number Eight were members of the last Senate.

President Sawyer

Hon. Enos K. Sawyer, President of the Senate, is the first Democrat to occupy that position since the memorable session of 1876, when the disposition of the famous Todd-Proctor



HON. ENOS K. SAWYER
President of the Senate



and Head-Priest controversies left the Democrats in control, and John W. Sanborn of Wakefield held the office.

Mr. Sawyer was born in Franklin, August 24, 1879, the son of George W. and Louise C. (Barnes) Sawyer. He was educated in the Franklin High School, Phillips Academy and Dartmouth College, after which he engaged with his father in the long-established meat, grocery and provision business which has now been carried on successfully for forty-five years, the management of which has been in his hands for some years past.

He has always been a staunch Democrat of the progressive order, laboring zealously for the party's success, and for some time past has been chairman of the Franklin Democratic City Committee. He was chosen mayor in 1909 and administered the city's affairs with such success that he won universal approval, was endorsed by the Republicans the following year and reëlected without opposition. He is affiliated with the Masons, Odd Fellows, Elks and the Independent Order of Foresters, and is an active member of the Franklin Board of Trade. He is liberal in his religious views, and an attendant at the Baptist church. He was united in marriage February 28, 1911, with Miss Mabel E. White of Somerville, Mass., a graduate of the Massachusetts Normal Art School and teacher of art in the Franklin schools.

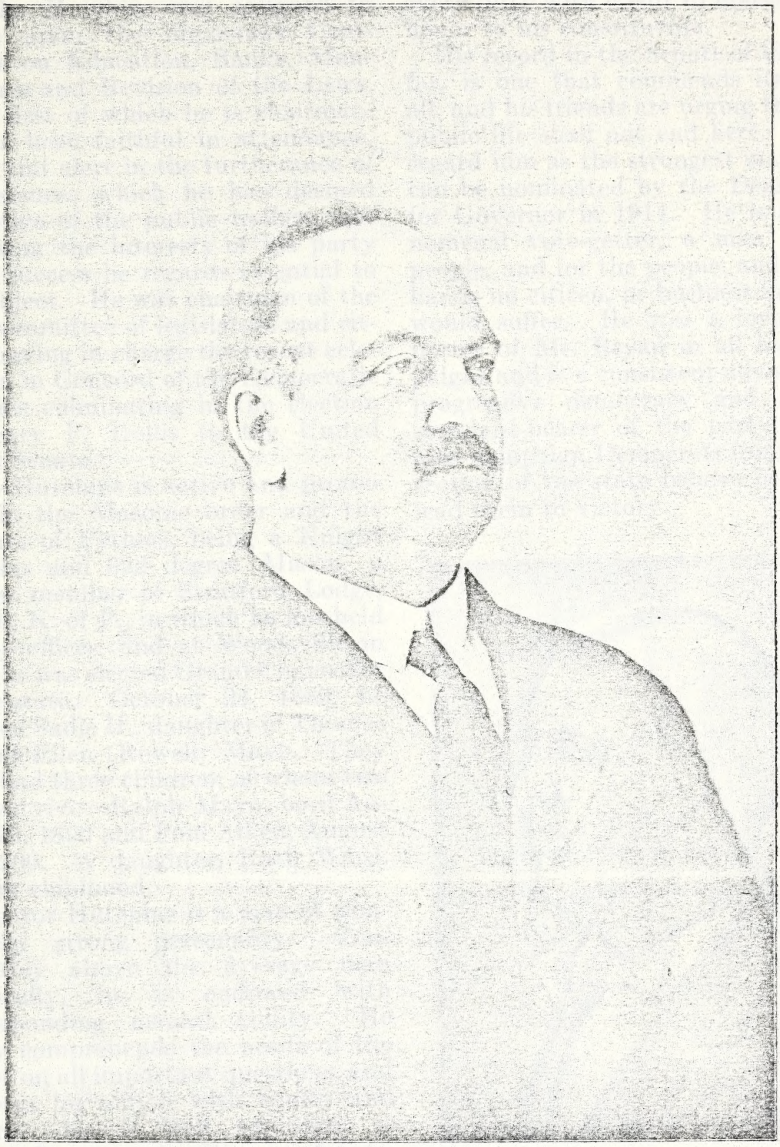
Mr. Sawyer, though the youngest president the Senate has had for many years, is a dignified and efficient presiding officer, prompt and impartial in his rulings and universally popular with his senatorial associates.

Hon. John C. Hutchins.

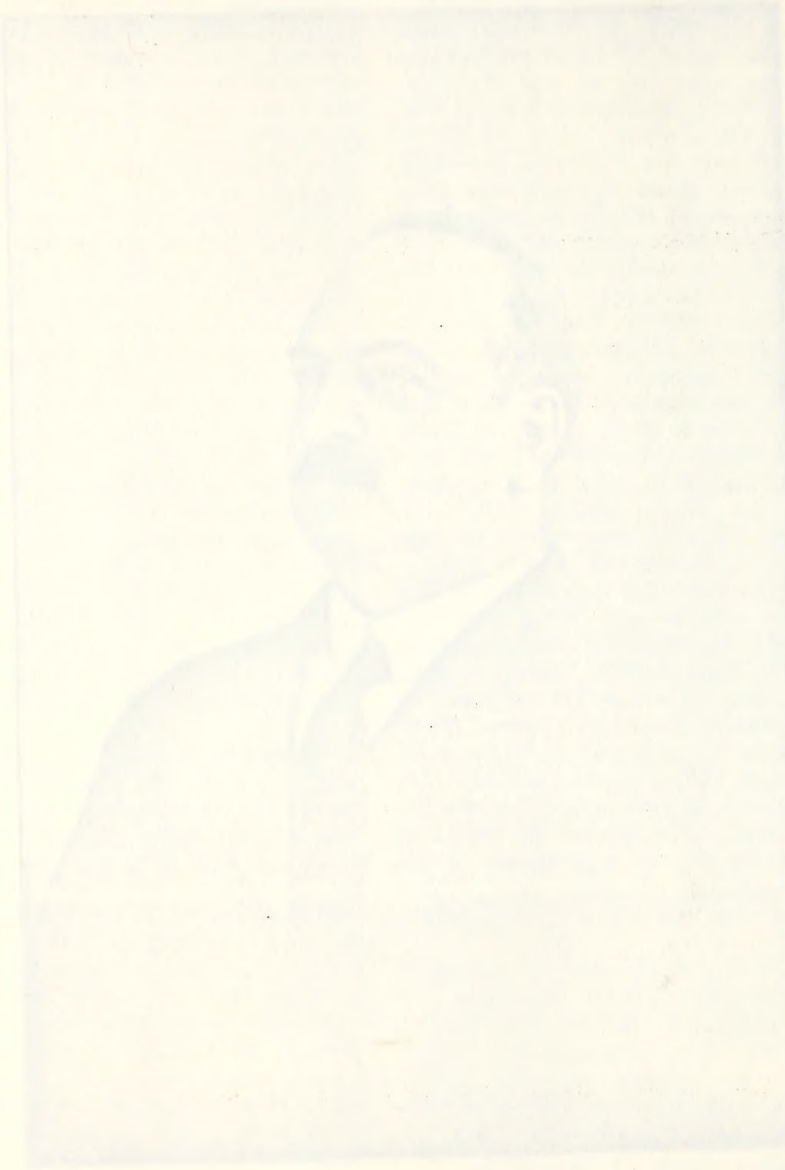
For the first time in twenty years, since the election of Pearson G. Evans of Gorham in 1892, the Coös District —No. 1—is represented in the Senate this year by a Democrat, in the person of John C. Hutchins of Stratford, who obtained a plurality vote at the polls in November and was elected by the Legislature in joint convention at the opening of the session.

John Corbin Hutchins was born in Wolcott, Vt., February 3, 1864, the eighth of nine children of Lewis Smith and Marcia M. (Aiken) Hutchins, and great-grandson of Parley Hutchins of Edinburgh, Scotland, a British soldier who settled in this country immediately after the Revolution. He was educated in the public schools, and at Hardwick (Vt.) Academy, taught school winters and worked on his father's farm in summer till 1884, when he located in the town of Stratford in this state, where he has ever since resided. He was employed at first in W. C. Carpenter's drug and jewelry store, which, two years later, he purchased, having in the meantime passed his examination and become a registered pharmacist. This business he has continued with success, but has through native energy and enterprise, engaged in other lines of business, with equal success, till he stands, today, in the front rank among the business men of the North Country.

He has been active in Democratic politics for the last quarter of a century. In 1889 he was chosen chairman of the board of selectmen in Stratford and reëlected the two following years, adjusting important business matters to the satisfaction of the people during his term of office. He served as tax collector eight years, between 1896 and 1906, and in 1898 was elected representative in the Legislature, by the largest majority ever given a candidate in that town, serving in the session of 1899 upon the Committees on Appropriations and National Affairs. In 1900 he was elected on the board of education and was actively instrumental in the establishment of a successful high school at North Stratford. In 1908 he was elected a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Denver,



HON. JOHN C. HUTCHINS



At the last November election he was his party's candidate for senator, with the result above mentioned.

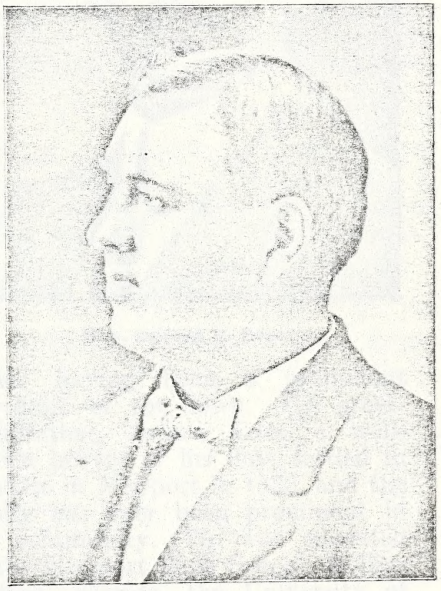
Upon the organization of the Senate, Mr. Hutchins was assigned to service upon the important Committees on Education, Banks, Manufactures and Revision of the Laws, of the first of which he is chairman. He has been faithful in attendance, active and alert in the furtherance of all measures which he has deemed promotive of the public welfare, not neglecting the interests of his party whose success he regards essential to that object. He was chairman of the joint committee of legislators and citizens having in charge the recent celebration in Concord of the Democratic victories culminating in the election of Henry F. Hollis to the United States Senate.

Mr. Hutchins is active and prominent in the Masonic order and the Knights of Pythias, being a Knight Templar and 32d degree Mason, a charter member of Stratford Lodge, No. 30, K. of P., in which he has held all the offices, and at Woodsville in 1900, he was elected Grand Chancellor of the state. October 24, 1889, he married Sadie H., daughter of Thomas H. and Ellen (Rowell) Mayo. They have had three children, of whom two sons survive—Ralph Mayo, born August 20, 1890 and Paul Aiken, August 17, 1900. A daughter, Ruth Ward, died in childhood.

Senator Hutchins is a man of wonderfully strong personality. Considerably above the average man physically, he is endowed with corresponding mental ability. He easily comprehends the needs of the public on all important questions, and tempers his action with equity and justice. He is well educated, is ready, fluent and witty in debate. His social qualities and his generous and kindly treatment of all classes of people make him extremely popular in every community where he is known. As a business man he has few superiors. He has shown rare skill and sound judgment in his investments in timber lands and other properties in which he has large interests.

As a public official he has discharged every duty with credit to himself and honor to his constituents.

His record in the Senate of 1913, so far, is one that commends itself to all, and his friends are urging that his public life shall not end here. They regard him as the strongest man that can be nominated by the Democrats for Governor in 1914. He is a phenomenal vote-getter, a man of the people, and for the people, and at his hands no citizen, or business interest, would suffer. He was a loyal supporter of Mr. Bryan in all his campaigns and is a consistent advocate of progressive democracy and as the standard-bearer of the party in the next campaign Democrats from every section of the state believe he would lead them to victory.



Hon. Edward E. Gates

Hon. Edward E. Gates

Another district which has sent no Democrat to the Senate for many years, till the present session, is the

Second or Grafton District, now represented by Edward E. Gates of Lisbon.

Mr. Gates was born in East St. Johnsbury, Vt., August 25, 1866, the son of Ezra B. and Belinda (Tabor) Gates. His parents removing to Littleton, he was educated in the schools of that town, and then entered his father's gristmill, continuing there till 1891 when he removed to Lisbon, where he was also employed in the milling business, till the great fire in that village in 1901, after which, with W. W. Oliver, he established a gristmill and grain business near the railway station, which is still continued, with an extensive and growing patronage, Mr. Oliver's interest having passed into the hands of Fred J. Moore.

Taking an interest in political affairs as a Democrat, Mr. Gates became the candidate of his party for first selectman in 1907, and such was his strength with the people that he was elected, in that strong Republican town, and so successful was his management of affairs that he was reëlected the following year, and during the two years of his service the town debt was reduced more than $7,500. In 1910 he was elected to the Legislature—the first Democrat to be chosen from Lisbon in twenty years. It is not singular, therefore, that, when the Democrats of the Grafton District looked about for a "winner" as a candidate, they selected Mr. Gates, and his election by more than 500 majority showed that no mistake had been made, nearly the solid vote of his town being cast for him. As a senator he has made good. He is a member of the Committees on Military Affairs, Railroads, Elections, Towns and Parishes and chairman of Fisheries and Game.

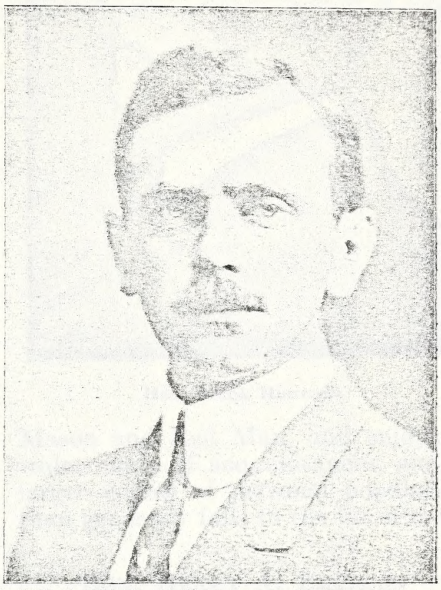
Mr. Gates is a 32d degree Mason, an Odd Fellow and a supporter of the Congregational Church.

On June 6, 1894, he married Anna Elvira Burgin of Littleton. They have a daughter and two sons.

Hon. Samuel H. Edes

A Democrat in the State Senate from the Sullivan District—No. 7—is an unprecedented situation, the present incumbent, Samuel H. Edes of Newport, being the first man of that political faith chosen from that district since it was organized in 1879.

Mr. Edes is a native of Newport, born November 9, 1881, being the youngest member of the present Senate. He is the son of George C. and Elizabeth (Lyons) Edes, his



Hon. Samuel H. Edes

father having been a prominent merchant of the town. His great-grandfather, Amasa Edes, a well-known lawyer of his day, settled in practice in Newport in 1822, and the family has ever been prominent in the community. He was educated at the Newport High School, Rollins College, Florida, the University of Georgia and the University of Virginia.

In 1907 he bought, and has since edited and published, the New Hampshire *Argus and Spectator*, an old-time Democratic paper, established in 1823, it being the only Democratic



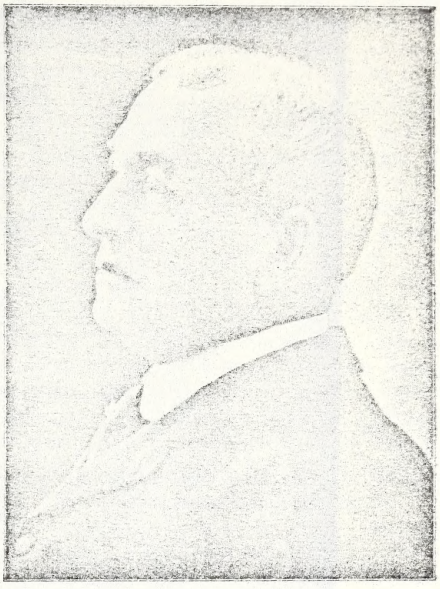
paper in the county. He is interested in military affairs and the development of militiamen into practical soldiers, and holds the position of captain of Co. M, First Regiment, New Hampshire National Guard. He is a member and present junior warden of Mt. Vernon Lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Newport, and is also president of the Men's Club and a member of the town board of health.

Mr. Edes is a Democrat of progressive tendencies, has taken a strong interest in party affairs, and with Senator Prentiss, he holds the position of floor leader on the Democratic side in the Senate, in which body he is chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and a member of the Committees on the Judiciary, Education, State Hospital and Soldiers' Home, his principal work having been done on the Judiciary, and the joint special Committee on Railroad Rates of which he is also a member.

Hon. Frank Huntress.

Senator Huntress of the Thirteenth or Keene District, rendered such efficient service in the House during the last three sessions—in 1911 as chairman of the Appropriations Committee—that his promotion to the upper branch of the Legislature, at the recent election, came almost as a matter of course, when it became known that he was willing to serve in such capacity; and his activity, energy and efficiency in the Senate this year are proof sufficient that his party and the people made no mistake in their choice. He is chairman of the Committee on Banks, and holds membership, also, in the Finance, State Prison and Industrial School, Public Health and Public Improvements committees.

He is a native of Lowell, Mass. born February 7, 1847, was educated in the public schools and Phillips Andover Academy, and has since been extensively engaged in the dry goods business, having established a line of retail stores throughout New England, among them one in the city of Keene, where he has resided for nearly twenty years, in which he is associated with Hon. W. P. Chamberlain, whose daughter he married as a second wife. He is a 32d degree

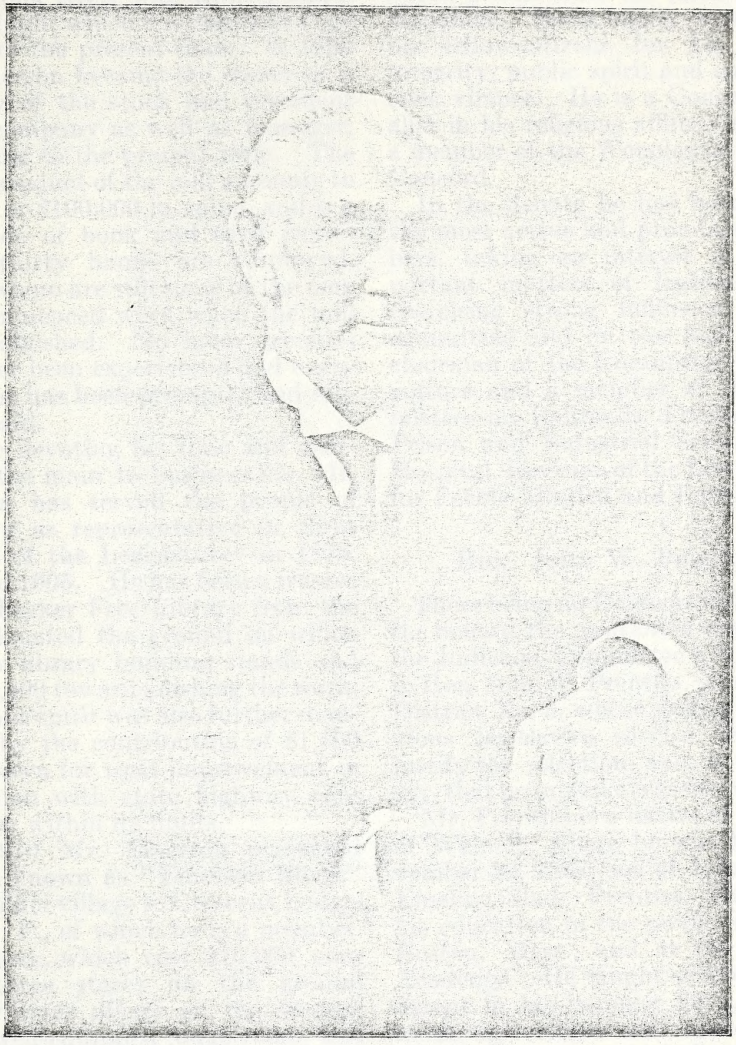


Hon. Frank Huntress

Mason and Red Man, and enjoys a wider circle of acquaintances, and a larger degree of personal popularity than generally falls to the lot of men.

Hon. Henry A. Emerson

Henry A. Emerson, Republican, senator for District Number Nine is a native of Concord, son of Fenner H. and Clarinda (Baker) Emerson, born May 1, 1837. He attended the public school in Concord, and the academies at Franklin and Fisherville (now Penacook) for a time, but went to work at an early age, being employed in serveral mills, in Fisherville, Franklin and Manchester, before he was seventeen, at which age he engaged in a paper mill at Pepperell, Mass., and entered upon what proved to be his life work, as he has ever since been engaged in the paper manufacturing business, in some capacity.



HON. HENRY A. EMERSON
Senator from District No. 9



In 1871 he became a member of the Contoocook Valley Paper Company, the late Hon. P. C. Cheney and Henry T. Hill being his associates. This company located at West Henniker, where a fine water power on the Contoocook River was utilized and a factory built, which has continued operation to the present time. In 1880 Mr. Emerson became the owner of a majority of the stock and president of the company as well as manager, continuing to the present time. The annual product of the mill amounts to $75,000 or $100,000 in value, and is a fine grade of book and card paper. About thirty hands are employed, among whom are still some of the men who commenced work when the mill was established. No labor troubles have ever been experienced and every employee has been promptly and regularly paid.

While devoting his time and energies in the main to business life, Mr. Emerson has served the people of his town as representative in three sessions of the Legislature—in 1876, 1877 and 1905. He has been a trustee of the Tucker Free Library from the start; donated the ground on which the new library building stands and gave $2,500 toward finishing the work. His public spirit was also further manifested by the contribution of $1,500 to the town for road improvement in connection with state highway construction within its limits.

In 1910 Mr. Emerson presented what is known as "Emerson Block" in Henniker village to Crescent Lodge, I. O. O. F., of which he is a member. This block, which cost $10,000, contains three stores on the ground floor, various offices on the second, and a well-equipped lodge room, and necessary accessories on the third. In token of their appreciation the Odd Fellows observe "Emerson Night' each year. This came this year on the evening of March 3, when there was a banquet and fine literary and musical program, with an address by Hon. H. O. Hadley of Peterborough, responded to by Mr. Emerson.

Mr Emerson was united in marriage, January 1, 1864, with Miss Louise M. Lydston of Litchfield, who died February 7, 1910, without children. He continues to occupy his fine residence in Henniker village, about a mile from his mills at West Henniker. He is highly regarded by his fellow-citizens for his sterling integrity, public spirit and social and civic virtues. He is a Congregationalist in his religious affiliation, and is a member of the Wonolancet Club of Concord.

In the Senate he has been among the most active and prominent members, taking an interest in all important matters of legislation and exercising strong influence both in committee and on the floor. He is chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and a member of the Committees on Railroads, Finance, State Prison and Industrial School, State Hospital, Revision of the Laws, School for Feeble-Minded and Forestry.

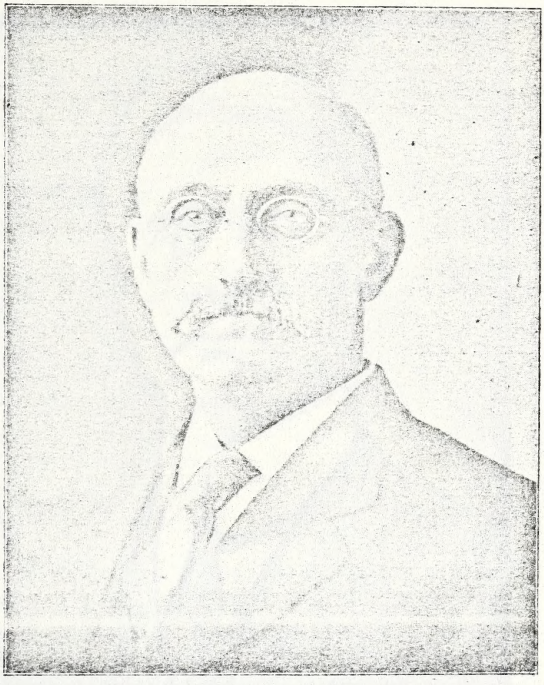
Hon. John W. Prentiss.

There being no Democratic lawyer in the Senate, the position of chairman of the Judiciary Committee was assigned to Hon. John W. Prentiss, senator from District No. 8, whose ability and previous legislative service seemed to justify the selection, and, it is safe to say, that no mistake was made therein.

Mr. Prentiss is a native of the town of Walpole, where he was born November 20, 1857, son of John W. and Emeline (Slade) Prentiss. He received his education in the public schools of Boston, Mass., and at the Walpole Academy. He taught school to some extent in his younger days, but has made agriculture and lumbering his life business, in which he has been eminently successful. The raising of thoroughbred Holstein cattle and Morgan horses is a specialty with him. He resided in Walpole up to 1910 and was all along prominent in the public affairs of the town, as a Democrat, serving three years as collector of taxes, ten years as a member of the

board of selectmen, and five years as road agent. He also represented the town in the legislatures of 1907 and 1909, taking a special interest in all measures pertaining to the interests of agriculture. In November, 1910, in which year he removed from Walpole to the neighboring town of Alstead, where he had bought a large farm, he was elected senator by the Democrats of the Eighth District, and rendered efficient service in the upper branch on several important committees. This year, aside from the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee, he has served on the Roads, Bridges and Canals, Railroads, Agriculture and Forestry committees.

Mr. Prentiss married Katie M. Fisher of Alstead. They have one son, John W., Jr., educated at Durham College, and now operating a 500 acre farm, and breeding fine cattle in Alstead, and two married daughters, Flora M., now Mrs. W. R. Long, and Ethel M., now Mrs. Raymond Galloway. He is a Unitarian in religion, an Odd Fellow and a member of the Grange.



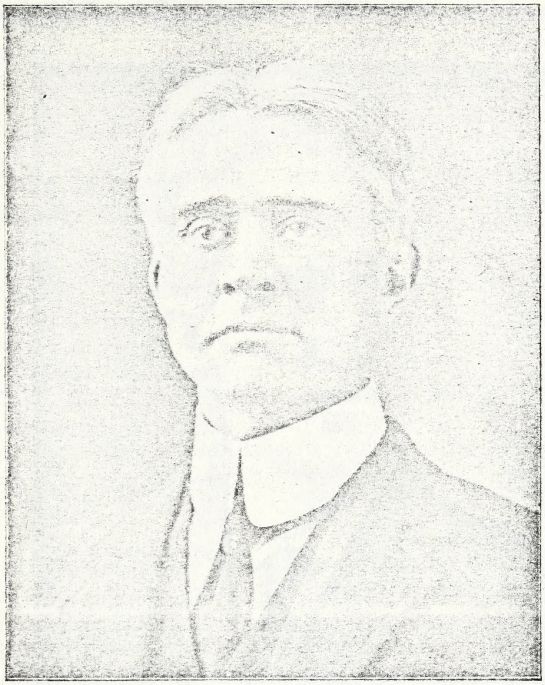
Hon. John W. Prentiss

Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D.

The "parson" in politics is by no means a novelty in New Hampshire. In the early days of the state's history, the Rev. Abiel Foster of Canterbury served five terms in Congress, and the Rev. Paine Wingate of Stratham was also a Congressman before the opening of the last century. Rev. John M. Brodhead of Newmarket was in the National House from 1829 to 1830, and his son-in-law, the Rev. James Pike, from 1855 to 1859, while the Rev. Jared Perkins of Winchester sat in the 32d Congress from 1851 to 1853. In more recent years the Rev. Luther F. McKinney, pastor of the Universalist Church in Manchester, entered political life, and was twice elected to Congress from the First

District, serving from 1887 to 1889, and from 1891 to 1893, then going to Bogota as United States Minister to Columbia during Cleveland's second administration. Along in the "forties" Rev. John Atwood was prominent in Democratic politics and Rev. John Moore was nominated for governor by the "Know Nothings" or American party in 1855, and but for his sudden death before election, would doubtless have been elected.

That the Rev. Dr. Thomas Chal-



Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D.

mers of Manchester should be found representing the Seventeenth District in the State Senate is no surprise to those who have been aware of his lively interest in public affairs since he settled in the pastorate of the old First or Hanover Street Congregational Church in that city, more than thirteen years ago.

Doctor Chalmers is a native of Algorna, Mich., born January 8, 1869. He graduated from Harvard University in 1891, studied theology in St. Andrews, Scotland, and Marburg, Germany, and served a pastorate of several years at Port Huron, Mich., before coming to New Hampshire. He has been active and prominent in denominational and general religious work, serving as chairman of the New England Congregational Congress; president of the New Hampshire Interdenominational Commission, and of the Central New Hampshire Congregational Club. He received his Doctor's degree from Dartmouth College in 1908. He is a 32d degree Mason and chaplain of the Masonic Grand Lodge of New Hampshire. Politically he is a progressive Republican, and was the Republican candidate for president of the Senate at the organization of that body. He also received several votes for United States senator during the contest. He is chairman of the Senate Committee on Public Health, and a mem-



ber of the Committees on Elections, Education, School for Feeble-Minded and Public Improvements. He has taken an active part in debate and a lively interest in all important legislation.

June 20, 1894, he was united in marriage with Miss Maude V. Smith of Columbus Ohio. They have nine children.

HON. JOHN A. BLACKWOOD.

The Tenth District, composed entirely of Concord wards, and normally Republican by about 400 majority, has several times of late been represented in the Senate by Democrats, on account of the unusual strength and popularity of the nominee of that party, or the lack of popularity on the part of his opponent. Last November, with an unusually strong candidate, endorsed by the Progressives, the Democrats carried the district by a small majority notwithstanding it was a presidential year.

Hon. John A. Blackwood, Senator from No. 10 is a native of Nashua, born January 6, 1867, son of Benjamin L. and Ellen J. (Pettingill) Blackwood. He attended the Concord Schools, graduating from the High School in 1885, and was a non-gratuate student in the Dartmouth college class of 1892.

He served as councilman from Ward four, Concord, under Mayor P. B. Cogswell in 1893–4, and as alderman, under Mayor Nathaniel E. Martin, in 1899–1900, and has been prominently urged as a candidate for mayor on the Democratic ticket, of which party he has always been a staunch adherent. With his father and younger brother, Fred I., he is engaged in the manufacture of plumbers' supplies (Concord Wood Working Co.) being himself assistant superintendent.

Mr. Blackwood is unmarried. He is a member of the Unitarian Church,



Hon. John A. Blackwood

of the Wonolancet and Snowshoe Clubs and the White Mountain Travelling Men's Association. In Masonry he belongs to Lodge, Chapter Council, Commandery and Shrine, and has received the 32d Scottish Rite degree.

His standing committee service in the Senate is on the Judiciary, Labor (chairman), Manufactures and Fisheries and Game Committees.

The work of the Senate, this year, was transacted with systematic promptness. Compelled to wait upon the action of the House, as is always the case, for the bulk of its business, it kept the deck cleared for action, so to speak, and everything well in hand. This may be considered the result of a sense of party responsibility on the part of the majority members, without which, in fact, it is impossible to do business satisfactorily in any legislative body. No Progressive faction, holding the balance of power, cumbered the way in the upper branch and, with a clear majority of four, the Democratic Senators promptly took the responsibility in all matters where partisan questions were in any way involved, and went forward with the work.

THE HOUSE.

The House of Representatives in the present Legislature is the largest, numerically, in the history of the state. There were 405 members chosen in all, three of whom have died—Cyrus O. Buttrick of Derry having passed away before the Legislature assembled, and Oscar Barron of Carroll and Robert L. Smiley of Sutton afterward. It is not only the largest House the state has ever had, but, in the general estimate of the people, the most dilatory and inefficient in the matter of work accomplished. Nor can it be denied that there is good ground for this estimate. There has been more neglect of duty, more absence from the sessions and consequent failure of a quorum requisite for the transaction of business than has ever been noted before, and the consequence is that, up to this writing, sixteen weeks have passed, and the end is not yet in sight.

Unquestionably a prime reason for this inattention, indifference and apparent sense of personal irresponsibility on the part of the members, is the lack of a party majority and the consequent absence of party responsibility in the House. Of the 405 representatives elected, 198 were chosen as Democrats and 207 were elected by the Republicans and Progressives combined. How many of these were of the latter persuasion was unknown till the test came on election of Speaker, which was not effected until the sixth ballot, and the morning of Thursday, the second day. Guy H. Cutter of Jaffrey had been nominated by the Democrats, Charles A. Perkins, of Manchester, by the Republicans, and William J. Britton of Wolfeboro, by the Progressives. On the first ballot for Speaker the vote stood:

William J. Britton,	27
Charles A. Perkins,	184
Guy H. Cutter,	191

and there was no choice. Four more ballots were taken, without result, but, on Thursday morning, before the sixth ballot was proceeded with Mr. Cutter withdrew, and Mr. Britton was then elected, the vote standing:

William J. Ahern,	1
Guy H. Cutter,	1
Charles A. Perkins,	182
William J. Britton,	207

Mr. Britton immediately took the oath, assumed the gavel and proceeded with the duties of his office.



HON. WILLIAM J. BRITTON
Speaker of the House



HON. WILLIAM J. BRITTON

William J. Britton of Wolfeboro, speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, was born June 18, 1872, in the town which ever since has been his home and which he is now representing in the Legislature of his state. His preparatory education was secured there, at Brewster Free Academy, while his training for his profession, the law, was gained at Boston University. He had his own way to make and was dependent upon his own exertions for his education, a fact which probably contributed in his case as in so many others to the excellence of his scholastic record at academy and university and to the substantial success of his subsequent career.

His fellow-citizens have bestowed upon him various offices in their gift, such as moderator; town clerk for fourteen years; representative in the Legislature of 1903, serving upon the Committee on Revision of the Statutes, and in November, 1912, solicitor of Carroll County.

The manner of his choice at the same election to the Legislature of whose lower house he was destined to be the speaker is a notable illustration of the part Fate plays in all our affairs. No names were filed as candidates for the Republican representative nominations in Wolfeboro in the fall of 1912; but two voters, of whose identity Mr. Britton even now is ignorant, wrote in his name upon their ballots and these manifestations of preference were sufficient to secure him the nomination.

Mr. Britton wished to decline, but his friends were so insistent that he should represent Wolfeboro at this important session of the General Court that he yielded to their wishes, remained upon the ticket, and was elected.

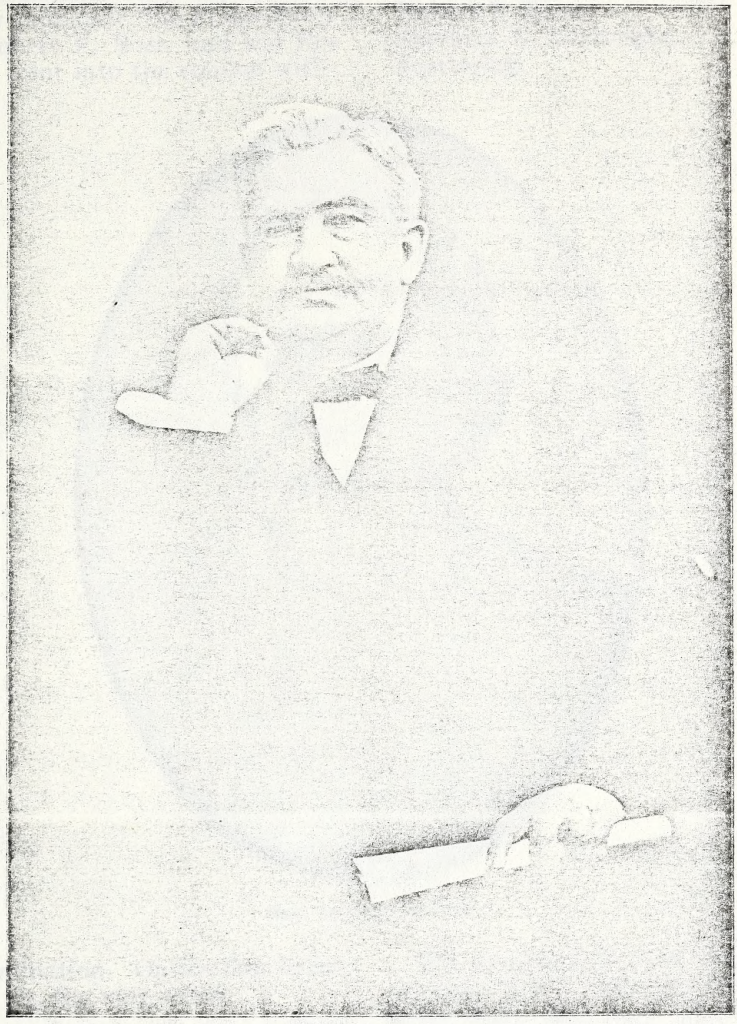
A Progressive in political principles since the first dawn of that belief in New Hampshire, Mr. Britton made no secret of that fact throughout the campaign. Therefore, when it was found that the balance of power in the Legislature was held by the Progressives, it was natural that Mr. Britton should be considered among their leaders.

On Tuesday, December 31, 1912, he was made the Progressive candidate for speaker of the House. Republicans and Democrats also made nominations and on Wednesday, the opening day of the session, there was no choice. On Thursday the Democrats joined with the Progressives and elected Mr. Britton speaker on the sixth ballot.

As presiding officer of one of the largest legislative bodies in the world, a position requiring a clear head and a stout heart, a quick wit and a determined character, Mr. Britton has been an unqualified success. In the first important duty which devolved upon him, that of the appointment of standing committees, he manifested an absolute fairness of mind and a keen judgment of men which have been in evidence in all his subsequent official acts and which have won him the admiration and esteem of all who are his associates in the Legislature or who have had occasion to become acquainted with its work.

At one stage in the long drawn out contest over the election of a United States senator Mr. Britton was given the unanimous support of the Progressives in the Legislature for that high office, and received also some Republican votes.

In fraternal circles he is a past master of Morning Star lodge, A. F. and A. M., and a member of Warren chapter of the Eastern Star and of Carroll chapter, R. A. M., all of Wolfeboro; of Pilgrim commandery, Knights Templar, of Laconia; and of the Odd Fellow and Rebekah lodges and Lake Shore Grange of Wolfeboro. In temperament he is genial, kindly, whole-souled and warm-hearted.



HON. WILLIAM J. AHERN
Chairman Appropriations Committee

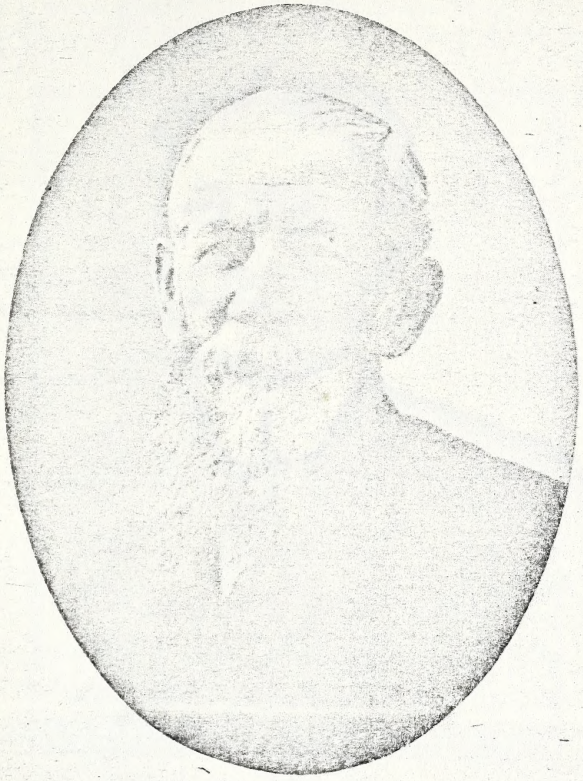


With the election of a United States senator, to succeed Henry E. Burnham, of Manchester, pending, it was not expected that great progress would be made in general legislation till that matter was disposed of. The Democrats nominated Henry F. Hollis as their candidate, the Progressives named Robert P. Bass, and the Republicans went into the contest without a nomination. On the first ballot, January 14, the vote stood:

Henry F. Hollis,	204
Henry B. Quinby,	114
Rosecrans W. Pillsbury,	59
Robert P. Bass,	15
John M. Gile,	7
Sherman E. Burroughs,	7
Scattering,	12

Balloting continued, once a day, until March 13, when, on the 43d ballot, Mr. Hollis was elected, the vote standing:

Henry F. Hollis,	189
John H. Bartlett,	121
Henry B. Quinby,	18
Edward N. Pearson,	14
Robert P. Bass,	12
Sherman E. Burroughs,	5
Scattering,	15



Hon. James E. French

The session had then reached the eleventh week, and very little legislative work had been accomplished, the general demoralization resulting from the protracted senatorial contest, the longest and most exciting in the history of the state, standing in the way, along with lack of party responsibility, while the unusually large proportion of inexperienced members doubtless contributed to this unsatisfactory state of affairs. Moreover,





BENJAMIN W. COUCH
Chairman Judiciary Committee

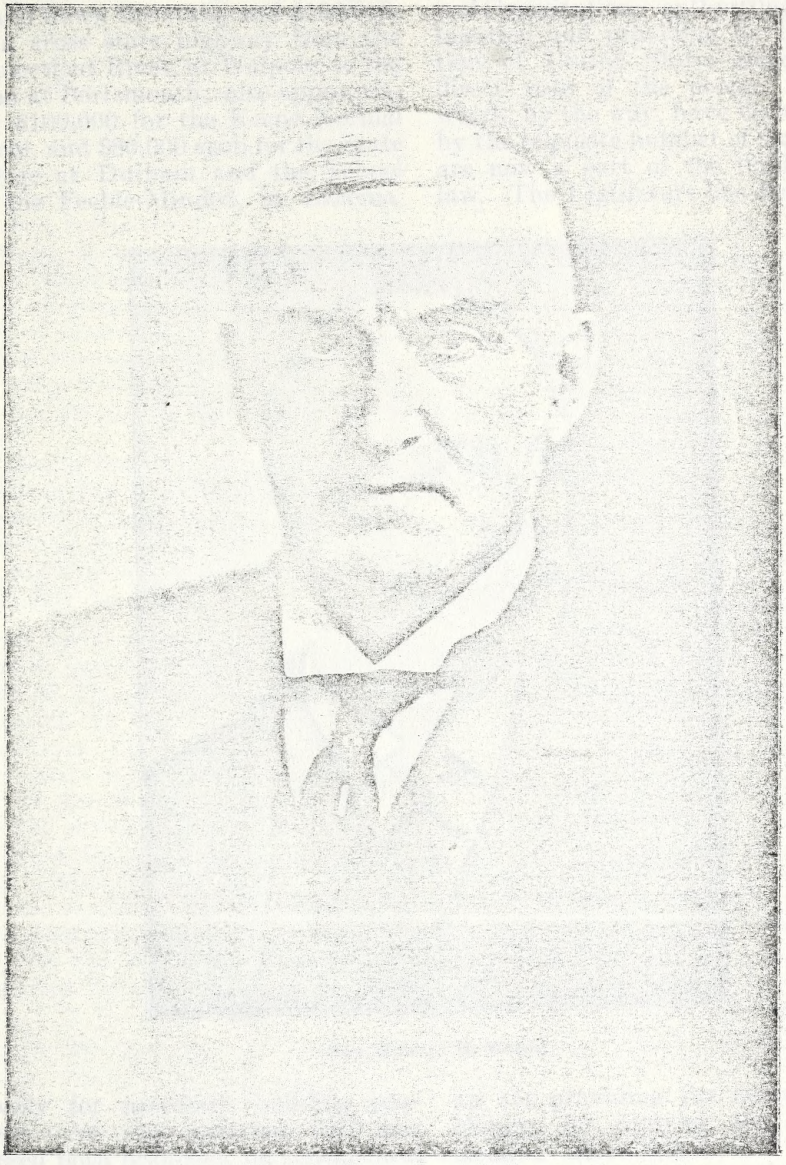


there was much delay in the completion and introduction of various important bills, generally known as the "administration measures," designed to effect reform and promote economy, and remove some of the political disadvantages growing up from the Democratic viewpoint, under half a century of complete Republican control. As it is, up to the completion of the third week in April and the sixteenth of the session, a large proportion of the really important work before the Legislature remains to be disposed of. The session is already longer than any other since the biennial plan was adopted, and may be extended indefinitely into the month of May. Nevertheless, when the record is consulted, and the entire amount of business introduced and disposed of is considered, it appears that something has already been done, whether of any real importance or not.



Hon. Raymond B. Stevens

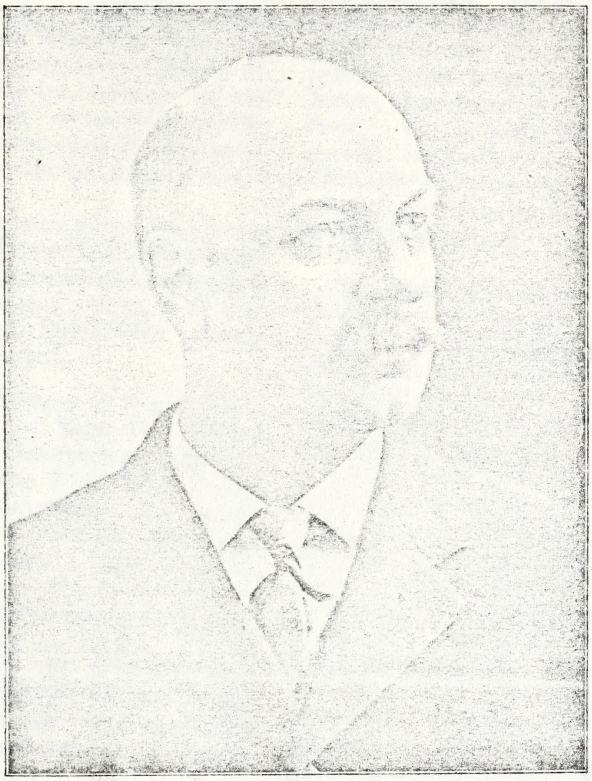
In the amount of business introduced the present session beats the record. There had been introduced, up to the end of the sixteenth week, 659 House bills, and 116 joint resolutions, and 74 Senate bills, of which 219 in all—186 House bills, 15 joint resolutions and 18 Senate bills—had passed both branches; while 354 in all—269 House bills, 51 joint resolutions and 14 Senate bills had been killed, in one way or another, leaving 276 measures in all, or a little more than a third of the total number introduced, yet to be disposed of. Looking at the matter from a financial standpoint some idea of the magnitude of the business introduced may be had when we consider the fact that appropriations to the amount of about $2,300,000, in all, have been asked for. Among the measures that have passed the House, but are not yet disposed of in the Senate though their passage there is entirely probable, are those providing for a $400,000 bond



Edwin G. Eastman,



issue, the proceeds to be applied, to the extent of $250,000, for completing the three trunk line highways running up and down the state, and $150,000, for a cross state highway from the Connecticut River, at Walpole, to the ocean at Portsmouth; also appropriating $100,000 for the Keene Normal School, and $80,000 each for the State College at Durham and the School for the Feeble-Minded, at Laconia, mainly for necessary building purposes. An appropriation that has passed both branches, on sentimental grounds, is that providing $10,000 for the transportation of New Hampshire Civil War veterans who desire to attend the reunion, on the Gettysburg battle ground, of Federal and Confederate veterans, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, next July. Two measures of prime importance, favorably disposed of, are those ratifying the sixteenth and seventeenth amendments to the Federal Constitution—authorizing income taxation and providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, both of which, by the way, have been ratified by the requisite number of states, and are now a part of the fundamental law. The Legislature has also passed an act providing the necessary machinery for carrying the senatorial election amendment into practical effect, so that it is certain that the state will never again be troubled by any legislative deadlock over the choice of a senator, to the detriment of general legislative business.



Hon. Edward H. Wason

Two measures of an unprecedented nature—the one in the rapidity with which it was carried through and the



other in its distinctive character—were enacted in the same day. The first was a joint resolution, appropriating $12,000 for a highway from the Connecticut River, opposite Windsor, Vt., to Harlakenden House, Winston Churchill's Cornish home, which is to be the summer residence of President Wilson and family, which passed both branches within an hour and was immediately signed by Governor Felker, who had recommended its passage in a special message; while the other was a resolution expelling from the House of Representatives Clifford H. Snow of Manchester, because he had "talked too much" or too indiscreetly, this being the first case of the expulsion of a member in the history of the state.

While, as has been noted, the membership of the House includes a large proportion of inexperienced men there is also included quite a number of able and experienced legislators, among whom may be noted:

William J. Ahern of Ward Nine, Concord, who has been the virtual leader of the Democracy, and the spokesman on the floor for the Appropriations Committee for many years past—now serving his ninth term in the House. This year he holds the chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee and membership in the Committee on Rules. To his firmness, sagacity and determination in directing the contest for the Democrats, the election of their candidate for United States senator is largely due.

James E. French of Moultonborough, who in legislative experience outranks any man in the state now living, having served nine terms previous to this in the House and one in the Senate, and who, from his long experience in the past in directing the affairs of the Appropriations Committee, upon which he this year holds second place, and his persistent safeguarding of the people's interests, has earned the *sobriquet* of "watchdog of the treasury."

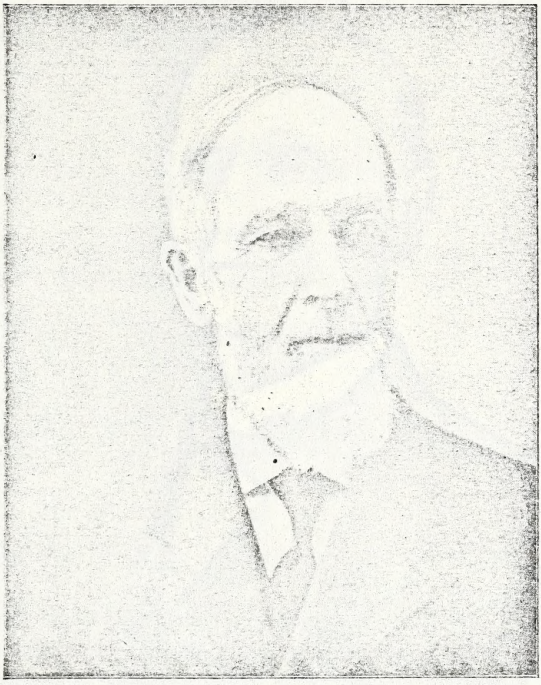
Raymond B. Stevens of Landaff, Democratic Congressman-elect from the Second District, defeating Frank D. Currier at the November election by a majority running into the thousands, now serving his third term in the House and laboring for the complete consummation of the reform legislation which he was actively instrumental in initiating during his first term and followed up efficiently two years ago. He has service on the Judiciary Committee, holding second place, and the chairmanship of the special joint committee on Railroad Rates, championing its report on the floor. He is also regarded as the special supporter of the so-called administration measures. As a strong and forceful debater he has no superior in the Legislature.

Benjamin W. Couch of Ward Five, Concord, who, though serving his first term in the last Legislature, held the important position of chairman of the Judiciary Committee and acquitted himself with such eminent fairness and ability that his reappointment this year came almost as a matter of course, although partisan considerations, alone, might have dictated a different selection. His course this year has fully justified his selection, from whatever standpoint the matter is viewed. While an earnest Republican, he never allows party valor to run away with intelligent judgment, and while a strong and convincing speaker, he never talks merely for the sake of being heard. His ward will best serve the state by continuing him in his present position as its representative.

Edward H. Wason of Ward Six, Nashua, a Republican leader who has served in two previous Legislatures and two Constitutional Conventions, and as solicitor of Hillsborough County for two terms. He serves this year on the Judiciary Committee, as heretofore, and holds a place in the front rank among the Republican leaders and as a general debater. He dem-

onstrated his courage and consistency by championing the losing Woman Suffrage cause with Stevens of Landaff, Chase of Concord, and Bean of Belmont, closing the debate in its support. Had not Mr. Currier been unwisely crowded in again, he would doubtless have been the Republican nominee for Congress last fall. He can probably have the nomination next year if he deems it worth while.

Ezra M. Smith of Peterborough, is a representative from another town which manifests good judgment in

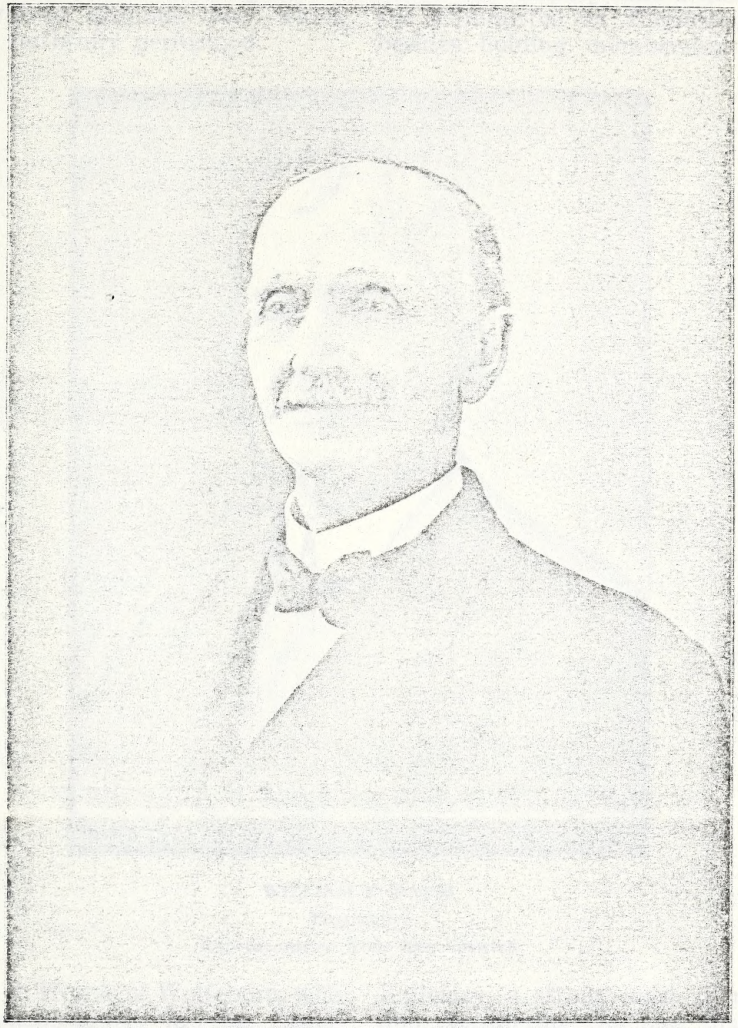


Hon. Ezra M. Smith

Edwin G. Eastman of Exeter, the strong man in a strong delegation, from a town which has exercised greater influence upon New Hampshire legislation than any city within its borders. With previous service in both House and Senate and long experience as attorney general of the state, Mr. Eastman was properly again elected to the House by his fellow-citizens, immediately upon his retirement from the last named office, in accordance with its invariable custom of sending its best equipped men to serve the state in the Legislature—a custom which other towns and cities would do well to follow. Naturally he was assigned to the Judiciary Committee where his judgment and experience proved of great value.

keeping able men in the service. He has served five previous terms in the House, been delegate in two Constitutional Conventions, ten years a member of the school board, and is now on his twenty-fourth year as a member of the board of selectmen, besides having served nine years as judge of the police court, retiring by constitutional limitation. He is a strong, logical speaker and debater and a conscientious legislator, shirking no duty and avoiding no responsibility. He has served this year as





HON. FRANK P. HOBBS



chairman of the Committee on Liquor Laws and as a member of the Committee on Revision of the Laws; also as chairman of the special committee investigating charges of corruption in connection with the senatorial election, which several assignments have involved arduous duty which has been faithfully performed.

as well as faithful and industrious in committee work, and so intent upon the full performance of his duty that he makes his home in the Capital City during the time of the legislative session. He is chairman of the Committee on Forestry, and a member of the Committee on Engrossed Bills, besides holding membership in the



WILLIAM E. DAVIS
Progressive
Representative from New Ipswich

Frank P. Hobbs of Wolfeboro, who served conspicuously in the Legislature of 1911, and as a member of the last Constitutional Convention, and is ready at all times, and under all circumstances to serve the Democratic party, in the defence of true Democratic principles, and to promote the cause of progressive legislation to the extent of his ability. He is a ready and earnest speaker,

Judiciary, a strong mark of recognition considering the fact that he is not a lawyer.

Henry D. Allison.

Henry Darracott Allison, representative from Dublin, was born there, February 2, 1869, a son of James and Sarah Jane (Darracott) Allison. He is a lineal descendant of Samuel and





HENRY D. ALLISON
Chairman Committee on Public Improvements



Katherine (Steele) Allison, who came from Londonderry, Ireland, to Boston in 1718, and, in April of 1719, went to Nutfield, later Londonderry, where he was one of the first sixteen settlers, and one of the original grantees to whom the charter of the town was given in 1722. He was called "Charter Samuel Allison."

Capt. Samuel Allison, son of "Charter Samuel," was born in Londonderry, in 1722, and married Janet MacFarland. These were the great-great-grandparents of Henry D. Allison. Capt. Samuel Allison was one of Capt. John Mitchell's company of troopers raised for defence against the French and Indians for two years. He served on the board of selectmen seven years, was strongly intellectual, and one of the best extempore speakers in town. During the war of the Revolution, being too old to serve in the field, he was one of three commissioners appointed to provide arms and ammunition for New Hampshire soldiers.

Henry D. Allison, by his grandmother on his mother's side, is a descendant of William White, a *Mayflower* Pilgrim. By his grandmother on his father's side he is descended from the Rev. John Wilson, Puritan minister and teacher, who came to this country from England in 1630, and preached in Salem and Boston. His father, James Allison, taught school in his early manhood, and served eighteen years on the school-board. He was elected on the board of selectmen fourteen times, and for thirty-three years was one of the town agents. He was commissioned by Governor Weston in 1874 as a Justice of the Peace for Cheshire County, which office he still holds at the age of eighty-three. He represented his town twice in the Legislature and for forty years has been a deacon in the First Congregational (Unitarian) church.

Henry D. Allison was educated in the public schools of Dublin and in the Bryant and Stratton business college of Boston. He married, in 1891, Florence Gowing Mason, of Dublin, and they have three children—Hildreth, Elliott and Christine.

Mr. Allison's business as a merchant and real estate agent has given him a wide acquaintance with people of prominence and national reputation—the Right Honorable James Bryce, British ambassador, Baron Von Sternburg, German ambassador, Franklin Mac Veagh, Secretary of the Treasury, Senator Beveridge, Mark Twain (from whom he is the recipient of a complete set of his works), Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, Col. T. W. Higginson, Miss Jane Addams and many others.

While Mr. Allison has always been a Republican, he has been identified with the Progressive wing of that party and was an enthusiastic supporter of Winston Churchill during his first campaign for governor and has ardently followed Theodore Roosevelt and Governor Bass. He was an original member of the Lincoln Republican Club and a Vice-President of the Cheshire County Lincoln Republican Club, both founded six years ago during the Churchill campaign.

While elected on the Republican ticket as Representative in the present Legislature, Mr. Allison's Progressive tendencies were so well known to his constituents that, after his overwhelming nomination at the Primary, he was opposed by the Republican Club of his town, as well as by a member of the State Committee, and has the distinction of being the only member of the present House who was elected in opposition to the efforts of a cabinet official.

During the present session of the Legislature he has been acting chairman of the Progressive Legislative Committee, and was appointed to the chairmanship of the Committee on Public Improvements.

He was also made a member of the Special Committee of five on redistricting the state for election of members of the Executive Council and of the State Senate, and for considering the subject of new ward lines in cities

—a responsible balance of power in a committee made up of two Republicans, two Democrats and a Progressive.

Mr. Allison is a member of Pequog Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., Marlborough. Past Master Altemont Lodge, No. 26, A. F. and A. M., Peterborough; Peterborough Royal Arch Chapter, Saint John's Council, Royal and Select Masters, Keene, and Hugh de Payens Commandery, Knights Templar, Keene.



Guy H. Cutter

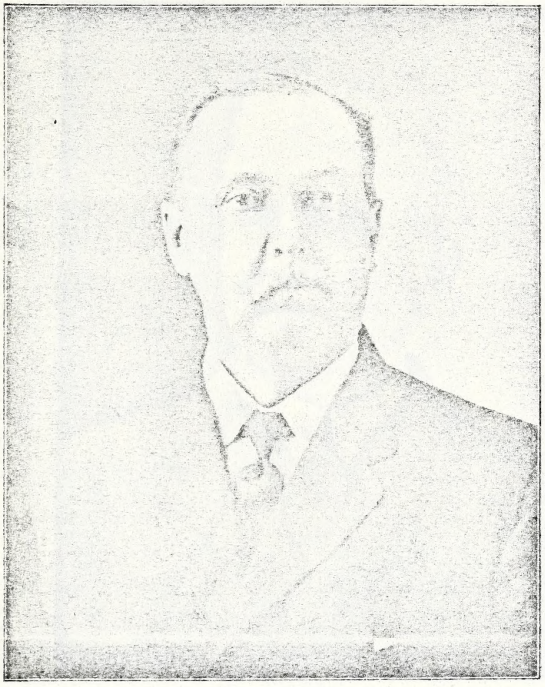
From early youth he has been intensely interested in penmanship and the statement has been made by recognized authority that outside of the strictly professional circle he is one of the finest penmen in the country. He is the representative of the Keene National Bank in Dublin.

Guy H. Cutter.

For the third time successively elected a representative from the Republican town of Jaffrey, Guy H. Cutter, Democrat, was naturally accorded a prominent position in the House in the present Legislature. He was his party's nominee for speaker, and was supported until after the fifth ballot, when it became apparent that no organization could be effected without a compromise arrangement of some kind, the Democrats generally united with the Progressives and gave the election to their nominee, William J. Britton of Wolfeboro. Mr. Cutter, who had served in 1909 as a member of the Committee on Revision of the Laws, and in 1911 on the Judiciary as well, and also on the Elections Committee, has served this year also upon all these committees, holding the Chairmanship of the Committee on Revision of the Laws, and rendering conspicuous service upon both this and the Judiciary Committee, as well as on the floor in debate. He is a graduate of Clark College and the Harvard Law School,



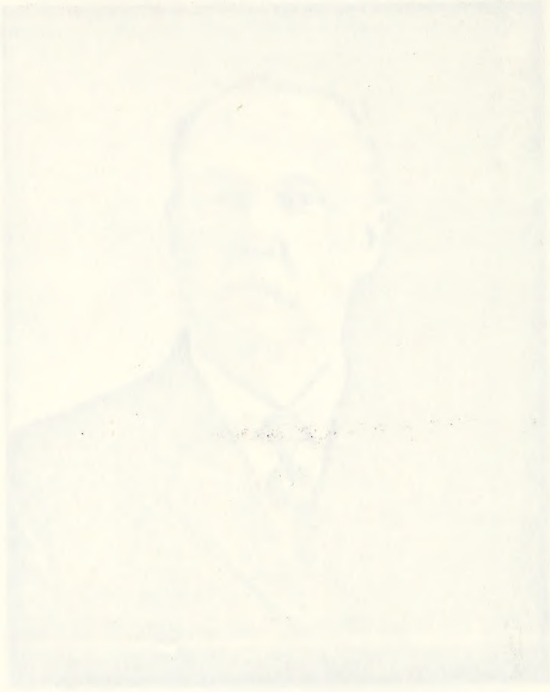
and has a law office at Winchendon, Mass. He was secretary of the Democratic State Committee in 1908 and 1910, and a delegate in the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1912 from the Second New Hampshire District where he was among the first to give his vote for Woodrow Wilson as the nominee for President. His engagement to Miss Marion Burns, now of Winchendon, but formerly of Milford, N. H., has recently been announced.



Hon. Edwin C. Bean

HON. EDWIN C. BEAN

"Bean of Belmont" has been a prominent figure in public, political and business life for a quarter of a century. He is a native of Gilmanton, born February 20, 1854; was educated at the Tilton Seminary, and has been in business at Belmont as a druggist and general merchant for many years, and has taken an active part in town affairs as a Republican, serving as moderator and town clerk, and postmaster, attending the conventions and acting upon the committees of his party in county, district and state. He represented Belmont in the Legislature of 1887, and his district in the State Senate in 1901. He was a delegate from New Hampshire in the Republican National Convention of 1904, and was a member of the last State Constitutional Convention, taking an active part in its work. He served as aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor John M. McLane, with the rank of colonel. He has been a prominent figure in the House of Representatives in the present Legislature, being chairman of the Republican caucus, and chairman of the Committee on Education, but by no means confining his activities to the work of that committee. He is not a frequent, but is a strong and forceful speaker and is heard whenever he has something to say, and saying it directly to the point.



Mr. Bean is married and has three children. He attends the Free Baptist church, is a Knight Templar and Scottish Rite Mason, a Knight of Pythias and a member of the Grange. He has been president of the New Hampshire Retail Grocers' Association.

JAMES F. BRENNAN.

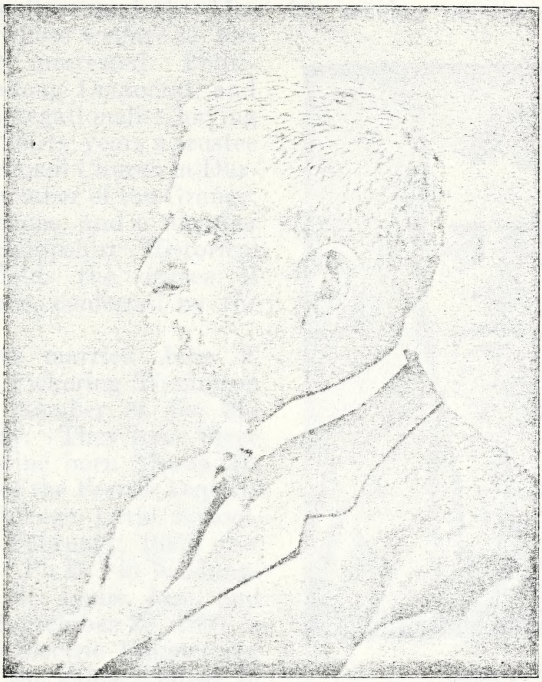
One of Peterborough's two representatives this year—James F. Brennan—is the first Democrat to be elected from that town for sixty years, the Republicans having been all along overwhelmingly in the ascendant. His election is due simply to his recognized ability and his remarkable popularity. Mr. Brennan was born in Peterborough, March 31, 1853, graduated from Maryland University, Baltimore, in the class of 1884, studied law, and has been in practice in Peterborough for more than a quarter of a century, establishing an enviable reputation as a practitioner in Hillsborough and Cheshire counties and winning general favor as a wide-awake, enterprising and public-spirited citizen. He is a Catholic in religion and an unswerving Democrat in politics, and has been a valiant defender of the faith upon the stump and elsewhere in many hard-fought campaigns.

Mr. Brennan was one of the trustees of the State Library from 1902 to 1908, and took a lively interest in the management of the institution. He is a member of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, to which he was appointed in 1899, and to whose work he has given much thought and attention. He is deeply interested in historical matters, has been historiographer of the Peterborough Historical Society since its organization, holds the same office in the American Irish Historical Society and is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society. He is a



Maj. James F. Brennan

member of the Judiciary and Public Improvements Committees of the House, and also of the special Committee to redistrict the State. He is an effective debater on the floor, speaking only when he has something to say. He is a member of the staff of Governor Felker, with the rank of Major. He has long been a member of the Democratic State Committee, and prominent in the councils of the party. He is unmarried and has traveled extensively in this and other countries.



Albert DeMeritt

Albert DeMeritt

The town of Durham made no mistake in returning its representative of 1911 to the Legislature again this year. If more towns would keep able men in service for successive terms there would be more desirable and less illy-considered legislation on the statute book.

Albert DeMeritt, who served in the last House on the Agricultural College Committee, and looked valiantly after the interests of that institution, which he has by no means neglected during the present session, holds membership this year upon the important committee on Appropriations, to whose exacting duties he has given close attention, and his clear head and careful judgment have been of great value in influencing its decisions. He was also a member of the special committee investigating the charges or allegations of corruption in connection with the election of United States senator, which resulted in no substantiation of the same; but he did not join his associates of the committee in recommending the expulsion of Representative Snow of Manchester on general principles.

Mr. DeMeritt is a native of Durham, born on the old homestead which he still holds, August 25, 1851. Edu-



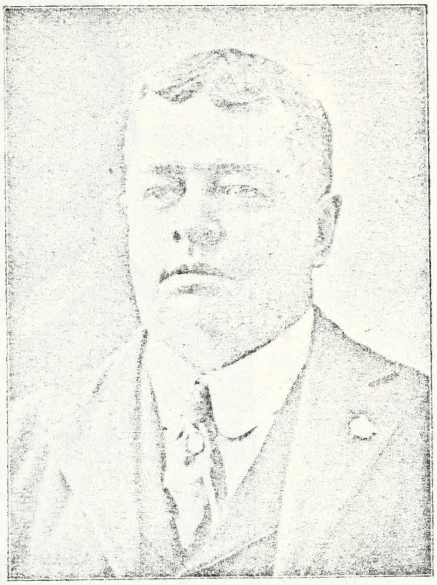
cated in the public schools and by private tutors he has devoted his life to agriculture and lumbering, with eminent success; but has served the public, in many capacities, in an equally successful manner. He has been repeatedly moderator of town and school meetings, superintending and member of the school board; trustee and president of the Durham Library Association; nine years member of the state board of Agriculture, and trustee of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, in whose welfare he has ever been deeply interested. Politically he is a life-long Democrat, and in religion a Congregationalist, having been more than thirty years a trustee of the Congregational Church in Durham. He is a member of the Grange, a Knight of Pythias, and a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society. He holds the degree of Master of Science, conferred by the State College.

Mr. DeMeritt married June 2, 1886, Elizabeth Pickering Thompson of Durham, a member of the old Thompson family. They have three children: Katherine born March 21, 1887, now head of the French Department in the Chicago Latin School, Margaret, born February, 1889, now studying for her "Ph.D." in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., and Stephen, born September 29, 1891, a graduate of the Electric Engineering Department of the State College in 1912.

Franklin P. Curtis.

Franklin Pierce Curtis, serving his second term as a representative from Ward Two, Concord, was born, February 12, 1856, in the house, on Pleasant Street in said city, then standing on the present site of the residence of George L. Stratton. When he was a year old his parents removed to East Concord where he has since resided. He is a son of the late George H. and Harriet (Lougee) Curtis, and a lineal descendant of Capt. Ebenezer Eastman and Capt. David Kimball, both among the first settlers of Concord and soldiers in the Colonial wars. He was educated in the public schools and by private tutors.

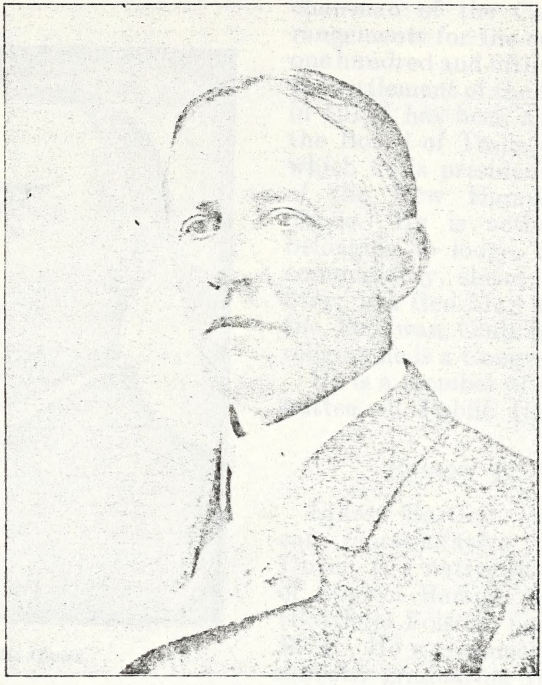
Politically he has always been a Democrat. He has been Ward clerk twenty years; has been supervisor of the check list, and an alderman two terms, representing Ward Two under the administration of Mayors P. B., Cogswell and Henry Robinson, 1903–06, serving on the Committees on



Frank P. Curtis

Land and Buildings and Engrossed Ordinances. In the Legislature of 1911, as in the present Legislature, he was a member of the Agricultural College Committee, and took an active interest in its work. He is a member of Rumford Grange, P. of H., and of Merrimack County Pomona Grange and was many years Secretary of the former organization, in whose work he has taken strong interest. He is a Justice of the Peace and Quorum for Merrimack County. He attends the Congregational Church in East Concord, but is a trustee of the Grace

Episcopal Church building fund of that place. He has long been a newspaper reporter, and the regular correspondent of the *Concord Patriot*, contributing also to other papers. He is unmarried. He has a twin brother and three sisters living, George H. Curtis of Concord, Mrs. C. H. Richardson of Dover, Mrs. J. E. Allison and Mrs. W. C. Sanborn of Concord.



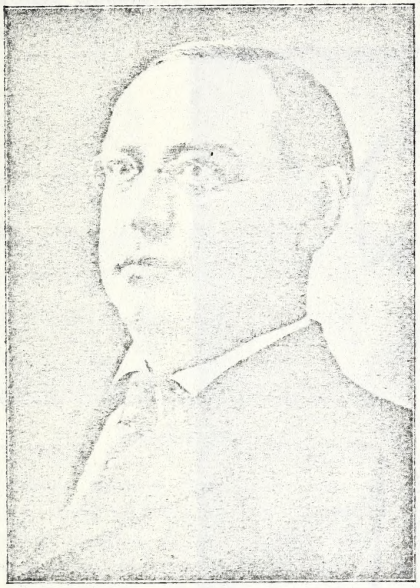
Levin J. Chase

LEVIN J. CHASE.

Levin Joynes Chase, representative from Ward Three, Concord, was born in the city of Philadelphia, February 1, 1862. He comes of old New Hampshire stock, being the son of Reginald and Susan (Stanwood) Chase, both natives of the town of Hopkinton. He was educated in Philadelphia and Hopkinton. In 1888 he went to San Francisco, Cal., where he was engaged in the service of the Wells Fargo & Co. Express for eighteen years. January 1, 1909, Mr. Chase came to Concord to accept the position of cashier of the Concord Electric Company, and in September following he was made manager, which position he still holds, and in which he has displayed ability and enterprise of a high order, while taking a deep interest in general public affairs.

Mr. Chase is a Republican in politics, but did not hesitate to cast his vote for Henry F. Hollis for United States Senator on the decisive ballot, as on many previous occasions, recognizing him as a favorite and worthy son of the Ward which he represents, and the undoubted choice of a majority of its voters. He is a member of the important committee on Ways and Means, and chairman of the State Prison Committee—a most appropriate assignment, as he is an ardent believer in prison reform methods. A strong speaker and debater, he has been heard several times during the session with effect, on the floor of the House.

The ancestral home of his family in Hopkinton village, adjacent to the Episcopal Church where his grandfather, Rev. Moses B. Chase was rector, is still in Mr. Chase's possession. January 2, 1905, he was united in marriage with Bertha Louise Adams, in California. He is an Episcopalian in religion, a member of the California Society, S. A. R., and of the Wonolancet and Snowshoe Clubs of Concord.



Olin H. Chase

Olin H. Chase

The delegation in the House from the town of Newport, this year, is headed by a newspaper man—Olin Hosea Chase—editor and publisher of the *Republican Champion,* and a stalwart and uncompromising advocate of stand-pat Republicanism.

Mr. Chase is a native of the town of Springfield, a son of Hosea B. and Evelyne H. (Kidder) Chase, born August 24, 1876. He was educated in the Newport High School, learned the printer's trade, and has been editor and proprietor of the *Champion* for the last nine years. He has been interested in military affairs from boyhood, was first sergeant and second lieutenant of Company M., First New Hampshire Volunteers, in the Spanish War, and was captain of the company, in the New Hampshire National Guard, for five years after the war.

Mr. Chase has been town clerk of Newport since 1905, and has been active in all movements looking to the progress of the town. He was chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Newport in 1911; has been a leading spirit in the Board of Trade of that town, of which he is president, as he is, also, of the New Hampshire Board of Trade. He is active in Masonry, belonging to lodge, chapter, council, commandery, shrine and the Eastern Star; is a Red Man and a member of the Penawan Club of Newport. In religion he is a Congregationalist.

He is a member of the House Committee on Public Improvements.

Ernest B. Folsom

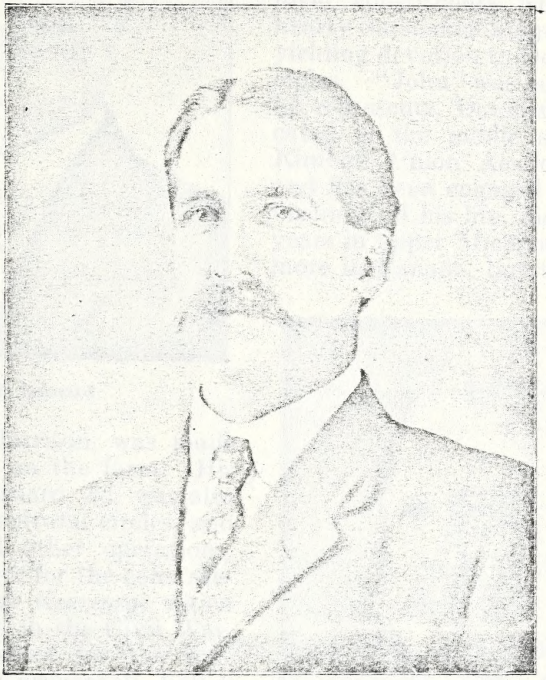
Ernest Bartlett Folsom, Republican, representative from Ward One, Dover, is a native of that city, a son of Simeon Bartlett and Susan Ann (Bartlett) Folsom, born February 16, 1874. He was educated in the public schools, graduating from the Dover High School in 1893. He studied in the office of Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover, and at the Yale Law School, and was admitted to the bar, July 31, 1896, in the class with Cyrus H. Little, Merrill Shurtleff, Henri T. Ledoux and James A. Broderick, and has since been in practice in Dover, except about a year spent in the West for his health, in Ohio and North Dakota. He makes his home on a farm, where he has a fine herd of registered Jerseys, and takes special interest in the same.

Mr. Folsom belongs to the Masonic organization, Grange, Royal Arcanum and the Sons of Veterans, in which latter organization he gained the

title of "Colonel" as a Division Commander. He is also a member of the First Congregational Church. He served as ward clerk and moderator, while a resident of Ward Four, and was a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1912, in which he opposed the proposed 3d amendment, and was chiefly instrumental in carrying through the 9th, relating to pensions.

He is a member and clerk of the House Committee on Revision of the Statutes, and has necessarily been a busy man. He has frequently been heard in debate and always to the point. Speaking for the Sons of Veterans, he opposed the action of the Appropriation Committee in reducing the Gettysburg encampment appropriation to $5,000, and securing its recommittal and increase to $10,000 as originally proposed.

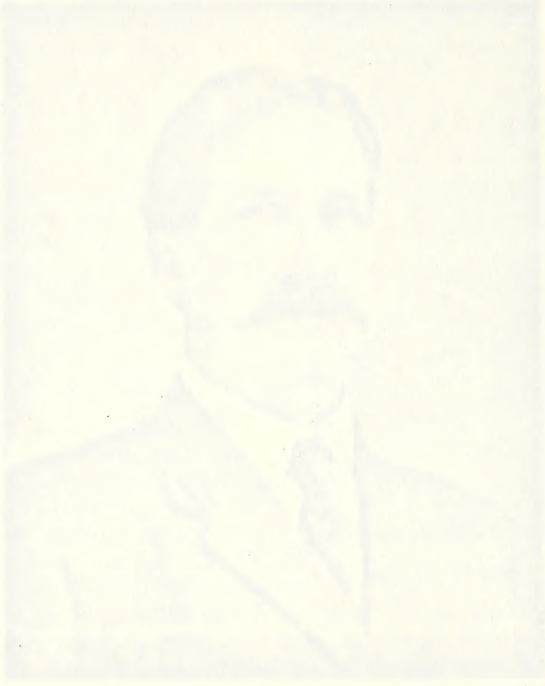
He married, June 25, 1902, Ella May Willand, daughter of Edward A. and Calista A. (Chesley) Willand of Dover. They have three sons—Robert Bartlett, born January 2, 1905; Russell Willand, September 10, 1906, and Edward Simeon, August 2, 1909.



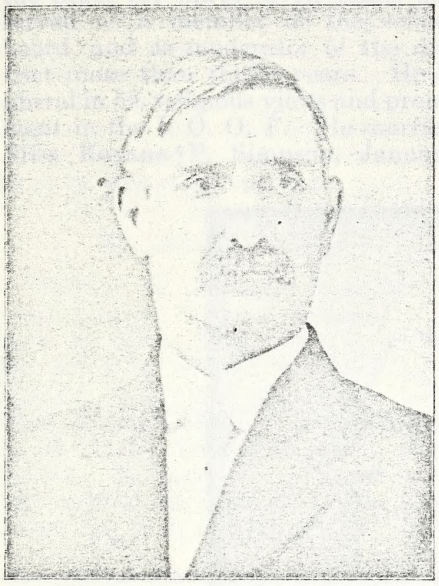
Ernest B. Folsom

George E. Barnard.

George E. Barnard, who represents the town of Hopkinton in the present Legislature, is a native of that town, a son of Joseph Barnard, 3d, and Maria (Gerrish) Barnard, born November 1, 1864. He is the proprietor of Meadow View Farm, upon which Joseph Barnard, the first settler, located in 1766 and which has continued in the family ever since. The Barnard family in Hopkinton has been noted from the start for success in agriculture, and the present representative fully maintains the reputation. His grandfather, Joseph Barnard, 2d, was one of the most



prominent breeders of Merino sheep and successful wool-growers in the country, taking prizes for exhibits at three World's Fairs. The cloth for the inauguration suit of President



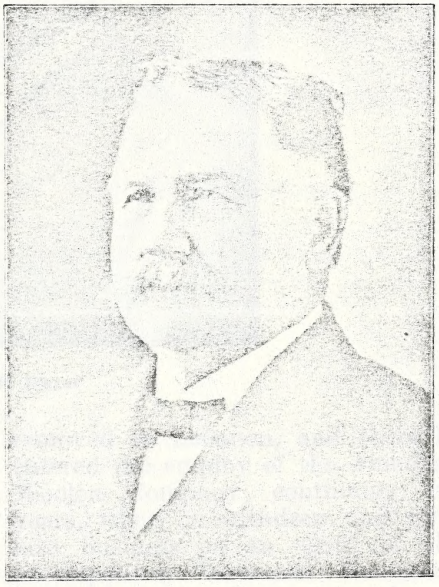
George E. Barnard

William Henry Harrison, was made from wool grown on the farm. His father, Joseph Barnard, 3d, was also prominent in agricultural circles, and in lumbering and other operations. He furnished timber for the construction of the famous *Kearsarge* which sunk the *Alabama*, in the Civil War, and was a contractor for the construction of the Contoocook Valley railroad.

Mr. Barnard was educated in the public schools and at Penacook and New Hampton Academies. He is a member of the Congregational Church and of the Grange, and is a Republican in politics. He has served two terms as a member of the board of supervisors, five years upon the school board, serving two years as chairman, and two years as chairman of the board of selectmen. He married Bertha S. Tyler of Hopkinton. They have two sons, Raymond J. and Perley D. He is a member of the Committee on Forestry, an assignment in keeping with his tastes and interest as he has given much attention to the subject, which is also one in which his father was deeply interested.

John H. Rolfe.

John H. Rolfe, long known as the Democratic "war horse" of Ward One, Concord (Penacook), a member of the last Legislature, was returned again for the present session by his loyal constituents who admire his hearty outspoken manner and his unyielding devotion to Democratic principles. "John" was born in the ward he represents, October 1, 1847, educated in the public schools and at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and has been engaged in the lumber business all his life, including several years in upper Michigan, and several more in Canada, but the last thirty-



John H. Rolfe

six years in Penacook, where he has looked after the interests of the Democratic party with no less persistency than his own. He has served his

ward two terms as an Alderman in the Concord City government, and was postmaster from 1887 to 1890 inclusive, by appointment of President Cleveland. He has been a justice of the peace for thirty-seven years, has served as a member of the school board, and as moderator of the district more than thirty years. He is liberal in his religious views and prominent in the I. O. O. F. He married Miss Roxana P. Simpson, January 24, 1872. They have a son and daughter.

Mr. Rolfe served on the Forestry Committee two years ago, and is again a member of that body.



Thomas F. Dwyer

Thomas F. Dwyer

Thomas F. Dwyer of Lebanon is the only member of the delegation from that town in the Legislature of 1911 reëlected for the present term, and is also the only Democrat in the delegation, and in fact is the first Democrat elected to the House from that town within the memory of living men.

He was born in Waterbury, Vt., November 20, 1881, the son of Thomas F. and Hannah (McCoy) Dwyer. The family moved to Franklin in this state when he was seven years of age, and he gained his education in the public and parochial schools of that town. When he was eighteen they removed to Lebanon, and there he entered the employ of the American Woolen Company, continuing five years, when he withdrew and went into business as an agent of the Metropolitan Insurance Company, in which he has been engaged successfully for the last eight years.

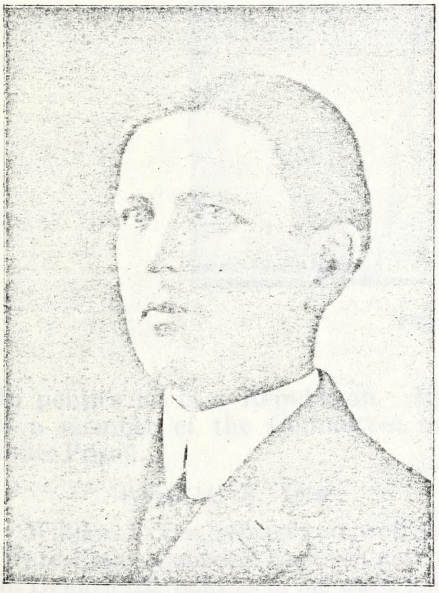
Mr. Dwyer served in the last House as a member of the Committee on Mileage and on Banks, of which latter committee he has been chairman at the present session as well as

a member of the special joint Committee on Railroad Rates, to whose important work he has necessarily given much attention.

He is a Catholic in religion but belongs to none of the fraternal organizations. His interest in politics as a Democrat has always been intense, and his labors for party success persistent. He is chairman of the Lebanon Democratic Club and has attended all the Democratic State Conventions since he became a voter.

William E. Kinney

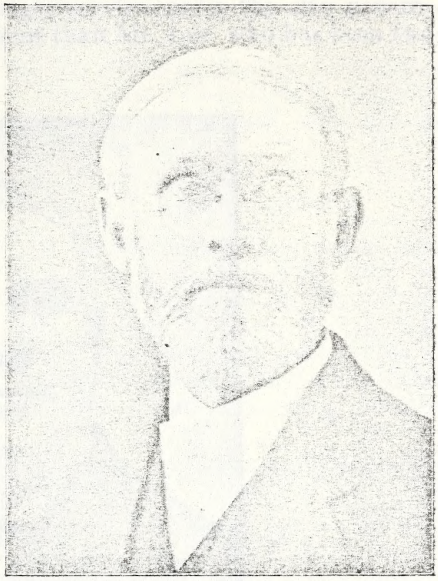
William E. Kinney, Republican, representative from Claremont, was born in Milo, Me., April 3, 1875. He fitted for college at the Maine Central Institute, graduated A.B. from Bates College, Lewiston and LL.B. from Yale University Law School. He taught school three years and settled in Claremont in 1908, where he is now engaged in legal



William E. Kinney

practice in partnership with Henry N. Hurd, a former member of the House. He is unmarried, a Universalist in religion, a member of the Masonic fraternity and of the Elks.

He is a member of the Judiciary Committee and of the special committee on Railroad Rates, giving close attention to the duties of each, and participating effectively in debate.



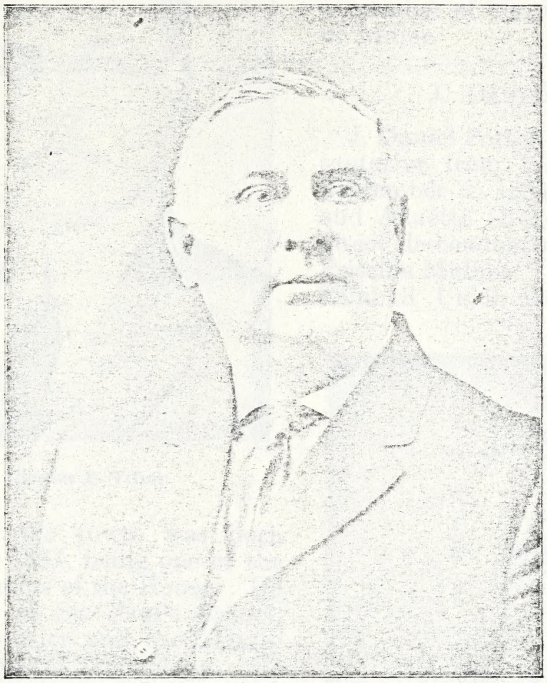
Rev. F. W. Whippen

Frank W. Whippen.

Rev. Frank W. Whippen, representative from the town of Kingston, was born at Lynn, Mass., June 20, 1856. His parents were Henry Cass and Lydia Whippen. He was educated in the public schools of Lynn and at Tufts College when he received the degree of A.B. in 1878 and B.D. in 1881. He was ordained to the Christian ministry of the Universalist church at Shelburne Falls, Mass., October 12, 1882. There he married Minerva S. Swan in 1885. Six children have blessed the union, five of whom are living. The eldest, Henry Cass, also a Tufts College graduate, passing away, February 11, 1912, at the age of twenty-five. Mr. Whippen has for nearly fourteen years been pastor of the Kingston Universalist Church, caring also during most of that time



for the society at Kensington. He has been closely associated with various phases of town life, having been a trustee of Nichols Memorial Library for nine years and ten years a member of the school board. He is a Past Grand of Columbian Lodge 85, I. O. O. F.; The Universalist State Convention has honored him for the fourth time by making him State Secretary.



William A. Lee

In politics he is a Republican. He is a member of the Committee on State Prison.

William A. Lee

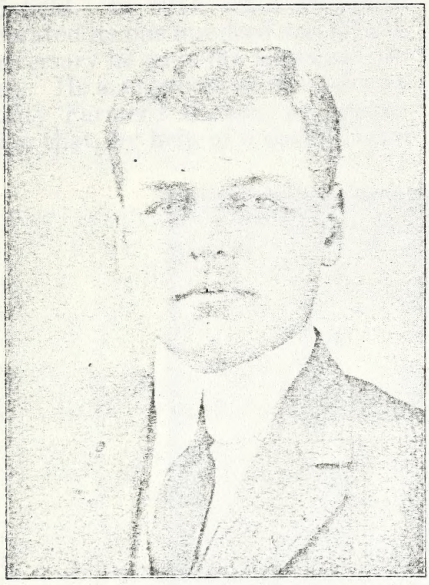
William A. Lee, representative from Ward Eight, Concord, has been active in Democratic politics in his ward and city for many years. He is a native of Concord, born April 10, 1862, and was educated in the public schools. He has been extensively engaged for many years as a plumbing and heating contractor with office at 12 Pleasant Street. He married Miss Josephine Kelley of Northfield, Vt., and they have one son. He is a Catholic in religion, and is connected with no fraternal organizations.

Few men in Concord have had longer service under the city government than Mr. Lee, who has been two years a member of the common council, six years alderman, and ten years a member of the board of assessors, under the old charter.

He is a member of two important committees of the House—State Hospital and Ways and Means—and has been active in the work of both. He keeps his eyes and ears open, knows what is going on, and believes that Democrats should hold the offices, under a Democratic administration.

Charles E. Tilton.

Charles Elliot Tilton, representative from the town of that name, given in honor of his father, the late Charles E. Tilton, noted financier and



Maj. Charles E. Tilton

benefactor of the town, was born there, May 6, 1887, being one of the youngest members of the House. He was educated at St. Paul's School, Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is now pursuing the study of the law.

Politically Mr. Tilton is a Democrat, and this quite naturally, his father and paternal grandfather being of that faith—the latter serving as United States District Marshal for New Hampshire during the administration of President Pierce; while his mother is a daughter of the late Franklin J. Eastman, of Northfield. In religion he is an Episcopalian, and his fraternal association is with the Masons, being a member of Lodge and Chapter. He is married and has one son.

Mr. Tilton served as clerk of the last Democratic State Convention, at which he was nominated as one of the four candidates of the party for electors of president and vice-president, and was elected by the people at the polls to that office. At the same time he was chosen as a representative from his town in the present legislature in which he is serving as a member of the Committee on Revision of the Statutes. He is also chairman of the Belknap County delegation.

Governor Felker recently made him a member of his staff, with the rank of Major.

J. Daniel Porter

J. Daniel Porter, Republican, representative from Plainfield, was born September 2, 1884, the son of John and Annette (Rogers) Porter, and a direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins. He graduated from Kimball Union Academy, Meriden,



J. Daniel Porter

as valedictorian of his class in 1907 and from Dartmouth College with degree of B.S. in 1911.

He is unmarried, by occupation a farmer and lumberman, a member

of the Congregational Church at Meriden and an active worker in the Christian Endeavor and Y. M. C. A. societies. He is a member of the local, Pomona and State Granges, and an officer in the two former.

In 1910 he took the census of Plainfield. In 1911, when Plainfield celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary he gave the historical address. He is president of the Sullivan County Farmer's Bureau, an organization that, by help of a county farm expert, has for its object "Better methods of farming."

Election to the state Legislature gave Mr. Porter his first public office. He has rendered valuable service on the Public Health Committee, which has handled some very important measures.

In March last he was elected one of the selectmen of Plainfield.

As an advocate of a measure, before a committee or on floor of the House, he has proved an earnest and convincing speaker. He is one of the youngest members of the House, and he has made good.

E. Percy Stoddard.

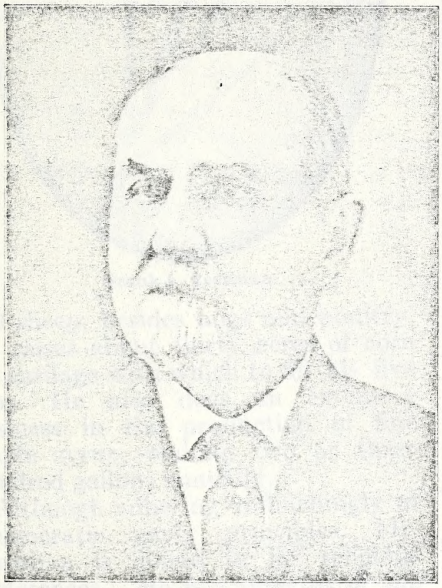
The "live" member of the Portsmouth delegation, this year, as last, is E. Percy Stoddard, of Ward Two, the hustling young colleague of the venerable Lewis Brewster. Mr. Stoddard was born in Portsmouth January 2, 1877, the son of D. Fox and Mary (Pendexter) Stoddard. He was educated at the Portsmouth High School and Dartmouth College, and engaged in journalistic work for some years in Portsmouth, as a reporter on the *Times*, and as local representative of the *Manchester Union*. From 1903 to 1907 he was Deputy U. S. Marshal for the New Hampshire district. Since that time he has been engaged in a General Insurance and Real Estate business in Portsmouth.



E. Percy Stoddard

He served efficiently in the last House, leading the valiant contest for an armory in Portsmouth. This year he has been prominently at the front as a "stand pat" Republican, and active in marshaling the party forces in the Senatorial struggle. His committee assignments are on Education and National Affairs.

Mr. Stoddard was a councilman at large in the Portsmouth City Government in 1910. He is a Congregationalist; a Mason of the 32d degree, commandery and shrine; a Knight of



Thomas P. Waterman

Pythias, and a member of the Warwick, Country and Athletic Clubs of Portsmouth. He is unmarried.

Thomas P. Waterman

Thomas P. Waterman, of the Lebanon delegation in the House, is a descendant of one of the first settlers of that town—Silas Waterman. His grandfather, Thomas, being the first male child born in town. He was born at West Lebanon, December 10, 1844, the son of Silas and Sarah (Wood) Waterman; was educated at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and has been engaged all his life in the lumber business, having a mill on the Mascoma located on the first privilege utilized by the early settlers.

Mr. Waterman has been long at the front in public affairs in Lebanon, and is now serving his fourteenth year as a member of the board of selectmen. He was elected to the Legislature in 1878, and again the following year, and was a delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1912. He is a trustee of the West Lebanon public library and of Rockland Academy, and also a member of the Langdon Club of Lebanon, and of Lebanon Grange, Pomona of Husbandry, and of the Mascoma Pomona Grange. He attends the Congregational Church. December 11, 1886, he united in marriage with Miss Rosamond Wood. They have no children, one daughter dying in infancy.

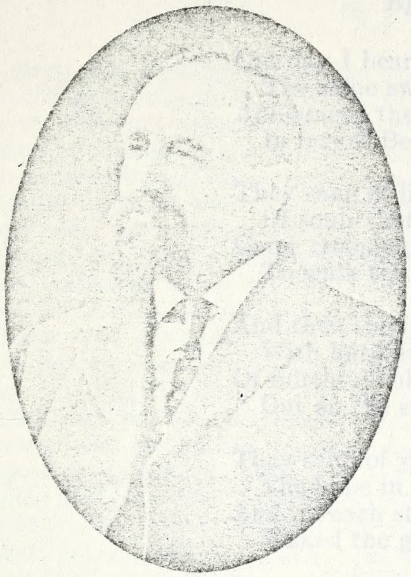
Mr. Waterman is a member of the House Committee on Banks. He has been faithful in his attendance and devoted to his duties, being, as he expresses it, always ready to do his part toward "keeping the world moving."

Frank L. Eastman.

Among the new members of the House at this session is Frank Leslie Eastman, Democrat, of Weare, an extensive farmer and lumberman, and a member of the Committee on Agriculture, who has been heard upon various questions on the floor and has taken a lively interest in the proceedings.

Mr. Eastman was born in Weare, December 15, 1857, was educated in his native town, and married Miss Lucy F. Dodge of Antrim, February 27, 1879. They have one son, Charles F., born May 22, 1882, who married Ethel Bailey of North Weare, and they have a son and daughter, Scott F., born April 24, 1907, and Mildred H., June 11, 1909. Mr. Eastman has a large stock farm at South Weare, owns about 3,000 acres of land in all and carries on extensive lumbering operations. He keeps some twenty

horses, among which are the famous stallions "Arcadias, Jr." and "Dandy Slasher, Jr.," 125 head of cattle, and



Frank L. Eastman

250 sheep, besides hogs and poultry. He raises about thirty acres of corn for ensilage with which to fill his five silos. He also does an extensive business in the production of fine maple syrup, making two or three hundred gallons annually.

Although adhering unflinchingly to Democratic party principles, Mr. Eastman is liberal in his religious preferences. He is a director of the Weare Mutual Fire Insurance Company and has served his town four years as a member of the board of selectmen.

Lewis C. Shaw

Lewis C. Shaw, representative from the town of Salisbury, was born there, January 12, 1878, and educated in the public schools, at Proctor Academy and the New Hampton Literary Institution. Completing his studies at the age of 19, he entered into partnership with his father in the grist mill and grain business at West Salisbury, and since that time has successfully directed the business.

In May, 1910, he bought the grist mill and grain store of C. W. Adams at Warner and, with Fred W. Courser of that town has since carried on a thriving business there, under the firm name of Shaw & Courser. Mr. Shaw personally directs the affairs of both mills and also carries on his one hundred acre farm in Salisbury.

In politics he is a Democrat and as such has held the office of town clerk for four years, besides various other offices and was elected by his party, in a sharp contest, last November, as the town's representative at the present session of the General Court, serving as a member of the Committee on County Affairs.

Mr. Shaw is an active member of the Salisbury Baptist Church, of which he has been a deacon for eight years, and whose work he has



Lewis C. Shaw

actively supported. He is a member of Blackwater Council, No. 17, Junior O. U. A. M., a past master of Bartlett Grange, P. of H., and an Odd Fellow, including camp and canton.

On October 5, 1904, he married Alice E. Sleeper of Franklin. They have three children.

THE SINGING OF THE ANGELS

By Cyrus A. Stone

One day I heard the angels sing,
The same sweet voices that of old
Announced the coming Saviour-king,
In far-off Bethlehem's shepherd fold.

They sang of life in Paradise,
Of souls that, through the gates of birth,
Came trooping downward from the skies
To walk the sunny vales of earth.

And then they sang, that golden day,
With harp and voice in time and tune,
Of mirthful childhood at its play,
Out on the summer hills of June.

They sang of youth, its scenes reviewed,
The hope in every heart that dwells,
And, in each stirring interlude,
Waked the glad sound of bridal bells.

They sang of manhood, wise and strong,
Stainless and dauntless in the fight
To shield the timid weak from wrong,
To battle bravely for the right.

They sang the harvest song of age,
When fruitful fields are bare and brown,
The glory of the closing page
That brightens when the sun goes down.

They sang of the immortal land,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
Of kindred spirits, hand in hand,
That roam the fields of fadeless bloom.

A land of light, of joy and song,
Of wondrous love and matchless grace,
Where, through the eternal summer long,
The pure in heart shall see God's face.

Then softly died their notes away,
Like wavelets on a tranquil shore,
And yet the strains I heard that day
Will cheer and charm forevermore.

And fairer scenes shall greet my view,
A sweeter life the years shall bring,
And truth shall prove more grandly true
Because I heard the angels sing.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE TREASURERS

By H. H. Metcalf

Since the organization of the provincial government, in 1680, twenty-seven different men have held the office of treasurer, the average term of service being about nine years. Several of them served but a single year each, while others have held the position for long terms, one of the most extended being that of the last incumbent, the veteran Col. Solon A. Carter, who served from 1872 to 1874 and again from 1876 to the present year, making thirty-nine years in all.

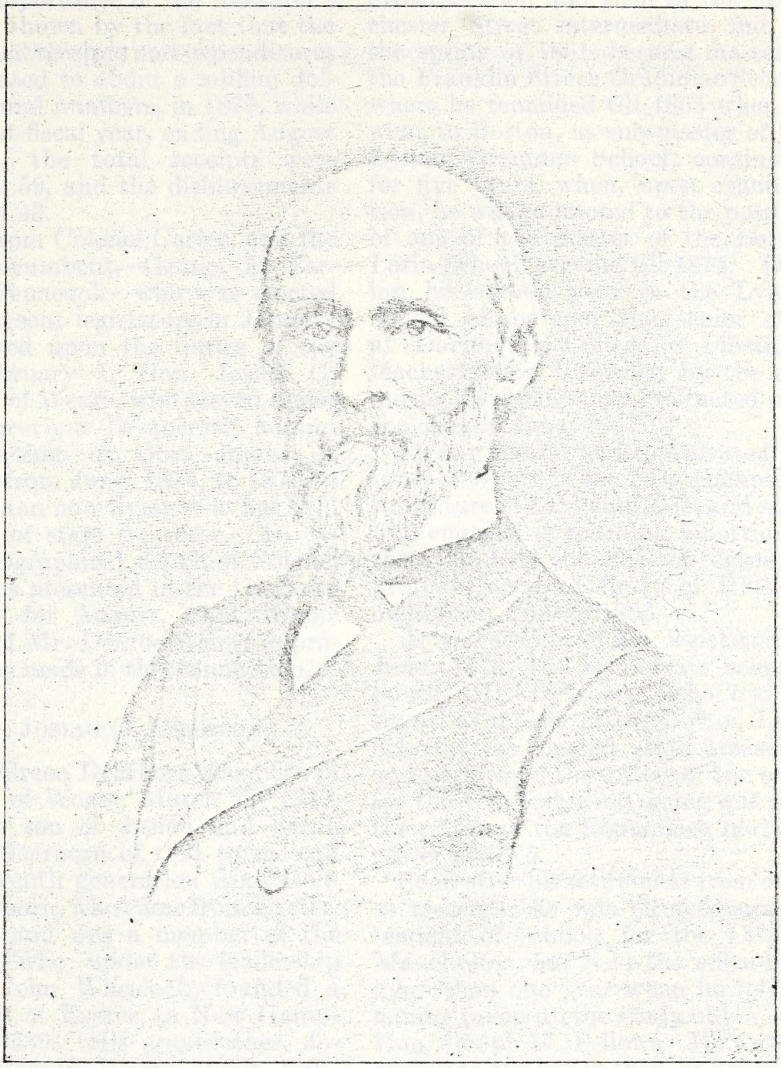
Richard Martin, the first treasurer, under the provincial government, served from 1680 to 1689, and again from 1692 to 1699, making sixteen years in all. James Graham held the office from 1689 to 1692. Joseph Smith served for the first part of 1699 and Samuel Penhallow for the balance of the year, and until 1726, making over twenty-seven years in all. George Jaffrey held the office from 1726 till 1732 and again from 1742 to 1775, making a total of thirty-nine years, or a term of service equalling that completed by Colonel Carter. Nicholas Gilman served from 1775 till 1783, his term covering the period of the Revolutionary War; John T. Gilman from 1783 till 1789, and again from 1791 to 1794, and William Gordon from 1787 to 1791. Oliver Peabody, who was the second treasurer, under the present State Constitution, following John T. Gilman in 1794, served ten years, till 1804, when he was succeeded by Nathaniel Gilman who held the office till 1809, when Thomas W. Thompson took it for two years, Mr. Gilman again succeeding in 1811, and continuing till 1814 when William A. Kent came in, remaining till 1816. William Pickering was the incumbent from 1816 to 1828.

It may be of interest to note that the records of the office, as preserved at the State House, go back no further than 1817, in the early part of Mr. Pickering's incumbency, an examination of the same showing that the state tax for that year was $29,970, and the entire expenditure of the government for all purposes amounted to $65,610.58.

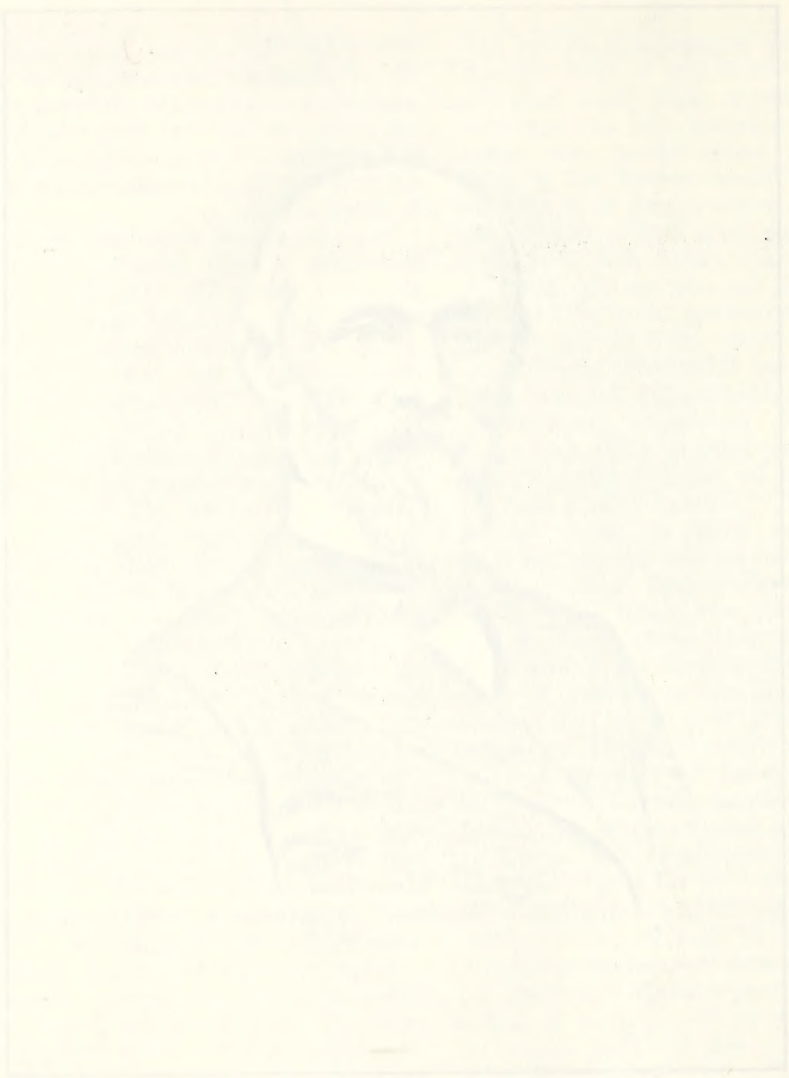
Samuel Morril succeeded William Pickering in 1828, serving but a single year, when Mr. Pickering again came in, but served only another year. Abner Kelly was the incumbent from 1830 to 1837, and Zenas Clement from 1837 to 1843, when John Atwood came in for a three years' term, James Peverly, Jr. taking the office in 1846, only to surrender it to Mr. Atwood the year following, who served for another three years, till 1850, when Edson Hill was made treasurer, continuing till 1853. Walter Harriman held the office from 1853 to 1855, when the "Know Nothing" overturn left him "outside the breast works," and William Berry was chosen in his place, continuing for two years.

It may be noted that the total receipts of the government for the fiscal year ending May 31, 1855—the last year of the old Democratic regime—amounted to $151,351.45, while the total expenditures, ordinary and extraordinary, were $157,807.69.

Peter Sanborn succeeded William Berry, in 1857, and served fourteen years, till 1871, when the Democrats, combining with the Labor Reformers, controlled the legislature and elected Col. Leander W. Cogswell to the office. He held but one year, when the Republicans regained control and made Col. Solon A. Carter treasurer, who held two years, when there was another overturn and the Democrats elected Josiah G. Dearborn. His incumbency was only for a year, the Republicans again returning to power in 1875, when they again elected



J. L. Dearborn.



Colonel Carter who continued to the present year.

The increase in the magnitude of the state's financial business, and the growing importance of the treasurer's office, are shown by the fact that the total annual receipts and expenditures had increased to about a million dollars, in round numbers, in 1875, while for the last fiscal year, ending August 31, 1912, the total receipts were $2,797,894.59, and the disbursements $2,514,054.43.

Aside from Colonel Carter, and the present incumbent—George E. Farrand of Penacook—who was elected by the present legislature in January and entered upon the duties of the office February 1, Hon. Josiah G. Dearborn of Weare, who served under the last previous Democratic administration—that of Gov. James A. Weston—from June, 1874, to 1875, is the only man now living who has held the office of state treasurer. An extended biographical sketch of Colonel Carter was presented in the GRANITE MONTHLY for August, 1909. Some mention of Mr. Dearborn may appropriately be made in this connection.

HON. JOSIAH G. DEARBORN

Josiah Green Dearborn was born in the town of Weare, March 20, 1829, being the son of Josiah and Sarah (Green) Dearborn of that town, and of the seventh generation from Godfrey Dearborn, who came from Exeter, England, and was a member of the company, who, under the leadership of Rev. John Wheelock, founded a settlement at Exeter, in New Hampshire in 1639. His grandfather, Josiah, settled in Weare about 1791, and the family has since been prominent in the affairs of that town.

He gained his early education in the public schools and at Francestown Academy, began teaching school, winters, when quite young, and, enjoying the occupation, resolved to fit himself thoroughly for the same, for which purpose he entered the first normal school established in New England, at New Britain, Conn., from which he graduated in 1858. He taught for several years in the schools of Manchester, first in the Center Street School, and then in the Manchester Street intermediate and, in the spring of 1861, became master of the Franklin Street Grammar School, where he remained till 1865 when he went to Boston, as sub-master of the Lyman Grammar School, continuing for five years, when, upon examination, he was promoted to the position of one of the master of the Boston Latin School, serving till 1874. During his second year in the Lyman School he entered the senior class at Dartmouth College, a substitute teacher being furnished by the city during his absence and graduated with the class in June, 1867.

Meanwhile he had represented the town of Weare in the New Hampshire legislature in 1854 and 1855, and while also engaged in teaching a portion of the time, held the office of register of probate for the County of Hillsborough from 1860 to 1865.

At the session of the legislature in June, 1874, the Democrats being in power, Mr. Dearborn, who had resigned as master of the Boston Latin School, was elected state treasurer, and performed the duties of the office for the year following, going out with the return of the Republican party to power in 1875.

Soon after his retirement from office as treasurer he was elected superintendent of schools for the City of Manchester, but held the office little more than one year when he retired, having taken up the study of law with Hon. Joseph W. Fellows. He was admitted to the bar in 1879, and engaged in practice in Manchester until his appointment as postmaster of that city by President Cleveland, April 21, 1886, the duties of which office he performed with conspicuous fidelity for four years.

Mr. Dearborn served in 1885 as a member of the Board of Education in Manchester. He was also a member of the committee chosen by the town



HON. GEORGE E. FARRAND
State Treasurer



of Weare to arrange for and supervise the publication of the history of the town, which work, edited by William Little, Esq., was issued in 1888, and is one of the most complete and comprehensive of our New Hampshire town histories. For the last twenty years he has been a trustee of the Merrimack River Savings Bank of Manchester, and for the last twelve years one of the auditors of Hillsborough County.

Mr. Dearborn married, October 16, 1851, Sabrina L. Hayden of Sharon, Vt., who died August 14, 1880. They had four daughters, the first-born of whom died at the age of eleven years. Julia A., the eldest of the three surviving, is the wife of Luther C. Baldwin, superintendent of the U. S. Bobbin & Shuttle Co., of Providence, R. I. Cora M., unmarried, has been a teacher for many years. Josephine G., the youngest, who was a successful teacher for some time, is the wife of G. F. Russell, paper manufacturer, of Lawrence, Mass.

For some years past, Mr. Dearborn, who, although now eighty-four years of age, is in good health and keenly alive to all the progressive movements of the times, though not actively engaged in any line of business, has passed his summers at the old homestead at South Weare, which he owns, and which has been held by the family for more than a century, while spending the winter largely with his daughters.

Although of "orthodox" ancestry, Mr. Dearborn is broadly liberal in his religious views, and, politically, has been a real "Progressive" all his life. He believes in government for the protection of the people, rather than as an agency for plundering the many for the benefit of the few, and holds to the good old Jeffersonian doctrine reiterated by Grover Cleveland, that "public office is a public trust." He has been a student of sociological problems all his life and every question arising which affects the well-being of the people at large, or any class thereof, commands his interest and engages his attention, and his influence is always on the side of right and justice, as he sees it, regardless of the currents of popular opinion, or the dictates of individual prejudice.

Hon. George E. Farrand

When, in January last, the matter of the election of state officers came up in the legislature, neither of the two old parties having a majority of the membership on joint ballot, and the reëlection of Edward N. Pearson, Republican incumbent, as secretary of state had been practically agreed upon, the Democratic leaders looked about to find a man as a candidate for state treasurer, who could not only command the full strength of his own party but also secure that of the Progressives. After careful consideration they decided upon George E. Farrand of Penacook as the strongest candidate they could present, and he was, accordingly, nominated. The result proved the selection to have been wisely made, as he received, substantially, the entire Progressive as well as the Democratic vote in the joint convention, and was elected by a handsome majority.

Mr. Farrand is a native of Penacook (Ward One, Concord), born May 1, 1872, a son of William and Elizabeth A. (Jones) Farrand. He was educated in the schools of Penacook and Manchester (his parents residing for two or three years in his boyhood in the latter city). After leaving school he was for some time engaged in the wood and coal business at Penacook, but for the last ten years has been engaged in general merchandise, carrying on an extensive business.

He has always taken a lively interest in public affairs; has been an officer in the school district, a member of the Board of Trade and an active worker in the Democratic party, as a member of the ward, city and state committees. He was elected to the legislature of 1909 from Ward One, serving on the Committee on Incor-

porations and was reëlected for the following session, when he was clerk of the Democratic caucus organization, and served on the Committee on Ways and Means, and the Committee on Mileage, of which he was clerk, and also on the important special committee on Railroad Rates, of which he was also clerk. It was through efficient service upon this latter committee, whose duties were delicate, arduous and protracted, that he commanded the attention and confidence of the men who actively promoted his candidacy for the position he now holds. At the two previous elections he had been his party's candidate for representative and ran ahead of his ticket.

At the special election in March, 1912, Mr. Farrand was chosen a delegate from his ward to the Constitutional Convention holden in June following, in which body he was honored by appointment as a member of the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Farrand registered as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for state senator in District No. Eleven at the last primary; and, although devoting little personal attention to the matter, was defeated by Senator Rogers, the successful aspirant, by a very narrow margin. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias.

June 21, 1899, Mr. Farrand united in marriage with Miss Ruth A. Minot of Concord. They have two children, both daughters—Elizabeth Howland, born January 22, 1901, and Mary Minot, born February 15, 1903.

IN THE SPRINGTIME

By Delia Honey

Out among the sugar maples,
When the snow is almost gone,
When the sap drips in the bucket,
I will wander all alone—
All alone—why did I say it?
Here are robin, and bluebird,
Here's the busiest little squirrel,
And the crow and jay are heard.

Rattling, rustling are the dead leaves,
As I wade through hollows deep,
Looking for the tiny violet,
And the sweet spring beauty's peep;
Bloodroot, pure and white as milk,
Partridge-vine with berries red,
Oh, how green and fresh it looks
On its soft and mossy bed.

Lonely—don't you ever think it—
For it thrills me through and through
With the memory of the old days
That can ne'er come back to you—
When I've wandered in the wild wood,
Gathering flowers, wild and sweet,
Peeping up through moss and dry leaves,
Opening at my lingering feet.

A FIREFLY BRINGS IT TO LIGHT

Translated from the German by Ellen McRoberts Mason

In the village of Opitz, near Rudolfstadt in Thuringia, there dwelt a poor widow named Marie Heim. She lived in a small but neat cottage that was surrounded by an orchard. On the evening of a hot summer day she sat at the open window of her cottage to rest awhile after the burden and heat of the day, and to breathe in refreshment and strength with the delicious fragrance of the new-mown grass. Near her stood her little son Adolph, a lad of six years, who fresh and gay, looked out into the bright moonlight.

Though the poor woman sat there to somewhat refresh herself after her hard day's work, yet a heavier burden oppressed her than was caused by her bodily weariness. Of their evening meal, a dish of bread and milk, she had eaten barely two spoonfuls, and the little Adolph was much disturbed by this, and became very quiet as he saw his mother so sad.

Marie had been a widow only since the beginning of the last spring. Her deceased husband, who was pious and honest, had by industry and economy got together enough money—not without going into debt, however—to buy the cottage, together with the fine grass plat. The industrious man had planted the green garden plentifully with young trees that already bore beautiful fruit. The pair lived in the happiest wedlock and through their united diligence became all the time more prosperous. Then came typhus fever in the village and snatched the hard-working young man away. Marie too was taken down, and only narrowly escaped death herself.

Through the death of her husband, as well as from her own long sickness, the woman had become poor, and now she must lose her little house too. Her departed husband had for a long time worked for the richest farmer, the so-called "head farmer" of the village. The farmer respected him for his honesty and industry, and had advanced him three hundred guldens to buy the cottage and garden, for which her husband was to pay off twenty-five guldens yearly, and an equal sum in work. He had done this regularly up to the time of his sickness, and at his death the amount of the debt was only fifty guldens. Marie knew all this very well.

Suddenly the head farmer died of the same sickness. The heirs found the bond for the three hundred guldens amongst the papers left by the deceased. Of the whole story they knew not a word, as the deceased had never spoken of it. They now demanded from the poor widow, the entire sum.

The frightened woman asserted, and called God to witness, that her husband had paid all but the last fifty guldens; but as she could not prove that anything had been paid, the whole debt was declared valid by the court, and as the poor Marie could not raise the money, her little property would have to be sold. Mother and son, on bended knees, begged the heirs not to turn them out; but all their pleading and tears helped not the least. The day of the auction had been set for the morrow.

This was the reason she was so wretched as she sat by the open window. "God knows," thought she, "where we shall find a lodging tomorrow night; perhaps nowhere but under the open sky."

Then the little Adolph, who had not moved till now, came nearer to her side, and said, sobbing, "Mother, do not cry so bitterly. Don't you know what father said when he was dying there on the bed? 'Weep not,' he said, 'God is the orphans' father, and the widow's provider. Call on Him in the time of need, and he will take care of you.'"

Both now folded their hands and

raised their tear-wet eyes to Heaven, and the little Adolph repeated word for word after his mother, the prayer in which she gave expression to her feelings.

Suddenly the boy interrupted her sobbing and called out with a loud voice and outstretched fore finger: "Oh, Mother, just see what that is! There is a little candle floating! How beautiful and bright it shines! Now it is floating along on the ceiling of the room! That is wonderful!"

"It is a St. John's beetle, dear Adolph," said his mother, "in the daytime it is only a common little bug, but at night it has a beautiful glow."

"May I catch it?" asked the little boy; "would it do anything to me?"

"It will not burn you," said his mother, and smiled, though her cheeks were covered with tears. "Just catch it, and look at it closer. It is really one of God's wonders."

The lad had forgotten all his sadness now, and tried to catch the flashing firefly that was floating nearer to the floor, under the table and then under a chair.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Adolph. The gleaming insect—just as he put out his hand to grasp it—had hidden itself behind the great chest. He peeped under the chest. "I see it very plainly," said he; "it sits there on the wall, but I can't get it, my arm is too short."

"Only have patience," said the mother, "it will come out again soon."

The boy waited a little while and then came to his mother's side and said in a soft, pleading voice: "Mother, just push the chest a little bit away from the wall, and then I can catch it easy enough."

His mother got up and moved the chest, and the lad now seized the firefly and looked at it with unspeakable delight. But his mother's attention was drawn to something else. As she moved the chest, something that was stuck fast between the chest and the wall, had fallen to the floor. She picked it up, and gave a loud scream.

"God be thanked," she cried, "now all at once, we are helped out of our trouble. That is the last year's almanac that I hunted for so long, in vain." She immediately lighted a candle and with tears of joy, looked through the almanac. In it was carefully written down, what in the course of the year, her deceased husband had worked out and paid off on the three hundred guldens he had owed. There was yet left, as said before, a residue of only fifty guldens beside.

The mother clasped her hands together with joy, embraced her child and exclaimed in rapture: "Adolph, thank the dear God with me, for now we shall be allowed to stay in our house."

"Isn't it the truth," said the boy, "that *I* am the cause of it? If I hadn't begged you so, to move the chest, you wouldn't have found the book!"

The mother stood silent and perplexed and then said: Oh, my child, that has God done. Without God's will falls not even a hair of our heads. It is easy for him to help and to save. He does not need to send a shining angel to save us, he can accomplish it with a little winged worm."

The mother could not sleep for joy. Soon after daybreak she went her way to the judge. The judge sent for the heir, the young head farmer. He came, acknowledged the correctness of the account, and was very much ashamed that he had charged the woman with dishonesty.

But as the widow related the whole story of the appearance of the glowing fire-fly, the young head-peasant stood there much moved, and said with tears in his eyes: "Yes, it is so, God is a father to the fatherless, and a provider for the widow. To make up for the worry I have caused you, I will give you the fifty guldens, and if you come to need, in any other way, then come to me, and I will divide my last Kreutzer with you. For now I see clearly that 'Who in God trusts, has well tilled'."

THE GROWTH OF INTERNATIONAL UNITY

By William W. Thayer

Historians have usually been able to select some predominating tendency by which the events of each century or period of history can best be characterized. Thus the seventeenth century has been called the period of the wars of religion; the eighteenth, that of the struggle for the balance of power; and the nineteenth, that of the rise and growth of nationalities. In the nineteenth century, the problems of Italian, of German and of American national unity were all worked out, "not by speeches and parliamentary majorities," but "by blood and iron." By 1870 or 1878, almost every nation had either definitely succeeded or definitely failed in solving its problem of national unity and independence. The period of the rise and growth of nationalities came to a definite end, and the present period of history began. As this period is still in the making, it would be somewhat venturesome to give it any definite characterization at the present time. Its predominating tendency may perhaps be economic and social development as distinguished from the national and political development which preceded it. Without in any way presuming to decide this question, the present article is an attempt to point out some of the reasons why the present period may well be characterized as the period of the growth of international, as distinguished from national, unity. Just as the preceding period was marked by the growth of the independence of nations, so the present period may be marked by the growth of the interdependence of nations.

The most serious objection to this theory will probably be that the unprecedented increase in the cost and size of armies and navies during the last ten or fifteen years denotes the growth of international hostility rather than international friendship. Yet it should be noted that our subject is international unity, and not international friendship—a term which has a somewhat different signification. Thus the growth of the American navy dating from 1898, whether or not it indicates that our relations with foreign nations have become more amicable, is due to the fact that as a result of the Spanish War we became a world power with vital interests to protect in both hemispheres. In other words, the increase of the American navy is not so much a Declaration of Independence from foreign nations as it is a Declaration of Interdependence upon foreign nations. We have been brought into closer contact with all parts of the world than ever before, and in that sense world unity has been promoted. Similarly, the quadrupling of German naval expenditure between 1897 and 1911 is due, not to a policy of national isolation, but to a desire for colonial and commercial expansion; and the doubling of British naval expenditure within the same period is due to the firm conviction that England's prosperity and existence depend upon the maintenance of communications with her colonies in all parts of the world and with those foreign countries from which her food supplies are drawn.

Yet it must be admitted that the naval rivalry between Germany and England is fraught with great danger. A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* has suggested that ever since the Norman Conquest there has been a tendency for continental European powers to consolidate under the aegis of the strongest continental power. This tendency has always been opposed by England and has always resulted in great European wars—at the end of the sixteenth century, of England against Philip II; at the end of the

seventeenth century, of England against Louis XIV; and at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, of England against the French Revolution and Napoleon. The end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century have already passed without a war between England and the strongest continental power. If by the growth of international unity the outbreak of such a war can be permanently averted, the world's history can record no greater triumph in the cause of universal peace; and even though such a war does actually occur, it may result in the promotion rather than in the impairment of international friendship, by removing the causes of friction, just as friendship between the United States and Spain has never been more firmly established than since the war of 1898.

But the growth of militarism does not mean an increase in the number of wars.

"Since the completion of German and Italian unity . . . there has been in all Europe—except the semi-barbaric Balkan countries—no war, either large or small. It is the first time that Europe has lived through so long a period of absolute peace. . . . The fear of war which has become much more horrible than in former times acts as a check on hostile feelings."*

In view of these facts, increase in armaments does not in itself seem a sufficient reason to prevent the present age from being characterized as the period of the growth of international unity. Whether this characterization is correct will depend upon the more positive factors to be considered.

As has been already suggested, the present age is a period of great economic and social changes, but these changes are being accomplished more than ever before:—first, by following the examples of other nations; and secondly, by international coöperation and consultation.

In economic and social, just as in military development, other nations have followed the leadership of Germany. This fact is frankly recognized even by Germany's worst enemies. As said by Professor Denis of the University of Paris:*

"The prestige of unprecedented triumphs has naturally increased their reputation; their methods have been imitated and their conduct copied; to them have turned the nations who formerly looked to the school of France for the termination of their humanities; their books and their reviews furnish doctrines to the greater part of the modern world; they impose their systems, their customs, and almost their tastes, and their writers from Karl Marx to Wagner and Nietzsche originate almost all the ideas by which the world of to 'ay is inspired."

For example, the system of industrial insurance against accidents or of Workmen's Compensation Acts which is now established in almost all civilized countries of the world except the United States may be said to have its origin in the famous message of the German Emperor in 1881 which laid down the principle that the state owes help to "its needy members" not only "as a simple duty of humanity and Christianity" but as "a task of self preservation." And in the same way, although not to as great an extent, the German example has been followed in regard to old age pensions and labor exchanges.

But there is not only a growing tendency for nations to follow the successful example of other nations. There is also a growing tendency for them to work out their mutual problems by coöperation and consultation. This tendency is illustrated by the numerous international congresses of recent growth which deal with economic, social, or international problems, such as socialism, prisons, unemployment, public and private charities, free trade or universal peace.

*Seignobos—A Political History of Europe since 1814, p. 831.
*La Fondation de L'Empire Allemand, p. 2.

Certainly such congresses promote world unity as well as world progress.

In a speech to the Americans at Oxford University, Rudyard Kipling once illustrated the growth of world unity, by a conversation which he had had with the engineer of a transatlantic steamer who cared nothing for the degrees of M. A. and B. A., but recognized only the degrees of latitude and longitude. Yet owing to recent improvements in navigation the engineer was grieved to find that even these degrees were rapidly disappearing and time and space were becoming negligible quantities. The world was shrinking so rapidly that we must change our conceptions and become not only good Americans or good Englishmen but also good "planetarians."

Kipling's ideas, though somewhat quaintly expressed, illustrate the value of faster, better and cheaper means of communication in promoting international unity. Thus recent improvements and reductions in our foreign postal service become important. As has been said by Secretary Knox, "Every man who sends a letter from New York to Tokio with quick dispatch for a fee of only five cents knows that he owes this privilege to an international agreement, and feels himself by virtue of it a citizen of the world."

An even more important factor than foreign postal service is foreign trade. When the traveler in foreign countries has seen American Quaker Oats and English assorted biscuits resting side by side upon the shelves of a small country store in Belgium, when he has seen the sign "Mellins Food" occupying one of the most prominent places in the streets of Berlin, when he has seen modern American printing machines in full operation at the Clarendon Press, he begins to realize that foreign trade means increased knowledge of foreign countries and that increased knowledge means increased friendship.

There is a story of a certain man who in walking along the street said to his companion, "Did you notice that man we just passed? Well, I hate him." "Do you know him?" asked his companion. "No, I don't want to know him," was the reply. "If I did, I shouldn't hate him." This story is as applicable to nations as it is to individuals.

During the twentieth century, knowledge of foreign countries has rapidly advanced not only through the increase of foreign trade and foreign travel, but also through more intimate educational relations. It is scarcely necessary to mention the numerous international scholarships and exchange professorships founded within the past few years. The system of Rhodes scholarships which has been in operation in the British colonies since the autumn of 1903 and which was rapidly extended to include the United States and Germany, was founded by Cecil Rhodes, not because he desired to give a gratuitous education to ignorant foreigners, but because, as he expressed it in his will, "an understanding between the three great powers will render war impossible, and educational relations make the strongest ties." But there has been not only an exchange of professors and students, but also an exchange of authors. It is only necessary to mention Bryce, Trevelyan, and Lowell, as recent examples of authors who have explained the history or government of another country as well or better than that country has been able to explain it for itself.

A discussion of the rapid development of international law in the twentieth century has purposely been postponed, because it is only as a result of the increased interdependence of nations, brought about in many other ways besides those which have already been suggested, that this development has been made possible. Professor Wilson in his recently published book upon International Law makes the statement that greater progress has been made in this subject since the year 1899 than during the preceding three

hundred years. The First Hague Conference of 1899, the Geneva Convention of 1906, the Second Hague Conference of 1907, and the Declaration of London of 1909 are landmarks showing rapid and tangible progress in this subject. Arbitrations and arbitration treaties have increased and succeeded as never before. There was a time not long ago when the decisions of courts of arbitration were exceedingly likely to give rise to as much hostile feeling between the two litigating countries as would have been left as a result of actual war. It is therefore interesting to note that the North Atlantic fisheries arbitration of 1910 has not only been accepted by England, Canada, and the United States without question, but has given satisfaction to all three countries. At the beginning of the king's speech upon the dissolution of Parliament and at the beginning of the president's message to congress, in the autumn or winter of 1910, the fisheries arbitration occupied an equally prominent place and the satisfaction expressed by the king might well have been substituted for the satisfaction expressed by the president, and *vice versa*.

Moreover, the prospects of the establishment of a permanent international court of arbitration with permanent judges are exceedingly bright. The greatest obstacle to the usefulness of such a court is the unwillingness of nations to submit to arbitration questions involving national honor. This obstacle can be largely removed by such arbitration treaties as that between Norway and Sweden which provides that whether a dispute affects independence, integrity, or vital interests shall first be passed upon by the court of arbitration as a preliminary step; or as those pending between the United States and Great Britain and France for the arbitration of all "justiciable" disputes. It can be entirely removed if the larger nations are willing to follow the example set by Belgium and Holland, and Chile and Argentine Republic, in agreeing to submit all questions to arbitration, without any reservation whatsoever. In this connection, President Taft said in an address delivered in March, 1910:

"Personally, I do not see any more reason why matters of national honor should not be referred to a Court of Arbitration than matters of property or of national proprietorship. I know that is going further than most men are willing to go, but I do not see why questions of honor may not be submitted to a tribunal composed of men of honor who understand questions of national honor, to abide by their decision, as well as any other questions of difference arising between nations."

In March, 1911, after quoting from President Taft's address, Sir Edward Grey made the following statement in the House of Commons:

"When agreement of that kind, so sweeping as it is, is proposed to us we shall be delighted to have such a proposal. But I should feel it was something so momentous and so far-reaching in its possible consequence that it would require, not only the signature of both governments, but the deliberate and decided sanction of Parliament, and that, I believe, would be obtained."

That international law has not yet advanced as far as President Taft and Sir Edward Grey have maintained that it ought, is indicated by the speech of the German Chancellor delivered about two weeks after the remarks of Sir Edward Grey. Herr von Bethman Hollweg said:

"International treaties embracing the whole world and imposed by a world congress I consider to be as impossible as general disarmament."

Yet international law has advanced far beyond the theory that actual war is merely "the litigation of nations," even though that definition has been quoted with approval by Professor Holland.* The Hague tribunals are fast developing into an international

*Holland on Jurisprudence (10ld.) p. 392.

judiciary, just as The Hague Conferences are becoming an international legislature, and seem to justify the prediction that the international law of the future will develop along lines suggested by President Taft and Sir Edward Grey, rather than in accordance with the views of the German Chancellor.

If the results of The Hague Conferences have not been as brilliant as was originally expected, it must be remembered, that, as David Jayne Hill has said, "it is the function of an international conference simply to register the general average of progress that has been attained." Since international law is simply the body of generally accepted principles governing the relations among states, international law can advance only so fast as the growing interdependence of nations, illustrated by the increase and rivalry of their armies and navies, by their coöperation in economic and social problems, by their improved means of communication, by their growing foreign trade, by their closer educational relations, and by their increased knowledge and understanding of each others characters, renders progress possible. In other words, as has been well said, there is no international sheriff and the sole sanction of international law is international public opinion. If international law attempts to advance beyond public opinion, it must either remain a dead letter or else it must depend upon armed force for its effectiveness, in which latter case, it ceases to be international and becomes simply municipal. International law at the present moment is not a dead letter nor does its effectiveness depend upon armed force. If then, greater progress in international law has been made since 1899 than during the preceding three hundred years, the advance is due to the fact that the growth of the spirit of international unity in the twentieth century has surpassed the growth of the preceding three centuries.

TRAILING ARBUTUS

By Lucy H. Heath

Do we not know where they grew?
Those blossoms so modest and sweet;
Amid luxuriant leaves
Which trailed along at our feet?

To the woods and hills with joy,
We hastened with thoughts unsaid,
When the sun had lured them forth,
From their dark, cold, wintry bed.

Then if we looked with care,
We saw their sweet faces peep
Through needles of pine, brown and sere,
Which covered them warm while asleep.

They whispered of love and hope,
When our thoughts were lifted above;
The hope of eternal life,
And the joy of eternal love.

MARCH 31

By Laura Garland Carr

Your voice, O March, sings us its parting song!
'Tis sounding now outside, rollicking, gay.
There is no sadness in its good-by lay;
Adown the chimney flue 'tis piping strong.
Does no soft, gentle tone to you belong?
No note of tenderness through your notes stray?
Must it be bluff and bluster every day—
Like blaring trumpet or harsh, jarring gong?
Sometimes you seemed to soften—just a bit—
And I stole out to list a robin's call
Or catch a bright tint where the bluebirds flit—
Then back you came again with hoot and brawl!
Well, shout your loudest! Make the welkin ring!
At morning's dawn another voice will sing!

IN APRIL

By Frances M. Pray

In its brilliant golden splendor
Slow the sun sinks in the west.
And the mother bird her babies
Hovers warm beneath her breast.
Now the first cool breath of evening
All the southern twilight fills,
And my heart in thought is turning
'Way up North among the hills.

From the garden come the odors
Of the violet and rose,
And the white magnolias glisten
As the moonlight brighter grows.
But my fancy, April woodland
Scenes around about me builds,
And I smell the earthy sweetness
Of the spring-time in the hills!

For among their dark leaves' shelter
Mayflowers' rosy sweetness shows,
And the nearby brook is singing
Free from winter's ice and snows.
Up among the bursting leaf buds
The first robin trills and trills.
Oh, the sweetness of the spring-time
Up among New England hills.

But the days are swiftly going,
And the time is coming fast,
When the Southland days will be
But dreamy memories of the past.
Then the joy that Northward turning
Fills the heart with happy thrills
For the welcome that is waiting
'Way up home among the hills.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. WILLIAM J. FORSAITH.

Hon. William J. Forsaith, born in Newport, N. H., April 19, 1836, died at his home on Longwood Ave., Brookline, Mass., February 28, 1913.

Judge Forsaith was the son of Josiah and Maria (Southworth) Forsaith, his father being a well known lawyer of Newport. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy and Amherst and Dartmouth Colleges, graduating from the latter in 1850, fifty years after his father's graduation from the same institution. Following his graduation he took up the study of law, pursuing the same with Burke and Waite of Newport, at the Harvard Law School, and with Benjamin F. Hallett and Ranney and Morse of Boston. In May 1860, he was admitted to the Suffolk bar and commenced practice in Boston, continuing successfully, till 1872 when he was appointed a special justice of the Boston Municipal Court, which position he held ten years, till, in 1882, he was made an associate justice of that court, in which capacity he served with conspicuous fidelity till October 1911, when he retired upon pension.

He married, October 31, 1865, Annie M. Veazie of Bangor, Me., who died April 18, 1889, leaving a son and two daughters—William U., Marion B., and Annie S. Forsaith.

MRS. CARA E. WHITON-STONE.

Cara E. Whiton-Stone, a native of Portsmouth, in her eighty-second year, died at her home in South Boston, February 7, 1913.

She was born Cara Hanscom, but married early, Lewis Whiton, a Boston business man, following whose death she married Col. Henry Stone, whom she also survived. She was widely famed as a poet, her verses being much admired, as was her presence widely sought in social and club circles for many years. She was long an active member of the Unitarian Church of the Disciples in Boston, while Rev. Charles G. Ames was the pastor; was a member of the New England Women's Club and of the New England Press Club. She leaves two married daughters living abroad.

REV. TIMOTHY F. CLARY.

Rev. Timothy F. Clary, the oldest surviving graduate of Dartmouth College, and a native of the city of Dover, born April 25, 1817, died at his home in Mattapan, Mass., February 27, 1913.

Mr. Clary was the son of Rev. Joseph W. and Anna (Farrar) Clary, his mother being a daughter of Judge Timothy Farrar of New Ipswich, a noted lawyer of his time, for whom he was named. He graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1841, one of his class mates being Hon. David Cross of Manchester, now the only survivor of the class, and the oldest Dartmouth graduate, who was a few weeks his junior. He graduated from Andover Theological Seminary in 1846, entered the Congregational ministry and held pastorates, successively in Thetford, Vt., Ashland in this state and Wareham, Mass. In the latter town he was chairman of the school board and represented it in the state legislature in 1866 and 1867. He retired from the ministry many years ago, taking up his residence in the Mattapan district of Milton, which town he also served upon the school board and took a lively interest in public affairs until after his ninetieth year.

He married Sarah S. Willard of Orford, N. H., in 1852, who died in 1906, leaving two daughters and three sons, who still survive.

REV. SILAS E. QUIMBY.

Rev. Silas E. Quimby, long a prominent clergyman of the N. H. Methodist Episcopal Conference, born at Haverhill, October 19, 1837, died at Bellefonte, Pa., February 23, 1913.

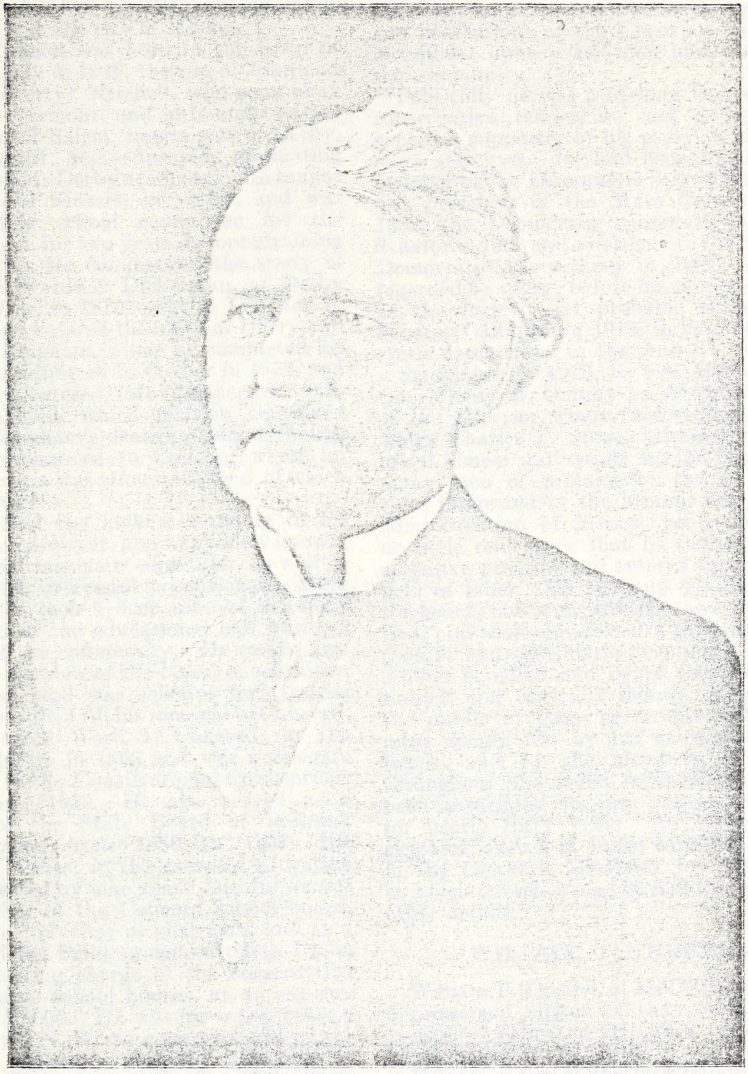
He was a son of Rev. Silas Quimby, one of the early preachers of the Methodist denomination, and was educated at Tilton Seminary and Wesleyan University, graduating from the latter with high honor in 1859. He was for some years a successful instructor in the Vermont Conference Seminary at Newbury, but joined the New Hampshire Conference and was located as a preacher at Littleton in 1862, where he remained two years. He was then recalled to the Seminary and, two years later he became its president, continuing until its removal to Montpelier in 1868, when he again entered the active work of the ministry; but in 1878 he was elected president of the Tilton Seminary, and devoted eight years to the work of building up and rehabilitating that institution, at great personal sacrifice, but with marked success, returning again to the ministry in 1886, which work he followed while health and strength permitted. He is survived by three sons and a daughter—the latter Mrs. Horatio Moore, at whose home he died.

PROF. DAVID G. MILLER

David G. Miller, a prominent educator, died at his home in Meriden February 14, 1913.

He was a native of Millertown, N. Y., born December 22, 1855. He fitted for college at St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Academy and graduated from Dartmouth in 1884 going thence to Meriden as principal of Kimball Union Academy where he continued till 1890. He was later for some time engaged in teaching in Cleveland, Ohio, and was afterward submaster and later principal of the Taunton, Mass., high school. He married, in 1885, Miss Melicent Miller of Lebanon, by whom he is survived. A few years agothey bought a home in Meriden where they resided.

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HON. JOHN M. MITCHELL



HON. JOHN M. MITCHELL.

John M. Mitchell, Associate Justice of the Superior Court of New Hampshire, long known as one of the ablest jurists of the State, died at his home in Concord on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 4, after a brief illness from pneumonia, resulting from a cold contracted about a week previous while holding court in the city of Nashua.

Judge Mitchell was born in the town of Plymouth, July 6, 1849, the son of John and Honora (Doherty) Mitchell, who soon after removed to Vermont, and ultimately settled in the town of Salem, now a part of Derby, where John M. was educated, graduating from the famous Derby academy. He taught district school winters, in youth, and was superintending school committee for the town of Salem, for two years, before attaining his majority. He commenced the study of law with Edwards & Dickerman, at Derby but soon after, in 1870, went to Littleton in this state and entered the office of Harry and George A. Bingham, where he completed his studies, was admitted to the bar in 1872, and immediately entered into partnership with Harry Bingham, which relation continued until Mr. Bingham's death in 1900, although in 1881 he removed to Concord where an office of the firm was also established, of which he had charge.

He attained the highest standing in his profession as a lawyer, and was widely known, as a safe and sagacious counsellor, as well as an eminently successful practitioner. More than this, he took a deep interest in public affairs, and in the educational and business interests of the community. He served two terms as a member of the board of selectmen in Littleton, and was solicitor for Grafton County from 1879 till his removal to Concord. He represented Ward 4, Concord, in the state legislature in 1893 and was a delegate therefrom in the Constitutional Conventions of 1902 and 1912. He also served as a member of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners from 1888 to 1891. His continued interest in the cause of education was manifested by nine years' faithful service as a member of the Concord school board, a portion of the time as chairman, and as a member of the building committee in Union District, having charge of the construction of three large school houses, at an expense of over $150,000. He was for many years a trustee of the N. H. state hospital and of the Margaret Pillsbury hospital. He was a moving spirit in the organization of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, and was its first president. He was also a trustee and president of the Loan & Trust Savings Bank of Concord and a director of the National State Capital Bank. He had been the legal adviser of the Catholic Bishop of Manchester since the creation of the diocese, and before that he held for some time the same relation to the Bishop of Portland in New Hampshire affairs. It is proper to add that he was frequently consulted by clergy and others, in legal matters connected with the interests of other denominations, and gave his counsel and service "without money and without price." He was a firm and consistent Catholic, but broadly tolerant and respectful of the opinions of others, only insisting that a proper regard for the principles and institutions of the Christian religion is incumbent upon every man and woman in the community.

Politically he was a lifelong Democrat, of conservative tendencies, and a loyal and generous supporter of his party in all legitimate activities. He had been frequently a member of the Democratic State Committee, was president of the State Convention in 1888, the Democratic candidate for U. S. Senator in 1903 and a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1904. He was regarded by many, before his sudden decease, as the logical and probable successor to Senator Gallinger in 1915, in case of Democratic ascendancy in the state.

September 7, 1910, he was appointed by Gov. Henry B. Quinby an Associate Justice of the Superior Court, succeeding the late Judge Charles F. Stone, his selection being urged almost universally by the bar and by many men of prominence throughout the state interested in the prompt and efficient administration of justice, yet it was with no little reluctance that he surrendered his extensive practice and entered upon his new field of labor. He took up his work upon the bench, however, with zest and determination, and soon manifested a capacity for the prompt and systematic dispatch of business seldom equalled and never surpassed. His sudden and untimely demise, mourned by the public at large as a universal loss, is most deeply felt by his associates on the bench, and by the members of the bar throughout the state, with whom he had been associated in his professional work for nearly forty years. An extended biographical sketch of Judge Mitchell appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY for May, 1907, to which reference may be had for family and other details.

WILLIAM T. THISSELL.

William T. Thissell, of Mill Village, Goshen, a prominent citizen of that town, born in Newbury February 25, 1838, died at his home February 20, 1913.

He was a son of the late Hiram Thissell, long a resident of Lempster, where he was himself reared and educated, and which town he represented in the state legislature in 1873 and 1874, soon after removing to Goshen where he was also active in public affairs. He was an Odd Fellow, a member of the Grange and the Knights of Honor, and a trustee of the Sugar River Savings Bank at Newport.



Corner View of Harlakenden House, Cornish, Summer Home of President Wilson



Approach to Harlakenden House



EDITOR'S AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The authentic announcement recently made to the effect that President Wilson has taken Harlakenden House, Winston Churchill's home at Cornish, for a summer residence for his family and his own vacation resort, so far as he is permitted to enjoy one, has been received with the highest satisfaction by New Hampshire people, generally, who may well take pride in the fact that the nation's "summer capital" is to be established among the New Hampshire hills, rather than on the Massachusetts sea-shore, or elsewhere in the country. It seems to be generally conceded that no more delightful place for the purpose could be found anywhere in the land. Public attention was first called to Harlakenden House, by the first issue of Secretary Bachelder's now famous publication, "New Hampshire Farms for Summer Homes" which has done more to promote the upbuilding of the State in this direction than any and all other instrumentalities. A picture of this house formed the frontispiece of the publication, and elsewhere in the book reference was made to it, which included a letter from Mr. Churchill giving some account of the place and the reasons for his locating there. He said, in the letter, that he had been for some time searching for a place in the country in which to build a home, and a stay of two days in Plainfield and Cornish decided him to go no farther. In the fall of 1898 he bought one hundred acres of land, overlooking the Connecticut River and commanding a splendid view of Ascutney Mountain. The price paid for the place, on which there were a farmhouse in fairly good repair and several large barns, the frames of which he used in building, was $2,500. A considerable portion of the land was covered with second growth wood and timber—oak, pine, hemlock, birch and beech. Soon after he added twenty acres of land on the river, for which he paid $450. In 1899 he commenced the erection of the house, which is located upon the wooded summit of a bluff overlooking the valley, two hundred feet above the river. The house, which when completed with its furnishings, is stated by Mr. Churchill to have cost from $35,000 to $40,000, has walls of rough brick, of the early English type, and is of the Colonial style of architecture, of the type prevailing in Pennsylvania and eastern Maryland before the Revolution, the plans being made by Charles A. Platt, the well-known New York building and landscape architect. A "hip-roof," terraces and spacious porches enhance the general attractiveness of the exterior, while the interior design and arrangement are most charming. The most conspicuous of the rooms is the music room, finished in the style of the early French chateaux, along the Loire, marvelous Italian tapestries and other decorations adorning it. The study and hall are done in English antique oak, and the dining room, morning room and bedchambers, of which there are a large number, are in white colonial style. A road, winding around the hill from the river, approaches the house from the east, the west front overlooking the valley and commanding a magnificent landscape view, with Mt. Ascutney as the central figure. Additions have been made to the estate in recent years till it now embraces some seven hundred acres, and many building improvements have also been effected. A more delightful and appropriate retreat, for the purpose for which it has been chosen could probably not be found in the country. That the President has been able to secure it as a summer home is due to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Churchill are to spend the season in Alaska. The name of the house, ordinarily regarded as peculiar, is given in honor of Mrs. Churchill who was formerly Miss Mabel Harlakenden Hall of St. Louis, which city was Mr. Churchill's birthplace, though he comes of old New Hampshire ancestry. That the establishment of the "summer capital" within the limits of the State will be of incalculable value from an advertising point of view alone is not to be doubted, even though it be maintained here but for a single season. That the stay of our distinguished guests may be so pleasant and satisfactory that they will come again and again is certainly to be hoped.

The almost unprecedented length which the present legislative session has attained is generally regarded as due to the equally remarkable and protracted contest for the United States senatorship, finally resulting, on the forty-third ballot, in the choice of Henry F. Hollis, the Democratic caucus nominee, by a majority of three votes. This outcome, which only the most hopeful Democrats had confidently expected, was due to the wonderful solidarity of the Democratic strength, and the lack of discipline and generally disorganized condition of the Republicans, who went into the contest with no regular candidate, agreed upon one later, and finally deserted the man of their choice, only to be defeated through defections from their own ranks, instead of a combination of Democrats and Progressives as had been at times thought likely to ensue. This election of Mr. Hollis is, as it happens, the last election of a senator by the legislature that will ever be had in the State, as when the time comes for the election of a successor to Senator Gallinger, whose term expires in 1915, the amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for choice of senator by

popular vote, will be in force, it already having been ratified by the legislatures of the requisite number of states and become a part of the fundamental law, so that the people, directly, will select their next senator, at the election in November of next year, and no such contest as has just been witnessed will be possible.

That no more progress has been made in carrying out any definite plan of reform legislation, by the present general court, is doubtless due to the fact that no party has full control of the popular branch of that body. However much we may deplore partisanship in legislation, there is no denying the fact that it generally requires a sense of party responsibility to insure definite results in legislation either state or national, though there can be no justification for legislation, along any line, whose primary purpose is the promotion of partisan ends purely. Parties should be regarded as means to an end, the end being the promotion of the best interests of the state, or the public at large. A party in power naturally desires to continue in control, which it can only do, for any great length of time, by using its power for the general good. Wise party leadership recognizes this fact and governs itself accordingly. But when no party has control, as is the case with the present House of Representatives, where a small number of men, known as Progressives hold the balance of power, there is no sense of responsibility anywhere and the public welfare must inevitably suffer in consequence.

The Sunapee Lake region is coming to be one of the most popular, as it is admittedly one of the most attractive, of our New England summer resorts. With each succeeding year there is greater attention to the matter of railroad accommodations for those who make this region an objective point during the vacation season, and the number of these increases accordingly. There are said to be now nearly a thousand summer cottages, besides three large hotels, and many smaller hotels and boarding houses upon the shores of this charming body of water, enthroned among the hills, 1,000 feet above the sea level and fitly characterized by the deceased bard of Sunapee, William C. Sturoc, as the "Sweet Loch Katrine of our Granite Hills." This year more people than ever before will visit the Sunapee region, and gatherings of state-wide interest will be held there. The New Hampshire Society for the Preservation of Forests will hold its annual meeting there, and the New Hampshire Board of Trade will make this the objective point of its annual summer outing which it is proposed to hold on the seventeenth of June, and which will be made an occasion of more than ordinary note, with prominent New Hampshire men abroad in attendance.

Conspicuous among our New Hampshire secondary schools and the one which, next to Philips Exeter, has sent out most alumni who have become prominent in public and professional life, is Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, which institution will celebrate its one hundredth anniversary during the last week in June. An historical pageant, preparations for which on an extensive scale are already under way, will be a leading feature of the celebration, which will bring together without question, a larger body of the alumni and citizens of the town of Plainfield and the surrounding region, than has ever before been gathered.

The depressed and depressing condition of railroad affairs in New England, now prevailing and which has existed for some time past, has excited general interest and solicitude on the part of the public at large, whose welfare and prosperity depend in no small degree upon that of the railroads. The vast increase in wages demanded by and conceded to the great army of railway employees, together with the burden imposed by the operation of leased lines at rentals altogether too heavy for the existing order of things, renders the problem of successful management one of the most trying to be dealt with in the industrial world today, and one which requires the most serious consideration on all sides. In this connection it may be proper to remark that a recently issued analysis of the New England railroad situation, under the title of "The Public, the Investor and the Railroads of New England," by Burton L. Read, published by the Financial Publishing Company of Boston, price 50 cts., will be found well worth perusal by all interested in the situation.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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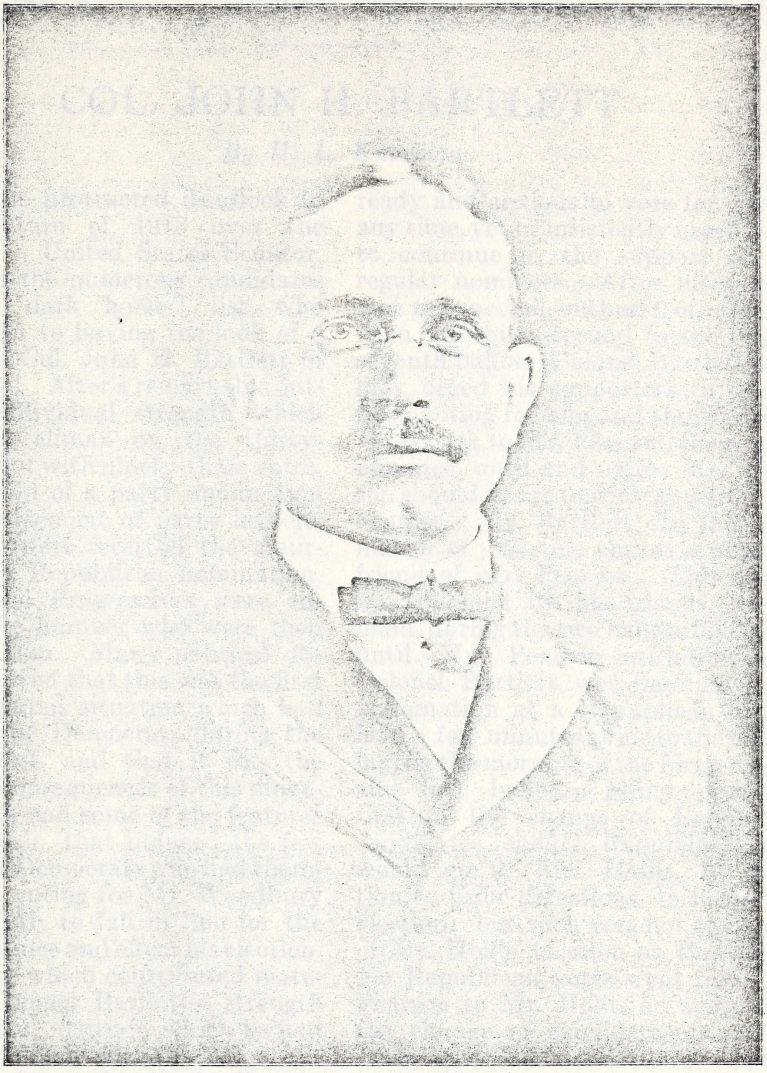
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COL. JOHN H. BARTLETT



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLV, NO. 5 MAY, 1913 NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, NO. 5

COL. JOHN H. BARTLETT

By H. L. Knowlton

During the protracted deadlock in the Legislature of 1913 over the election of a United States Senator, that one of the numerous candidates from the "dark horse" list who came nearest to having the look of a winner was Col. John H. Bartlett of Portsmouth. After a remarkable outburst of individual strength which reached its climax on the thirty-seventh ballot with ninety-three votes, minus the aid of a party nomination or the endorsement of party leaders, Colonel Bartlett received the assurance of the Republican nomination, while several Progressives were enrolled in the number who were then voting for him. Many political observers believed that this was the first really dangerous situation which had arisen for the Democrats during the entire contest, and that it was the fear of the consequences of this movement, which had some of the features of a stampede, that induced the few recalcitrant Democrats who had theretofore been voting for Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Carr, to fall in line for the regular nominee and effect his election.

One thing which contributed materially to Colonel Bartlett's strength was the loyal attitude which he had consistently maintained toward the regular nominees of both the Republican and Progressive parties during the first five weeks of balloting, and until it became generally acknowledged that neither could win. Although it had, from the first, been well known that Colonel Bartlett had many Republican and Progressive friends in the Legislature who were ready and anxious to vote for him at any time, yet he insistently urged them to continue in the support of the regular nominees. After his sudden and unexpected outburst of strength from the thirty-second to the thirty-seventh ballots, Colonel Bartlett publicly urged his supporters to refrain from voting for him and transfer their votes back to Mr. Pearson, the regular nominee, until and unless Mr. Pearson should desire to withdraw from the contest. Mr. Bartlett did this as a matter of principle and as a personal friend of Mr. Pearson. This course was pursued by his friends, in the main, during the two ballots following, until Mr. Pearson withdrew and Colonel Bartlett was nominated by acclamation at a Republican caucus held a few minutes prior to the balloting, on the morning of the forty-second and last ballot. Many predicted that in the change of Republican candidates, enough Republican votes would go to Mr. Hollis, in addition to prior defections, to insure his election; but such was not the cause of Mr. Hollis' election on this ballot. No Republican votes went from Mr. Pearson to Mr. Hollis on account of the change of candidates from Mr. Pearson to Mr. Bartlett, the election of Mr. Hollis on this ballot being due entirely to a sudden and unexpected change of front on the part of those Democrats who had been tenaciously supporting Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Carr. While a very few reactionary Republicans were opposed to Colonel Bartlett's candidacy, on account of his progressive tendencies, he had

assurances that they would not stand in the way of his election, and it is conceded that he would have consolidated the Republican and Progressive vote with very few, if any, exceptions, had the contest continued during two or three more ballots. So favorable an impression, however, was made on the public by what was practically Colonel Bartlett's first political appearance in the state, that he is certain to be in the public eye in the future. He was cheerful and unembittered after his defeat.

Prior to this contest Colonel Bartlett had become well known in the state as a lawyer of high standing, and as a public speaker and campaigner much in demand. He was born at Sunapee, N. H., March 15, 1869, the son of John Z. and Sophronia A. (Sargent) Bartlett. His early education was in the public schools of Sunapee and at Colby Academy, where he fitted for Dartmouth College, from which he was graduated in the class of 1894. During his first four years out of college, Mr. Bartlett taught school at Portsmouth, being principal of the Haven and Whipple Grammar Schools and the Portsmouth High School. His legal education was acquired by private study beginning in his college days and continuing in the office of John W. Kelley, Esq., and also in the office of Judge Calvin Page of Portsmouth. He was admitted to the Bar of New Hampshire in June, 1898. He at once engaged in the practice of his chosen profession at Portsmouth, in partnership with Judge Page, under the firm name of Page & Bartlett, and later under the name of Page, Bartlett & Mitchell.

His particular attention has been given to the trial of jury cases, in which he has been remarkably successful, having been engaged during the last ten years, probably, in as many jury contests as any other practicing attorney in his section of the state. A case in which he took special interest was that of William Turner against the Cocheco Manufacturing Company, in which the liability of employers to furnish adequate fire escapes, was established as the common law of the state, the plaintiff being one of many who were injured, or killed, in the great holocaust which occurred at the disastrous fire in one of the mills of that company at Dover in January, 1907. Another well-known case in which Colonel Bartlett was successful was the alienation of affections case of Hoxie *v.* Walker, in which Mr. Hollis, the successful candidate for the United States Senatorship, was counsel for the plaintiff. Colonel Bartlett has been counsel in the trial of court cases for the Boston and Maine Railroad, but he has never been employed as counsel or lobbyist in any political matters for the railroad, or for any other clients, his practice being strictly along the lines of general litigation and professional service.

Colonel Bartlett has had a large practice in Probate Court, and in the handling of property and estates as trustee and attorney, and is today in charge of large property interests of clients amounting, in the aggregate, to very high figures. He is a trustee of the Portsmouth Trust and Guarantee Company. He is engaged at the present time in the trial of a will contest in the Surrogates Court for the City of New York over the last will and testament of the late John C. Martin of New York, a millionaire philanthropist, who had been a summer resident of Portsmouth, and in whose last will, which is being contested, Colonel Bartlett is named as one of the three executors. This trial has been in progress several weeks and the defense has not yet begun its side of the case.

In 1903, Colonel Bartlett published an interesting pamphlet entitled: "Talk on Wills," which covers, in a short and popular way, the law of New Hampshire on that subject. He delivered a course of lectures on law before the Bliss Business College of Portsmouth, and in 1911 read a paper at a convention of the New Hampshire Surgical Club held at Hotel Went-

worth, on the "Legal Responsibilities of the Surgeon," which was published in the magazine *The Physician and Surgeon*, and attracted wide attention.

Colonel Bartlett has ever maintained his interest in literary and educational affairs. While in college he was one of the editors of the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly*, and was the author of a book known as "Dartmouth Athletics;" he was also class orator at graduation. Since his college days he has been a trustee of Colby Academy, has delivered addresses at high school graduations, "Old Home" days, and Memorial exercises, and at many other public events. He was appointed by ex-Governor Bass as the representative of the state of New Hampshire at the sixth annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, which was held at Philadelphia in March, 1912. In speaking of Colonel Bartlett's speech at this convention, a Philadelphia daily gives the following:

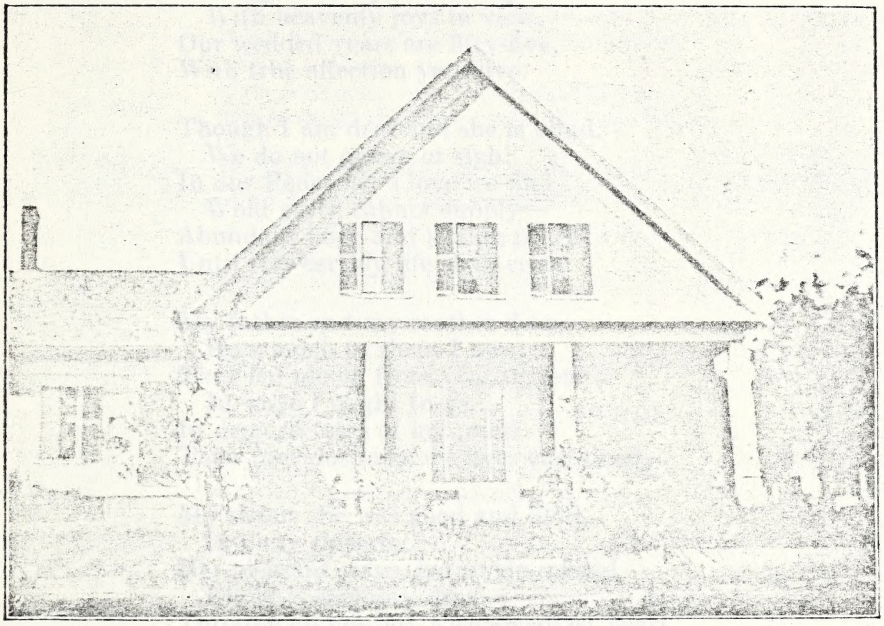
"What might have been a purely technical and theoretical discussion of 'Competition and Combination in Commerce and Industry,' at the afternoon session of the academy was kept from being so by John H. Bartlett, the delegate to the meeting from New Hampshire. With impassioned oratory, Mr. Bartlett injected a new phase into the discussion by dealing with what he termed facts, the problem of the poor people."

In politics, Colonel Bartlett has always been a Republican. His father was a prominent Republican of his native town and represented that town in the Legislature. His uncle, Hon. George H. Bartlett of Sunapee, one of the establishers of the great hames business of that town, was a Republican, representing the town in the Legislature and the Seventh District in the Senate. His uncle, the late General Charles H. Bartlett of Manchester, a prominent Republican, was particularly interested in John H., who invariably gives to this uncle the credit of inspiring him with a desire to obtain an education, and of assisting him materially in accomplishing it. Colonel Bartlett was postmaster of Portsmouth for two terms, appointed once by President McKinley and once by President Roosevelt. He received his military title as a member of the staff of the late Gov. John McLane; and during the Russian-Japanese Peace Conference at Portsmouth, Colonel Bartlett, acting for Governor McLane, had much to do with the arrangements and entertainment of the distinguished guests. At the time of the Lincoln Club movement within the Republican party, Colonel Bartlett allied himself with that wing of the party known as "progressive," and was so much interested in the subject of the direct primary that he wrote and published, at his own expense, an extended pamphlet on the subject, which he mailed extensively throughout the state. He had been mentioned as a candidate for governor in the campaign in which ex-Governor Bass became a nominee, but as soon as Governor Bass consented to become a candidate, Colonel Bartlett declined to allow any further use of his name and came out strongly in favor of the latter in the primaries. He was chairman of the Republican City Committee of Portsmouth and conducted the campaign which resulted in Governor Bass carrying the city by a handsome majority. Mr. Bartlett says that he accepted the recommendation of President Roosevelt and the Progressives everywhere to support President Taft for his nomination and election, and he did not become convinced, at the end of President Taft's term, that that recommendation was wrong, and so continued within the party. He insists that the country is progressive and that if the Republican party does not reorganize itself and stand unflinchingly for Progressive principles, it will suffer the consequences. His sympathies are with the Progressive movement, but he hopes that Repub-

licans and Progressives will again become reconciled and rational, and work together. Colonel Bartlett has not hesitated to condemn publicly the apparent alliance between the Democrats and Progressives in the past Legislature, for the purpose of enacting partisan legislation. He believes that dragging the courts into politics is one of the most reactionary and dangerous things a legislature can do; and that when the Legislature enacted out of office the four Republican registrars of Portsmouth, whom the people had elected, and injected Democrats and Progressives into their places, they committed "larceny from the people" and a crime against popular government.

Colonel Bartlett's father died in 1906. His mother now resides in the old homestead in the village at Sunapee Harbor. He has three brothers, Mott L. Bartlett, residing at Sunapee; Fred L. Bartlett, at Bradford, and J. Delmar Bartlett at Lafayette, Ind. He has one sister, Mrs. Charles B. Aiken of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

On June 4, 1900, he married Agnes Page, daughter of Judge Page of Portsmouth, and has one child, Calvin Page Bartlett, a rugged boy of eleven years. He is a descendant of the large New England family which sprang from Richard Bartlett of Newbury, Mass., the first of the name to settle in America, and through the female branches of his ancestry he traces his line to Hon. John Gilman, speaker of the House of Representatives of New Hampshire in 1692, and in the same way to such New England names as Tuck, Lowell, Hale, Pearson, Elliot, Smith, Batchelder, Sanborn and Sargent.



Birthplace of Col. John H. Bartlett

Colonel Bartlett is a member of St. Andrew's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and the DeWitt Clinton Commandery, the Knights of Pythias, the Elks, the Grange, the Warwick Club and the Portsmouth Athletic Club, all of Portsmouth. In religion, he is a Methodist, a member of the Portsmouth Y. M. C. A., and a frequent contributor to charitable and religious causes.

BIRTHDAY VERSES

By Bela Chapin

This is a pleasant morn and fair,
  Clear is the sky and blue;
The fields are naked, bleak and bare,
  With little snow in view;
But soon again the lovely Spring
Will come to gladden everything.

My years are eighty-four to-day,
  And wife's years eighty-two;
We linger still upon our way
  With heavenly joys in view.
Our wedded years are fifty-five,
With true affection yet alive.

Though I am deaf and she is blind,
  We do not grieve or sigh;
In our Redeemer's love we find
  What earth cannot supply—
Abundant hope and lasting peace
Until this earthly life shall cease.

My father and my mother dear,
  How much to them I owe;
They led me on from year to year
  In ways I ought to go.
In deep recesses of my mind
Their precious memory lives enshrined.

My sister, she was good and kind,
  In piety sincere;
Her pleasant ways, her mode refined
  I hold in memory dear.
Through all her life, with steadfast heart,
She always acted well her part.

My brothers all are passed away
  And I am left behind,
A little longer here to stay—
  So Providence designed.
It is my heavenly Father's will
That I in age shall linger still.

Dear brothers four! They are at rest
  Upon the heavenly shore;
There they abide among the blest,
  To wander nevermore,
And in the smile of God secure
I trust their joys will aye endure.

My early home, a rural spot,
Where I began to be;
The grassy lawn, the garden plot,
The spreading quercus tree;
The verdant mead, the pasture pond,
The waterfall and grove beyond:

The cherry, pear and apple trees,
The apples hanging high;
The clover bloom that fed the bees,
The corn, the wheat, the rye,
All these and many objects more
In memory I hold in store.

How joyful was the time of Spring
When days were bright and fair;
When fields were green and everything
Was pleasant everywhere;
How welcome were the early flowers—
While songs of birds made glad the hours.

The Summer came with all her train,
With many things to charm;
And waving grass and foodful grain
Brought plenty to the farm—
A rich return for honest toil
To those who till the fertile soil.

And then the Autumn days came round
With haze and sultry sun,
When products of the humid ground
Made work for every one
From day to day, till evening's close
Brought quietude and calm repose.

Then Winter finished out the year,
And cold the winds would blow;
Sometimes the fields were brown and sere,
Or covered o'er with snow.
And wintry days passed by, no less
A time for health and happiness.

My home of birth I went to see,
To look around once more.
A stranger kindly greeted me
With welcome at the door.
The dear old home had suffered change—
That it was so, it is not strange.

There still the lovely lilacs bloom,
The brightest roses there,
And in their time a sweet perfume
Is thrown upon the air.
There still the leafy maples grow
Beside the roadway in a row.

To that dear place I said farewell
And went upon my way.
In it will other people dwell
And labor as they may.
While life endures no more 'twill be
A home, a dwelling-place for me.

The much loved scenes at Baptist Hill,
Those fields and groves and streams,
They throng my wakeful moments still—
I visit them in dreams.
Fresh in remembrance each appears,
Those objects known in early years.

There rest my kin beneath the sod—
Nought but their dust is there,—
They are at home secure with God
In heavenly mansions fair.
A narrow grave for each was made,
Where pines diffuse a sacred shade.

The years depart, the seasons glide,
Our lives soon pass away;
We float upon Time's rapid tide
And hasten to decay.
Such is the lot no one can miss—
All else is possible but this.

Away all gloomy thoughts, away!
Let joy each bosom fill,
For this is our glad natal day,
And we are thriving still,
And hope to live and long possess
Somewhat of health and happiness.

CLAREMONT, February 19, 1913.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

By Moses Gage Shirley

To the hills we turn for strength
Wherever our lot we're casting,
For we know they will abide,
For they are everlasting.



VIEW ACROSS CAMPUS, KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY

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KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY

The Part That a New Hampshire Academy is Playing in the Movement for Better Rural Conditions; a Pioneer Undertaking at the Opening of Its Second Century

By Harry B. Preston

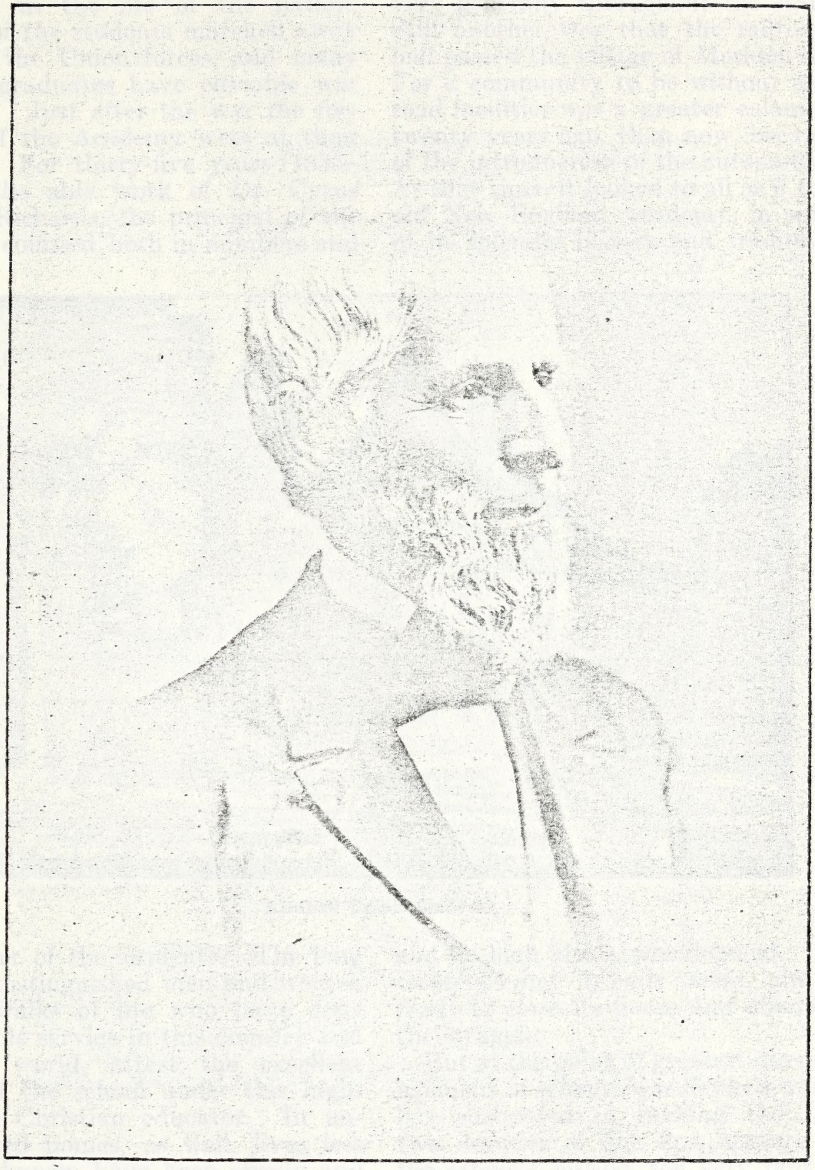
The history of the parish of Meriden, a village in the town of Plainfield, for the last one hundred years has been closely linked with the history of the Kimball Union Academy, within its limits. It is fitting, then, that the members of the community join with the Academy in the centennial of its founding, to be held in June of this year. Already preparations are under way for an elaborate celebration which will consist of formal exercises in connection with the annual commencement and on the afternoons of June twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, a community pageant. This pageant will seek to set forth the rich history of the school and community, its present work and life and its aspiration for the future. A central theme of the pageant will emphasize the part that education, and particularly this Academy, has played and is playing in the movement for better rural conditions in the communities which it seeks to serve.

Meriden was settled in 1769. Among the early pioneers who came to the new community were Benjamin Kimball and his son Daniel. The rough pioneer family relation which constituted the education of the time had these two redeeming features. The father gave to his son the best he himself had and gave it directly, at first hand. In the second place, such education had the advantage of fitting the man for his life work on a New Hampshire farm. Such was the education Daniel Kimball received from his father as he grew to manhood. That it was an efficient one is proven by the fact that he became a well-to-do farmer and accumulated a considerable fortune. Later in life, responding to the need for a higher form of education than he himself had, this fortune he gave as the nucleus of the principal fund of the Academy that bears his name.

It was but natural in a time of religious leadership like the early days of the nineteenth century that any movement for more advanced education should have its beginning with the clergy. At a conference of Congregational and Presbyterian ministers, held at Piermont, N. H., in June, 1913, the foundation of the present Kimball Union Academy was laid. Together with the representative clergymen at this meeting, were several professors from Yale and Dartmouth Colleges. Their object was to establish an institution to provide education for young men who aimed to enter the Christian ministry and incidentally other "poor and pious young men." The name given to the new school was the Union Academy, a name derived from the fact, that both the conferences of Vermont and New Hampshire were to have a part in its maintenance. This name has since been changed only by prefixing the name of the principal donor. The liberal gift of money from Hon. Daniel Kimball of Meriden determined both the location and the final name of the institution.

The first building for the school was dedicated in September 1815, and in the same month the first session was held. Twice the principal building of the school has been destroyed by fire. The present commodious, brick structure was erected in 1891, after its predecessor had been destroyed.

About 1840, through the efforts of Madame Kimball, widow of Daniel Kimball, a seminary for young women was founded and soon united with the

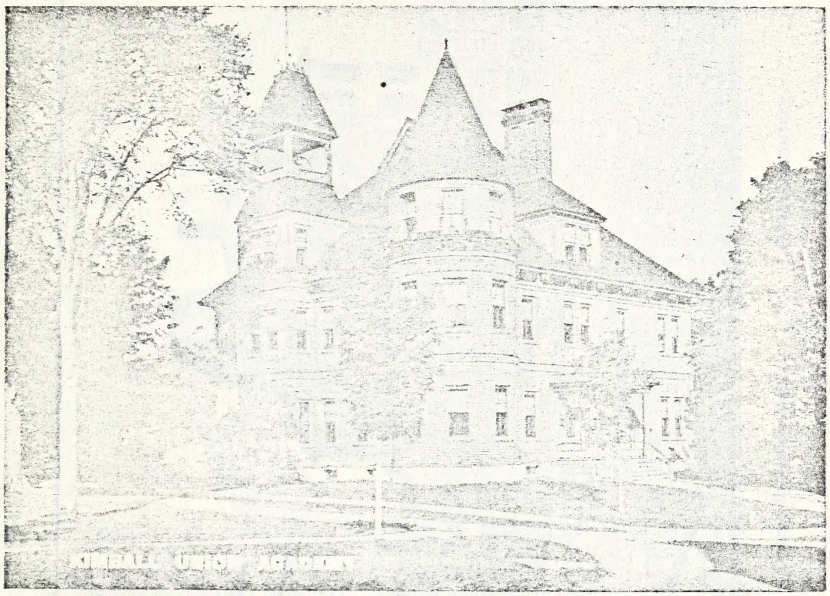


CYRUS SMITH RICHARDS, LL. D.
For Thirty-Five Years Principal of the Academy (1835–1870)



Academy, and since that time the institution has been fully co-educational.

The days of '61 to '65 were stirring days in the life of the old school as well as in the life of the nation. Many of the students marched away to join the Union forces, and many of the graduates have enviable war records. Just after the war the fortunes of the Academy were at their height. For thirty-five years (1835–1870) the able work of Dr. Cyrus Smith Richards, the principal of the school, counted both in numbers and toward the cities of a considerable number of the rural population was an important factor. Another evident cause was the growth of high schools, very generally throughout the state. Still another was that the railroads had passed the village of Meriden by. For a community to be without railroad facilities was a greater calamity twenty years ago, than now, because of the introduction of the automobile. At that time, it looked to all as if this old New England Academy, in spite of its splendid history and traditions

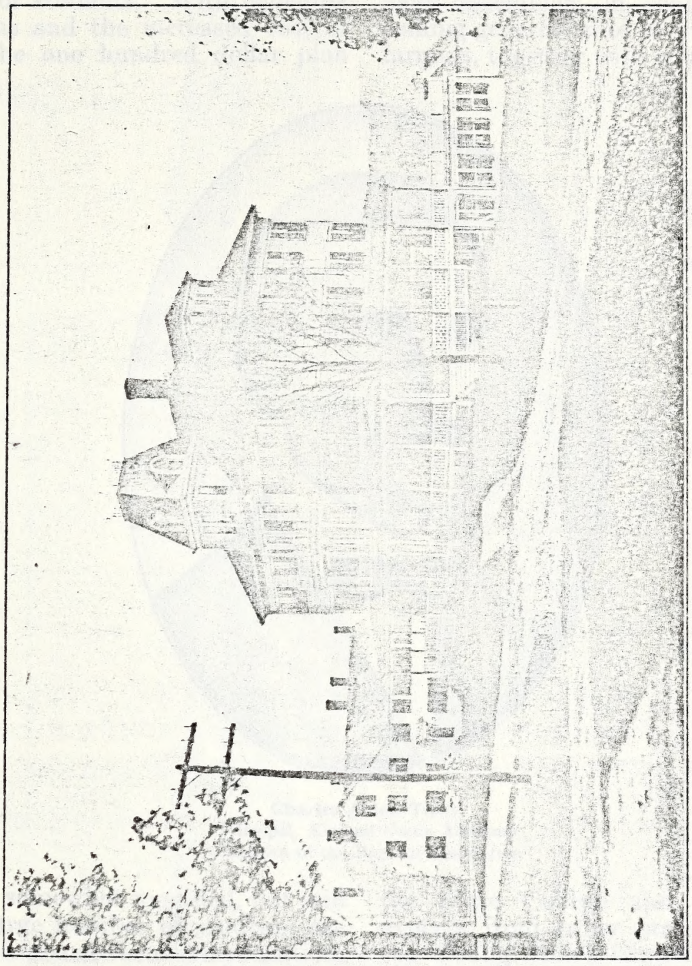


Kimball Union Academy

character of the students. The long roll of distinguished men and women in all walks of life who have done honorable service in this country and in the world, attest the excellent work of the school under this high-minded Christian educator. In unnumbered homes, as well, lives less widely known have been strong and fruitful because of the years spent on Meriden Hill.

About 1888, the Academy was at the lowest point in number of students in its history. Various causes contributed to this. The movement and its high ideals, was doomed. Its trustees and friends were almost ready to close its doors and abandon the struggle.

But at the point of greatest discouragement, a scheme was devised which has succeeded in making the last two decades of the first century of the school's history the very best in its history. This was the so-called One Hundred Dollar plan. By it, students of limited means, but of high character, were given an opportunity to obtain an education at the total expense of one hundred dollars

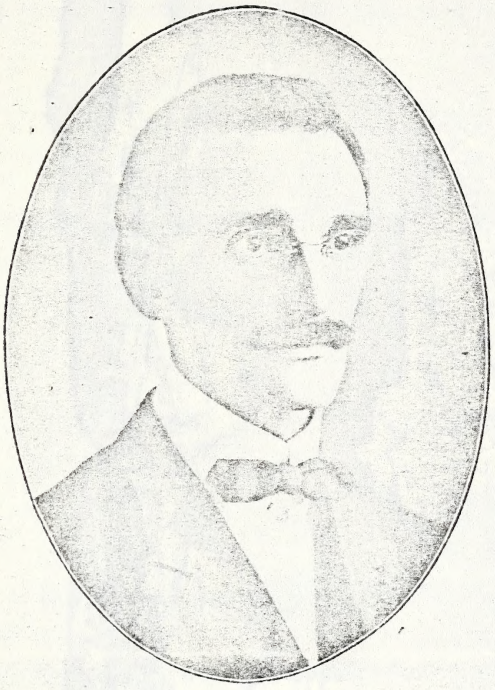


Dexter Richards Hall Girls' Dormitory

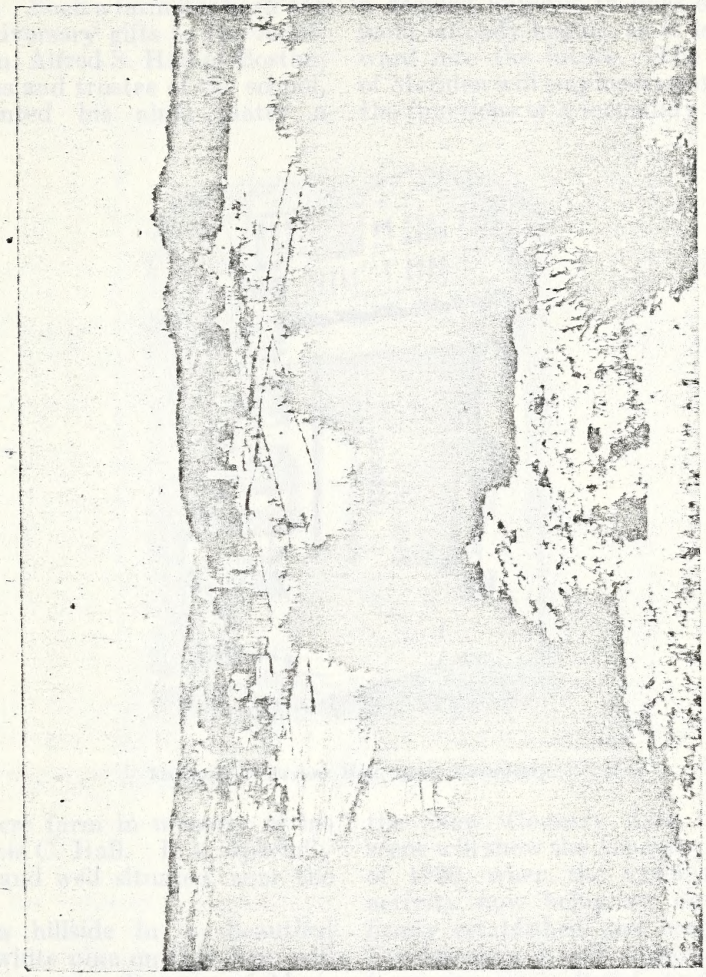


per year. The plan required from each student one hour of labor per day about the grounds and buildings. The outlook brightened immediately upon the adoption of this plan. The very boys and girls whom the founders had intended to serve began to come to the school in increasing numbers. And to the present this class are chiefly sought for students. With changing conditions and the increased cost of living, the one hundred dollar plan has been somewhat modified, but still a very large number of students are enabled to finance their own education.

The last advance in the life of the Academy has been its attempt to adjust its service to the needs of the communities, which lie around about it. Most of these villages are away from the railroad and their first knowledge of a movement for better rural conditions has come from the Academy. In this work, it has become a pioneer among the secondary schools of New England. Meriden is a center for civic and rural betterment. Several conferences of the boys from nearby towns have been held during vacation periods. They have been largely attended by the young men from that part of the state, and have proved sources of much profit. Here have assembled, in conference, the coming generation of New Hampshire farmers, together with educators from the State College and agricultural experts from other states. In this the Young Men's Christian Association has co-operated, so that these boys who work all the year on the farms have been given a week of real inspiration. From this period of inspiration the newer ideas and the better ones have been carried back to the parents. Thus, not alone to its students, but to the larger public in the vicinity has the Academy carried



Charles Alden Tracy
Principal, Kimball Union Academy
Chairman of the Pageant Committee

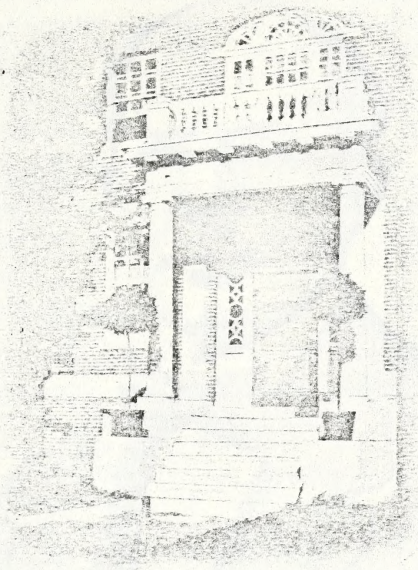


The Pageant Grounds—A Winter View



this message of a larger, better and finer civic life.

For a number of years the need of a farm for laboratory purposes in connection with courses in agriculture has been apparent to the trustees. Without it, the practical application of the principles of rural development, which the Academy is teaching, lost much of their force. Such a farm has been one of the anniversary gifts to the Academy. Hon. Alfred S. Hall of Boston, an alumnus and trustee of the school, has presented his alma mater a seventy acre farm in memory of his son, Francis C. Hall. It is especially desirable and well situated, near the school.

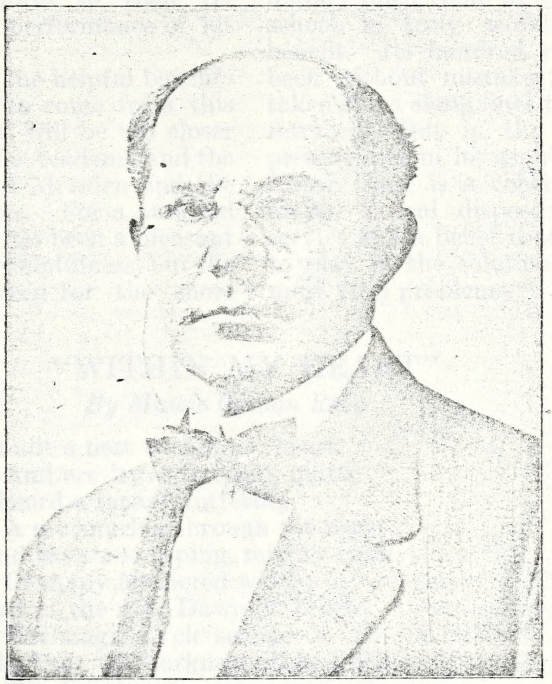


Entrance to Bryant Hall, Boys' Dormitory

Upon a hillside in a beautiful grove of white pine on this farm will be held the coming Pageant of Meriden. It is fitting that the first crop from the Academy's farm should be the joy, art, and inspiration of the pageant.

The modern pageant, as it has been developed in England and America, has aimed, not alone, at a mere pictorial representation of the past, though this has been one of its functions. The history of Meriden and of Kimball Union Academy, as herein outlined, will furnish a rich fund of such material. Neither does the pageant stop with the presentation of the present life and activity of a community, efficient as it may be. The pageant, at its best, seeks to give a decided impetus to lines of betterment already begun, as it looks forward into the future. The Pageant of Meriden will emphasize particularly the functions of a secondary school in the New Country Life. Its final scene will show the Academy and town of 1920, when the various lines of activity now being set on foot are firmly established and bearing fruit. For instance, it will suggest the boys from its agricultural and manual courses as successful farmers and artisans and its girls as efficient home makers. Both will appear possessed of a fine culture, not the culture of the classics only, but the culture of a vigorous outdoor life, which fits rather than unfits them for active leadership in rural affairs.

Mr. William Chauncey Langdon, president of the American Pageant Association, who has written the Pageant of Meriden and will direct it, is a most enthusiastic worker for better rural conditions. Two pageants directed by him have had as their basic theme this subject; the Pageant of Thetford (Vermont) of 1911, and the Pageant of St. Johnsbury of 1912. The former of these dealt with a typical farming community situated among the Vermont hills and with its problems, while the latter presented the history and aspirations of a rural industrial center. Both of these were artistically and practically successful and their effect has been felt for good in the respective communities. With these two the Pageant of Meriden will form the third in the Country Life Trilogy. Here education will be the new central idea.



William Chauncey Langdon
Director of "The Pageant of Meriden"

Preparations are going on actively under the direction of Charles Alden Tracy, Principal of the Academy, assisted by a large committee of townspeople and alumni. Besides the local workers, there is an advisory committee, the members of which have shown their sympathy with the Academy's work and ideals and especially with the pageant by accepting membership on this committee. Among the well-known members are the following: President Ernest Fox Nichols, Professors Homer Eaton Keyes, Herbert Darling Foster, and Walter Van Dyke Bingham of Dartmouth College; President E. P. Fairchild of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture; Hon. Henry C. Morrison, Superintendent of Public Instruction of New Hampshire; Percy Mackaye, Cambridge, Mass.; Winston Churchill and Robert Barrett of Cornish; Herbert E. Adams and Louis E. Shipman of Plainfield; Robert Treat

Paine and Mrs. George Rublee of New York.

The music for the pageant will be composed by Arthur Farwell, Supervisor of Municipal Music of New York City. In most cases, the music for such an occasion is compiled, collected and arranged from various sources, but it is Mr. Farwell's aim to make the music for the Pageant of Meriden entirely original, fitted to the scene and dialogue exactly like an opera. Mr. Farwell will direct a large orchestra and chorus in their rehearsals and final performance of his music.

Not the least of the helpful benefits that are expected to come from this community festival will be the closer relation between the Academy and the men and women of Meriden and the surrounding villages. For a hundred years this relation has been a pleasant one, full of mutual helpfulness, but the getting together even for the short time of the pageant, and the common interest in the portrayal of the best in the past, present and future of their common life should stimulate both school and community to renewed endeavor. The school must realize its responsibility. It must see that its work is for New Hampshire and for her people. Not the distant city, but the local farming communities that nestle all about Meriden are to be the hope of the nation's future. On the other hand the members of the community must come to realize that the school is truly working for their benefit. Its hundred years have not been without mistakes; it has often taken steps along lines that had to be retraced. But in the past, in the present and in its aspirations for the future there is a continuity of high ideals, a real disposition to be of service and a belief that it has a part to play in the solution of America's most vital problems.

"WITHIN MY HEART"

By Maude Gordon Roby

I built a nest within my heart,
And ere 'twas finished, quite,
I heard a far-off fluttering,
A murmuring through the night.
And then a sweeping, mighty roar
Of many feathered wings,
Just as the rosy Dawn of Truth
Her magic Cycle swings.
I looked; the darkness all had fled,
The Earth again was new,
And every daisy smiled at me
From out its bath of dew.
Then down the Pathway of the Sun
Four gorgeous birds came winging.
Sweet Love and Joy, Bright Faith and Hope
Straight to my heart were singing.
So that is why you hear this song,
And that is why I smile;
My birds are still within my nest,
A-singing all the while.

* * * * *

And if you too, would like some birds,
Just build a nest and wait.
I'm sure they'll sing within your heart,
When you unbar the gate.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD FIRST CHURCH IN TAMWORTH AND ITS EARLY MINISTERS

*By Charles H. Dow**

I suppose it is known to most of you that the old church sat upon the hill opposite the old burying-ground. It was a large, irregular, two story building with a gallery on three sides. The main entrance was on the south side, leading into an entry from which stairs ascended into the galleries. It also had a door on the east, and facing the burying-ground. From the south entrance was a broad aisle, running from the door to the pulpit. The pulpit was raised seven or eight feet, with stairs on both sides; over-head was a large sounding-board. The pews were square pens, with plain board seats on three sides, so that a part of the congregation sat with their backs towards the minister. The seats were hung on hinges and made to turn up, giving the occupants a chance to lean against the backs of the pews. This was rather necessary as Parson Hidden made very long prayers. The congregation always standing during prayer time got so tired that at the word Amen, the seats went down with such a rattle as made the old building tremble. The choir were stationed in the southeast of the gallery, accompanied with a bass-viol, and, on special occasions, a melodeon. The violin, then called the fiddle, and clarionet, were ignored, as they were supposed to belong to the Devil, and he was not in the habit of playing church music.

The choir did not sing with the softness and sweetness of the present singers, but they certainly made more noise.

The services at the old church were lengthy, beginning at 10.30 A. M. and lasting until about 3 P. M., with one hour's intermission. Most of the congregation remained, gathered in groups, discussing various topics. The sermons were at least one hour long each.

A ride of three or four miles home gave a healthy farmer an appetite for his pork and beans which he usually found smoking hot.

The spot where the old church stood was very bleak, and I have heard the old timbers rattle with the wind, as if the building was about to tumble on our heads. It was impossible to keep sheds standing for the horses.

The church had no contrivance for heating. The women used to carry tin foot stoves, and at intermission go to the minister's house and refill them with coals. It would seem as if nothing but the warm preaching and the fear of an unquenchable fire kept the congregation from freezing. After some years a chimney was built, and stove procured, very much against

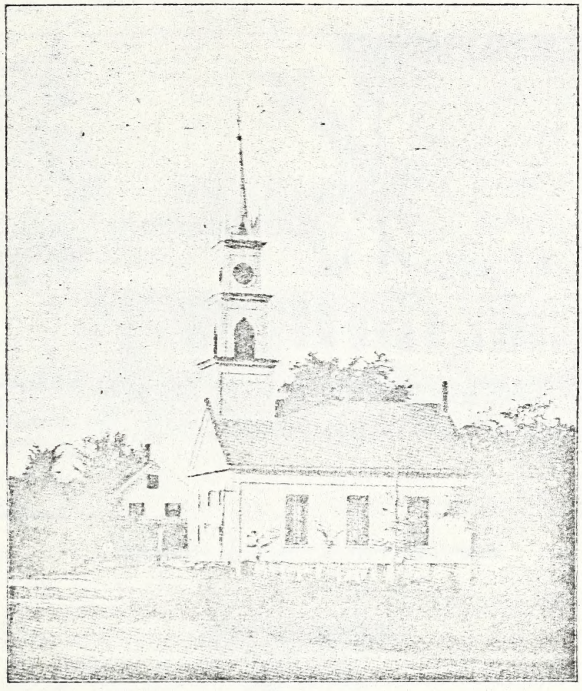
* This paper was given by Mr. Dow, at the rededication of the present church on the evening of March 30, 1913, after extensive repairs, including interior decoration, had been made. The present church is located in the center of Tamworth Village, which is 100 miles from Boston and 55 miles from Concord, and directly under the shadow of Chocorua Mountain. The Village is supplied with running water of the purest kind. The church and the streets are lighted with electricity, as many of the houses are. The town contains quite a number of very fine and costly residences. We think it one of the most healthy locations in the State, being completely surrounded by mountains. The church contains about 50 pews, and has a seating capacity of about 300. The walls are painted in panels and stenciled; the pews and pulpit are finished in black walnut. The choir occupy a raised space in the northwest corner. We have carpets on the aisles, and a very handsome carpet on the pulpit platform and the space in front which also covers in the singers platform. The church is heated by a 28 inch Smith & Anthony hot air furnace, and has outside, on the steeple, a Howard clock, which is a fine timekeeper.

the wishes of some members of the congregation. At one time a member left during the service, saying he could not stand the heat. It so happened there was no fire in the stove that day. His imagination so quickened his circulation as to cause faintness.

Parson Hidden, as I recollect him, was a man rather under medium height, a little inclined to portliness, with an oval face, which showed frankness and energy He was not a great preacher, but honest in his opinions, and a worker.

He did a great work here, and from almost nothing built up a strong and healthy church. I do not know what salary he had, but it must have been moderate. He was well educated and frequently tutored young men, but I imagine that did not add materially to his income. He owned a farm which was tilled by a son, who lived next door to him, only a few rods away. He was neat in appearance, always well dressed, usually wore a ruffled shirt, and might well have been taken for an English gentleman, or even for a Catholic Priest of the present day. He was succeeded by Elder Buffit, who was a man of indifferent ability, a stogy preacher, very eccentric and of uncertain memory. It was said when making a call he was liable to leave without his hat or coat.

I have heard my mother tell the story of an installation service held in the old church, for a young man who was to preach somewhere in this vicinity. He had come from College or the University, and knowing he was likely to meet a stylish audience in this church, he had procured a pair of cheap black gloves. The day was hot and sultry. The congregation in the pews were sweating, so were the ministers in the pulpit. The young minister was rather nervous over the part he was to act, and instead of using his bandana to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, used his hands encased in those black gloves,



Congregational Church, Tamworth



the result was his face became very nearly the color of the gloves, and the other ministers had to rub and scrub his face before he could appear.

The congregation in the old church was large, coming from all parts of the town, from West Ossipee to Sandwich Line. I know of only one person besides myself, who attended the old church, who is still living, and is a member of this church. Her pleasant and smiling face is seen in these pews every pleasant Sunday, and whenever a desirable event occurs calling for extra financial aid, her heart responds, and her hand reaches forth with ready aid. When she goes, Stevenson Hill will miss her, so shall we all. Could some of the people who attended the old church come back and walk through these lighted streets, and into this beautiful and brilliantly lighted church, they would readily imagine they were in Solomon's Temple, or in one of the celestial mansions spoken of in the New Testament.



Residence of Charles H. Dow, Tamworth

MEMORIES

By A. C.

To those whose steps have just begun
The path, that, dim before them lies,
All living is a glorious thing,
And every morn a glad surprise.
'Tis forward that with wondering gaze
They look into the future, fair,
And seek with eager questioning
The good that hope has written there.
But we, whose steps have passed beyond
The first of life's uneven lane,
Have joys that youth can never know,
And pleasures that are born of pain;
For we have learned, through grief and loss,
That happy memories of the past
Can bring our hearts a quiet peace
That never fades while life doth last.



REMINISCENCES OF OLD DURHAM

By George Wilson Jennings

This famous and historic old town at the head of tide water on the Oyster River, with an area of 14,970 acres, is without exception one of the most delightfully located towns in the Granite State, and, in the writer's opinion, in all New England; for portions of the surrounding country in that locality cannot be surpassed in Switzerland for rare beauty of scenery with the many fine drives, the rolling hills, the great forests of pine, hemlock, and spruce, with an occasional view of the Great Bay, and the river. One could hardly go astray when driving up the "Mill" road through Packer's Falls to Newmarket, thence down through "Lovers' Lane" and back by the Bay by the Durham Point road. The beauty of this trip would delight any person. Another splendid drive is through Lee and Madbury, to the road that leads to Dover. In fact, the entire township is full of everything to please the eye—a business rush but pleasure seekers are not after this branch,—and there is no reason why the old town of Durham should not become in the near future one of the finest to locate in for the summer, or in fact for an all-the-year-round home.

As Ralph D. Payne, the famous writer and author, has recently expressed it in his delightful way, in writing about the town of Durham, "Those who come from another part of the country are more apt to perceive the attractive features of a place than those who have lived in it all their lives; to me Durham is a very pleasant harbor in which to cast anchor. New Hampshire has no lovelier landscape to live with, a region of rolling green fields, and woodland suggesting English scenery, and a tidal river sweeping ten miles inland from the sea. I have tried climates in a good many corners of the world, but have found none to compare with these long, golden autumns, bracing winters, and bright summers, all too short too, in which excessive heat lingers but a few days." The writer is of the opinion that when the following lines were written they were intended to refer to Durham;

"When the trees are filled with crimson buds;
And the woods are filled with birds,
And the waters flow to music,
Like a tune with pleasant words."

Durham was named by Capt. John Smith in 1614, from the old English town bearing the same name. Being a descendant of one of the oldest settlers, Ebenezer Smith, the writer can recall some of the things that his maternal grandparent told him about this New England town in the early days. Some of the present generation would be interested to learn some facts about this quaint village in the days of more than one hundred years ago. The first "meeting" house was built in 1651 near Durham Point; a parsonage was built at the same time, the dimensions as stated in an old record as follows "thirty foett long, ten foett broad, twelve foett in the wall with two chemneys."

As settlements increased nearer the "Falls" another "meeting" house was erected in 1715 on a triangular piece of land near the bridge. The building became connected with the first overt act on land, of the Revolutionary War (the first Naval Act was at Machias, Maine). The incident referred to, in connection with the Durham "meeting" house, which was virtually an act of rebellion against King George, was made by a party from Durham. That party consisted of Michael Davis, John Spencer, John Demerit, Ebenezer Thompson, Isaac and Benjamin Small, Johnathan Chesley and Winborn Adams. Taking a gundalow belonging to Benjamin Mathews they went down the river. It was a bitter cold, moonlight night

and the water froze to their clothing. They landed in silence at the fort at Portsmouth, surprised the garrison, bound the captain, and, seizing the powder, took their prize back to Durham and concealed the same under the "meeting" house. The powder was afterwards taken in ox-teams to Boston, and used in the battle of Bunker Hill. On the site of the old "meeting" house stands a monument erected to the memory of Gen. John Sullivan by the State of New Hampshire. Around this monument are granite markers showing just where the church building stood.

This "meeting" house, mentioned above, was mostly of glass windows. The pulpit was reached by a long winding staircase and the "sounding" board was suspended over Parson Burt's head who stood there in royal dignity in his black silk gown, warning his hearers "to flee from the wrath to come." After him came Rev. Robert Page, who was succeeded by Rev. Alvin Toby. An amusing story was told in the long ago regarding Rev. Robert Page's pastorate in Durham. One of the townspeople was asked how he liked Mr. Page as a preacher, and he replied that he had "slept under his preaching many years."

Early in 1800 the post office was kept by George Frost; afterwards by George and William (as these brothers were familiarly called). They retained the postmastership many years later in their store, where a large business was transacted. In those days mails went by stage; transportation was by packet and gondola from Durham. A large business was done with Portsmouth in timber, wood and hay. George Frost ran one packet and Capt. John Yeaton ran another. These, with the Boston and Concord stages, and the many teams from the north, made business very lively at the Durham Hotel kept in those days by Benjamin Kelly.



A Street Scene in Durham

For many years Joseph and John Coe carried on a large business at the "brick store" and did a thriving trade in ship building at the landing.

The poet at that time was "Clem" Davis who was always called to a launching of a ship to read one of his poems that was especially prepared for each occasion.

The other merchants in those days were Abraham Perkins & Son, Mr.



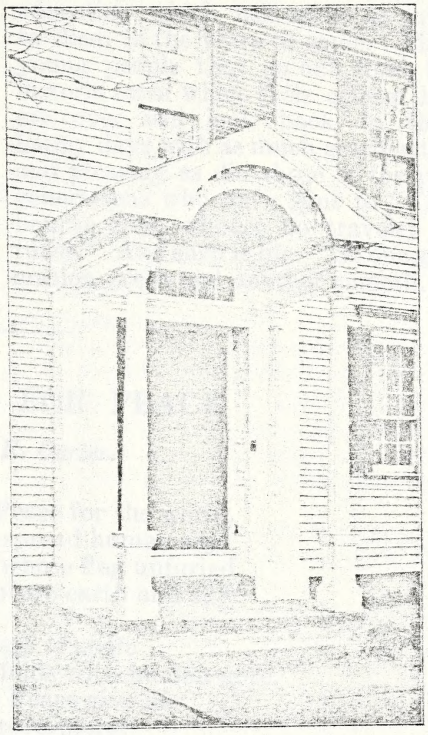
George Pendexter, Mr. Odell, Eben and Alfred Smith, Benjamin Mathews, Jr., and B. Thompson. The lawyers were John A. Richardson, Stephen Mitchell, Hon. Ebenezer Smith, and Mr. Valentine Smith, the last known as "Judge," who was a man of great sterling worth, and who at all times had the welfare of the people and country at heart.

The physicians were Dr. Cushing, Dr. Ingalls and Dr. Richard Steele, the latter of whom was considered one of the most skilled surgeons. Dr. Steele formerly lived in the home now occupied by the Coe family, which is one of the handsome residences of Durham.

The best known house builders and cabinet makers, at that time were Paul & Sons. They built many of the houses which are the finest examples of the eighteenth century architecture. Many of these homes are still standing in a perfect state of preservation. Paul's specialty were the doorways that have been considered the finest of the Colonial period; every detail was carried out and many of these beautiful entrances to the homes were most severe in design, and have been reproduced by prominent architects.

Major Seth Walker lived across from the old "meeting" house, and was generally known as the "surveyor," although Major Winthrop Smith took a hand in it as well as Judge Valentine Smith. The miller of the town was Zachariah Bunker, who lost his leg in the war of 1812, and died at the age of one hundred and two.

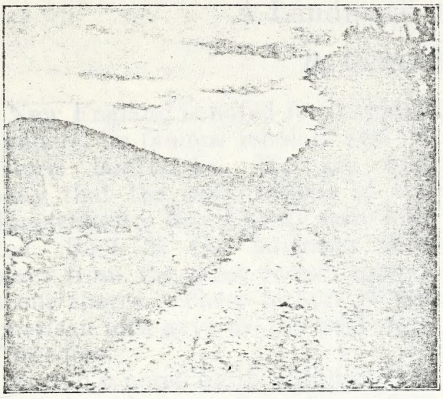
One of the places in Durham which has been for years a special point of interest is what is known as the "Woodman Burying Ground" which is situated on one of the most sightly points of that section and commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Here were buried seven generations of the Woodman family. After the last of that family passed away the old homestead, known as the "Woodman Garrison," was burned. This house contained the marks of arrow heads, and many bullets were found embedded in the wood of the house. Near this location you will see mounds with large pasture stones. This was known as the "Indian Burying Ground." These are supposed to be the graves of a tribe of Indians that inhabited that section of the country. In 1834 one of the townspeople opened one of these mounds and there found a grave



An Eighteenth Century Doorway

which was supposed to contain the body of an Indian chief, which was wrapped in a moose skin; outside of this was a copper breast plate, upon this rested a knife sixteen inches long, a copper band encircled the head; the remains were dried and in a perfect state of preservation. In the left ear was an earring two and one-half inches long. In this grave was found a triangular hatchet like those mentioned by Capt. John Smith as

having been used by the savages with whom he dealt In these graves are the remains of Indians who once



The Road to Lover's Lane

made those peaceful vales and woodland ring with dire alarm.

Since the New Hampshire State Agricultural College was located in 1893, the entire conditions of that locality have changed. There are the many handsome college buildings, modern houses and new streets laid out where were once fertile, well-kept farms. Now the town during the college term bustles with life. One meets at this time many students, all of whom are anxious and eager to lay that cornerstone in their lives—an education which will mean so much to them in the years to come. These young people that go out from this historic town when their college days are over will look back to these happy days with as much gratification and pleasure as did those of the past generations who have gone to "That bourne from whence no traveler returns." And such is life. "So one generation goeth and another cometh."

THE CALL FOR PEACE

By N. F. Carter

Peace for the world, Peace for the world,
The loud and wide-spread human cry!
Lord, send thy peace whose flag unfurled
Shall thrill with rapture earth and sky!

Too long the battle flags of strife
Have stained their folds with human gore.
Now may the dove of Peace give life
Its rightful boon forevermore!

Too long have homes been filled with pain,
As loved ones fell in sacrifice,
And small, too small, the seeming gain
Purchased at such a woeful price!

Chiefs of the nations, rise and form
A brotherhood, alert and strong,
With hearts still beating true and warm
Till Peace begins her endless song!

Bells of the nations, ring—ring in
The morn of universal peace,
When War, with hellish front and din
And trail of waste and woe, shall cease!

THE REAL OLD NORTH CHURCH

A Landmark of the Republic

By Gilbert Patten Brown

New England is noted for its pious founders, its famous scholars and its historic landmarks. We are told today that the early fathers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony were bigoted. Such is the language that comes from the most recent comers to our shores. These fathers of the American idea gave us the nest eggs of freedom.

Boston is noted for its old churches. Of all the old places of worship within this ancient and cultivated city none is so world renowned as Christ Church (known in history as the "old North Church"). The visitor is met during the hours of worship by the sexton who welcomes the stranger within its ancient and time-worn walls.

The form of worship is that of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The curious tourist forgets creed while within the sacred pews whose seats are made holy from the fact that once worshiped there such men—gods of the American Revolution—as Warren, Hancock, Adams, Knox, Revere, Otis, Faneuil, Tucker, Stark, Gridley and Putnam.

The "North End" of today in old Boston is not the "North End" of a century ago. The Puritans of England and the Huguenots of France were its inhabitants of those days, while today the Jews and the Italians are the chief residents of this part of the Athens of the New World. One hears but little English spoken on the streets of this the oldest part of Boston.

Narrow are the old streets of Boston, especially Salem Street. Secondhand clothing stores are innumerable here. The brick pavement is not relaid very often on historic Salem Street, and it was hard, sometimes, for the Wayfarer to keep a footing in picking a way along the narrow sidewalk. The street is even narrower in proportion and when a horse and wagon turned, the horse was obliged to put his forefeet on the sidewalk.

The Wayfarer was on his way to the "old North Church"—Paul Revere's church; but it scarcely seemed possible that such a piece of Colonial America could be found today. Hardly a word of English was heard. "Buon giorno, come sta?" said the women in shawls and bandannas to each other, as they bargained with the fruiterers or dragged their tiny children along by the arm.

Many of these open-hearted residents of old Salem Street are not of the same creed as is the old North Church, but they love its historic significance just the same. In their case above all others creed does not enter in.

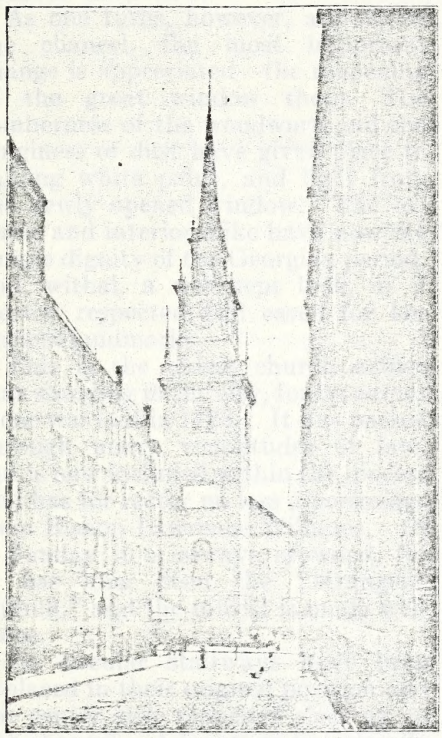
As for the signs over the shops, there were many of them quite unintelligible to the Wayfarer. The tots in orange colored coats and purple stockings, against brilliant backgrounds of oranges, apples, red-peppers and grapefruit, made pictures which suggested the riot of color on Neapolitan streets, doubtless the former homes of the fruit-dealers.

The "ole clos' " shops produced the inevitable groups of Jews talking in Yiddish, probably, but even more effectively in pantomime and gesture. A particularly active group near the entrance to the synagogue reminded the Wayfarer of the latest story about these clever countrymen. Two young Jews were walking together one wintry day with hands in their pockets because of the biting cold. They walked in silence for some time, then Ike asked: "Benjamin, why don't you

say something?" "Oh," replied Benjamin, shrugging his shoulders, "freeze your own hands!"

"Sam," said another Hebrew merchant, "how's trade?" "Nothing sold today," was the reply "and no coal in the cellar for Rachel," he continued. The day was cold but the wheels of commerce were turning very fast in old Boston.

So, picking a way between fruit stalls and big-eyed babies among Jewish men and Italian women, the pilgrim kept on toward Paul Revere's Church. Only an occasional street sign, "Stillman St.," "Cooper St.," suggested America or Boston. Presently, however, as a jog in the street was passed, the spire of Christ Church came into view. The curious traveler stopped a moment at Sheafe Street, to glance at the birthplace of Dr. S. F. Smith and at the corner house where lived Robert Newman, the sexton of Christ Church in 1775, who, according to tradition, hung out the lanterns. In a moment more the church was reached, its square brick tower rising high above the tops of the near-by houses.



Christ Church, Boston
The Real "Old North Church"

The proper companion on such an expedition is a small boy from "Class 1 in American History." His eyes fairly bulge as he reads the familiar tablet on the front of the tower. "The signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed in the steeple of this church, April 18, 1775, warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord."

He repeats:

"One if by land and two if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and arm."

He lives over again every moment of that exciting episode; he sees Newman escape through the window, now blocked up, and he follows Revere on his wild ride. With ill-concealed repugnance he looks upon the house near by tableted as "British headquarters," and he is speechless with wonder at the thought of General Gage witnessing the Battle of Bunker Hill from this very church tower.

Truly, Paul Revere's church belongs not to Boston but to the whole country and in a very special manner to the boys of the "history class" all over the land.

The hero of the famous ride for liberty seemed to be uppermost in the traveler's mind. He seemed to see the old book of births of Paul Revere's own church where he reads, "Paul Revere born Jan. 1, 1735."

He next seemed to see him as a goldsmith working with his Christian father, and lastly, before his view was dimmed, the time-worn records of the Lodge of Saint Andrew of the Masonic Institution, reading—"Paul Revere, Merchant and Goldsmith, passed to the degree of Fellow Craft." But here the cold and weary

traveler stood upon the very spot where these two patriots, Christians and Freemasons—Revere and Newman—had stood one hundred and thirty-eight years before.

Of recent months the church has been restored to its original guise, as nearly as can be inferred, and this was the reason for the writer's visit. The first change noticed on seeing the interior is the restoration of the old box pews with their little doors, each with its brass plate bearing the name of the owner.

As one turns, however, and views the chancel, the most important change is appreciated—the reopening of the great window there. The somberness of the woodwork and the dinginess of dust have given place to shining white paint, and light from the newly opened window. The exterior and interior alike have now the simple dignity of the Georgian period, and, withal, a well-kept look, as if Boston respected and cared for her ancient landmarks.

This is the oldest church edifice now standing in the city, for its corner stone was laid in 1723. It has passed through many vicissitudes of late, but is now included within the diocese and has for rector no less a personage than Bishop Lawrence Williams. Of a Sunday it is always crowded, for it has long been the "strangers' church," and the tourist is made welcome.

Its circular stairways have been replaced in their original position and the center aisle reopened clear up to the chancel. Advantage has already been taken of this change, for a few weeks ago, there was a wedding in the church. The organ was used and it is still a fine instrument, although placed in the church in 1759. The ancient clock, ten years older, still ticks the moments of these modern years and keeps excellent time. There are four cheerful angels trumpeting in front of the organ, and they too show no signs of age. They were captured, with the brass chandeliers, from a French ship during the French and Indian War, and presented to the church in 1758. Another gift of which the old North Church is proud is its communion service, several pieces of which were presented by George II.

In the vestry is shown the so-called "Vinegar Bible," and beside it lies the ancient prayerbook, in which the prayer for "His Majesty the King of England" is scratched out and the words "the President of the United States" written in. The small boy is sure to be impressed. "It meant a good deal, didn't it?" he ventures. "Yes, it meant a good deal to us," replies the sexton proudly, in a strong brogue. "Are you an American?" asked the courteous sexton. "Yes," was the reply, "New England to the backbone." The narrator informs the sexton that on November 22, 1802, a couple very dear to him were married within those sacred walls and that they were none other than his paternal great-grandfather and great-grandmother. Capt. Joseph Brown and Miss Mary Winslow, and that the officiating clergyman was a man of no less dignity than the once popular pastor of Christ Church, Rev. Samuel Haskell, D. D.

This bit of history seemed to bring the sexton into a closer friendship with the writer and all went well during the remainder of this pleasant visit in midwinter at a shrine of the Republic.

The moment of all moments for the small boy arrives when the sexton leads the way to the tower, and like the immortal Newman, he climbs,

> "By the wooden stair, with stealthy tread,
> To the belfry chamber overhead."

The visitor used to risk life and limb in scrambling up the dark, rickety steps, but electricity now makes easy the way of the patriot. It is worth the effort in order to see the old bells, still the most melodious of any in the city. They were cast by a firm in Whitechapel, London, and first hung in 1774. At present there is a representative of the same firm in Boston, who came over to readjust

the peal and see that it was in the best possible condition. The chimes are still rung by the means of ropes and a bell ringer in the old-fashioned way. The sexton tells many interesting bits of history connected with the church and elicits a smile of genuine satisfaction from the small boy when he says that for a time the body of Maj. John Pitcairn, of hot punch memory, lay in one of the tombs beneath the tower.

For the most part, however, the small boy's thoughts are with the daring Paul Revere. As the church door closes behind us he is quiet for he is listening still to "that cry of alarm."

"A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for ever more!
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

The Paul Revere of the "Boston Tea Party" of December 16, 1773, of the famous ride of April 18, 1775, the lieutenant-colonel of artillery at the siege of "Majorbagaduce" (now Castine, Me.), and the grand master of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Freemasons of Massachusetts, died in Boston May 10, 1818, and sleeps in the Granary Burial Ground, but a short distance from the spot of his birth, but the "old North Church" stands and will serve to keep green his memory in the minds of generations yet unborn.

THE VILLAGE ROAD

By Frank Monroe Beverly

I love to tread the village road,
Through lane, by wayside heath,
And feel the touch of yielding earth
My eager feet beneath.

The purling brook makes music when
Along the way I pass;
There Spring has hung the dogwood bloom
And spread the nooks with grass.

The robins' voice from many a spray
Lends music to the air;
And ever 'long the village road
I'm free from worry, care.

The graceful oaks extend their boughs,
Across the road entwine,
And bower-like, a snug retreat
Would make the Tuneful Nine.

The wayside pastures grace the land,
And many bells has June;
She jangles them both far and near,
Hilarious, out of tune.

And when I look at early morn
The sunbeams slanting toward,
Point me the way to village fair,
Like finger on the board.*

So, oft I tread the village road;
The lure resistless seems,
And deeper inspiration comes
When the village church spire gleams.

*This refers to the finger on the guide-post, now seldom seen.

ROBERT L. SMILEY

A Tribute of a Friend*

"How happy is he, born or taught,
Who knoweth not another's will.
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his highest skill."

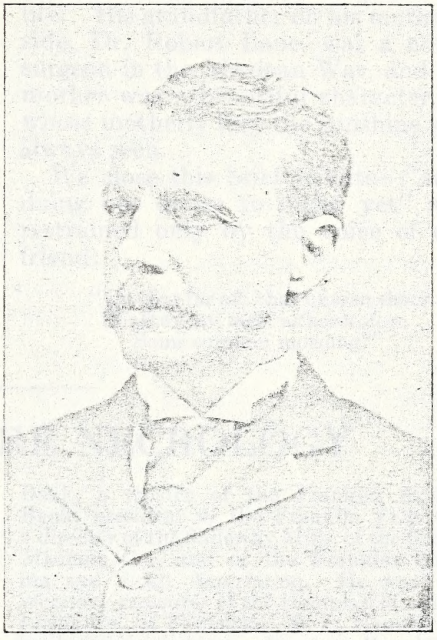
In the village churchyard Robert Smiley sleeps. On the twenty-fourth day of February last the face that was disturbed with pain became calm and peaceful. In the gloom of winter we laid him away, but hope lighted up a pathway to the skies which his spirit had taken.

The lines of the poet set forth the mainsprings of a life which was dear to his friends—to those who thoroughly knew him—and to a beautiful family of wife, children and sisters it was more than we have the power to express. We hesitate to mar the picture thus faithfully presented.

A companion and friend of many years has gone and the shadows are heavy.

Robert Smiley was a man, with the finest sense of honor; the highest conceptions of duty; loyal to the truth and brave in maintaining what he believed to be right. Strong intellectually, his ideas and opinions were formed only after much study and reflection and always expressed with great moderation. There was no noisy attempt on his part to reveal his ability to the world and, strange as it may seem, on this matter he appeared to be indifferent. There was neither sounding brass nor tinkling cymbal in his make up. There was something about him that immediately "put one on his good behavior," and in conversation or in argument you were impelled to acquit yourself in such a manner as to preserve his good opinion. He indulged in no thoughtless words himself and could not tolerate them in others. Independent but with great anxiety to be right, criticisms which he might incur, although unpleasant, were not of serious consequence to him if he had the approval of his conscience. He was a thoughtful and deliberate conversationalist, with the rare faculty of being a good listener. He wielded a graceful pen and was a strong editorial writer.

Fame and fortune were comparatively nothing to him. He did not



Robert L. Smiley

like politics and never sought office. To be placed in a position where he might be expected to represent the wishes of his constituents rather than to be governed by his own views and judgment was not to his liking. We believe that he adhered to the original theory of the government as exemplified by the eminent statesman when he declared in the United States Senate that he did not know or care

*Walter C. Harriman.

what his state wanted; that he was in the senate to be governed by his judgment and his conscience, and if his state approved, well and good, if not let her make it known and he would resign.

Mr. Smiley was induced to run as a candidate for the Legislature, to which he was elected. Prominent men of his town, though of the opposite political party, declared for him. One in particular, who has now gone to his reward, said: "Smiley, I am a Republican and you a Democrat, but I know that I can trust you and that you will do what is right." These words were not taken lightly by Robert Smiley, but through the long struggle they imposed a solemn responsibility upon him. Such declarations of confidence and respect by his fellow-townsmen reflected great honor on him—"a greater honor than this no man hath."

His few weeks in the Legislature were wearing on him and his delicate health threatened constantly to break.

The long contest for the senatorship droned on. The desire to hold office over-rides all other considerations. After discharging whatever obligations he might be under to support his party nominee, although he did not attend the caucus, Mr. Smiley voted for the man whom he believed to be best qualified for the position, and who was his friend. Only a few stood with him but he commanded the respect of all.

Mr. Smiley was born April 10, 1849, of good old New England stock. His father, Dr. James R. Smiley, was skilful in his profession, careful and conscientious, and one in whose hands no one would hesitate to place his life. His grandfather on his mother's side, Dr. Robert Lane, was a noted surgeon in the Mexican War, and his mother was a beautiful character, in whose motherly face the sunshine was always seen.

We close this brief tribute—"subduing our desire to linger yet" and restrained only by the voice of our friend:

> "On that far off, that unseen shore
> Shall we not meet as heretofore
> Some summer morning?"

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. EDWARD H. STURTEVANT.

Edward H. Sturtevant, a prominent citizen and former mayor of Franklin, died in that city March 6, 1913.

He was a native of Craftsbury, Vt., born April 27, 1845. He graduated from Barton, Vt., Academy when sixteen years of age, taught school the next winter, and entered a drug store the following spring, to learn the business. Two years later he went to Wellington, Ohio, where he had charge of a drug store till 1866, when he returned east and established himself in business at Lebanon, but sold out soon after, and was engaged in the trade in different places till 1874, when he located in Franklin, where he remained through life. He disposed of his drug business many years ago, and purchased an interest in the Franklin Needle Co., of which he became treasurer and manager. He greatly increased and developed the business of the company, which now employs 200 men, its product being sold all over the world.

He was a director of the Franklin National Bank, a trustee of the Franklin Savings Bank, president of the Franklin Falls Co., a director of the Sulloway Mills, of the Kidder Machine Co., and of the Franklin Building and Loan Association. He was also secretary-treasurer of the Hemphill Manufacturing Co., of Pawtucket, R. I., manufacturing knitting machines. He was a Republican in politics, a Unitarian in religion and prominent in the Masonic and Odd Fellows organizations. He served in the legislature in 1893–4 and was the second Mayor of Franklin, following Chief Justice Parsons.

He was married, May 12, 1869, to Ada E. Martin, who survives, with two daughters—Eva, wife of George L. Hancock and Ruth wife of Arthur M. Hancock of Franklin.

REV. JOSIAH H. HOOPER.

Rev. Josiah H. Hooper, the oldest member of the N. H. Methodist Conference, died at his home in Mill Village, March 2. He was born in East Limington, Me., March 16, 1819, was educated at Parsonsfield Academy, worked for a time as a blacksmith and

then took up the ministry, preaching several years in Maine, and joining the N. H. Conference, with which he has since been connected, in 1854. He had preached in Lancaster, Lisbon, Bristol, Kingston, Henniker, Warren, Rumney, East Haverhill, Haverhill, Piermont, East Lempster, Cornish, South Acworth and Goshen, residing in the latter place since 1883. For the last 23 years of his life he was blind, but continued to preach, wherever called, and to perform other ministerial duties up to a few weeks before his death. He had been three times married, his last wife dying four years ago.

RODNEY M. STIMSON

Rodney Metcalf Stimson, a native of Milford, born October 26, 1822, son of Phineas and Rhoda (Metcalf) Stimson, died early in February of the present year, at Marietta, Ohio.

He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and Marietta College, graduating from the latter in 1847. He engaged for a time in teaching, but studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1849, commencing practice at Marietta, but soon removing to Ironton, in the same state, where he started the *Ironton Register*, a weekly paper, which he conducted for twelve years. He then returned to Marietta, where he published the *Marietta Register* for ten years.

He was strongly interested in politics as a Republican, was often a delegate to the Republican State Convention, and was a delegate in the National Conventions that nominated John C. Fremont and James A. Garfield for president. He was twice elected to the Ohio State Senate. He had a strong taste for books, was Librarian of the Ohio State Library from 1877 to 1879, and was tendered the position of assistant librarian in the Congressional Library at Washington in 1881, but declined. He had a very valuable private library of over 19,000 volumes, which he presented in 1900 to Marietta College, of which he had long been a trustee.

Mr. Stinson had been twice married, first to Juliette B. Hurd of Ironton, July 23, 1851, who died ten years later; and second, October 28, 1862, to Julia I. Sheppard, also deceased, leaving one daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Gillet Corwin.

CHRISTOPHER C. SHAW

Christopher C. Shaw, born in Milford, March 20, 1824, died in that town, March 20, 1913.

Mr. Shaw was the son of William and Betsey Shaw. He received a common school education, and, at the age of seventeen, being physically unable to bear the strain of farm life, engaged in the occupation of a traveling salesman, which he followed through the greater portion of his life, though at times engaged in local trade in Milford, Lawrence and Boston. For some years previous to his death he had been known as the oldest traveling salesman in New England, as well as one of the most popular.

He was one of the first men in New Hampshire to become interested in the Grange movement, and himself organized many of the early Granges in the state. He was the first general deputy, and first secretary of the State Grange and the first Master of Granite Grange, No. 8, of Milford. He was the first president of the Grange Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and had been secretary and president of the Grange Mutual Relief Association. He was particularly interested in Horticulture and was for many years president of the New Hampshire Horticultural Society, as well as a member of the Massachusetts Horticultural and the American Pomological societies.

Mr. Shaw was deeply interested in historical matters and was the founder and first president of the Milford Historical and Genealogical societies. Politically he was a liberal Republican, and equally liberal in his religious views. He married August 27, 1846, Miss Rebecca P. Hutchinson of Milford, with whom he lived over sixty years, till his death a few years since. Three children had also preceded him "across the river," the last survivor, Horatio C., dying in September last.

Mr. Shaw was universally esteemed for his kindly spirit, sterling integrity, and unyielding devotion to the truth as he saw it.

LEONARD C. BRICKETT

Leonard C. Brickett, who enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest school-master in Massachusetts, died at his home in Lynn, March 19, 1913.

He was a native of the town of Derry, born August 5, 1832. He was educated in the public schools and Pinkerton Academy, and commenced teaching in the latter institution where he remained two years, afterwards teaching in Peabody and Danvers, Mass. In 1860 he became principal of the English High School in Lynn. Later he was transferred to the Shepard School in the same city, continuing till his retirement in 1892. The fine new school building in Lynn, on Lewis Street, erected last year was named in his honor.

FRANKLIN PIERCE

Franklin Pierce, born in Manchester, August 3, 1849, died at Lenoxville, P. Q., March 18, 1913.

He was a son of Col. Thomas Pierce, a soldier of the Mexican war, serving with Gen. Franklin Pierce, and later prominent in public and business life in Nashua, where he had removed. He was educated in the Manchester schools and at Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, and engaged in the service of

the Nashua Card and Paper Company, of which his father was president. His connection with this company continued till 1887, when he became apart owner in the Holyoke Card and Paper Company, of which he, later, became president, taking up his residence in Springfield, Mass., where he also became a director in the Springfield National Bank, and was for a time pesident of the Springfield Brewery Company.

He married, in 1875, Mary H. Mason of Fall River, who survives him. He was a member of St. Paul's Universalist Church, and the Nayasset Club of Springfield.

HON. FRANK O. BRIGGS

Hon. Frank Obadiah Briggs, late United States Senator from New Jersey, died at his home in Trenton, N. J., May 8, 1913.

Mr. Briggs was born in Concord, N. H., August 12, 1851, the son of Hon. James F. and Roseanna (Smith) Briggs, his father having been a prominent New Hampshire lawyer and politician, who served as a representative from the second New Hampshire District in Congress, and resided for many years in Manchester. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy, and West Point Military Academy, graduating from the latter in 1872. He served as second lieutenant in the second United States Infantry till 1877, when he resigned and located in Trenton, N. J., where he became assistant treasurer of the John A. Roebling's Son's Company, and, later, first vice-president of the Norfolk and Portsmouth Traction Company.

He was active and prominent in Republican politics, in New Jersey; was mayor of Trenton from 1899 to 1902; member of the State Board of Education in 1901 and 1902, and state treasurer from 1902 till his election to the United States Senate in 1907, his term expiring on the 4th of March, last. He was also chairman of the Republican State Committee from 1904 till the time of his death.

He was a member of the Union League, Lawyers Club and various other organizations of New York and New Jersey. September 23, 1871, he married Emily A. Allison of Trenton.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

As the GRANITE MONTHLY goes to press, May 21, it seems practically certain that the Legislative session of 1913 will come to an end with the close of today's session, though the same may be carried over into the morning hours. It has been the longest session in the history of the state, and in some respects the most unsatisfactory, since the amount of beneficial legislation has not been commensurate with the time occupied. The undue length of the session is attributable to the protracted contest over the United States senatorship and the introduction at a late day of partisan measures that should have come in earlier, if at all. Among measures of most importance, enacted, are those abolishing all boards of trustees of state institutions, establishing a board of control and providing for a purchasing agent by whom all supplies for the various institutions shall be purchased; appropriating $300,000 for state highways of which $200,000 goes toward the completion of the north and south trunk lines already under way, and $100,000 toward a southern cross-state line, from Walpole to Portsmouth; reorganizing the bank and fish and game commissions, so that each shall include only one commissioner; abolishing the board of agriculture and providing for a commissioner of agriculture, at a salary of $3,500 per year in place of the present secretary of the board at $1,500; increasing the salaries of the justices of the Supreme and Superior courts to $4,500 each; abolishing all the present police courts and establishing fifty-four district courts to cover the entire state; redistricting the state for the election of both councilors and senators, and providing for the election of delegates to national political conventions by direct vote of the people.

The governor and council have filled the vacancy on the bench of the Superior Court by the appointment of Hon. John Kivel of Dover, who has been a member of the State Board of License Commissioners since the establishment of that body six years ago. Mr. Kivel is a native of Dover, born April 29, 1855. He graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1876, studied law with the late Frank Hobbs of Dover, was admitted to the bar in 1879, and has since been engaged in practice in that city, with great success. He is recognized as among the ablest lawyers in the state, and has three times been elected solicitor of Strafford County, Democrat though he is, and the county strongly Republican. On grounds of personal and professional fitness the appointment is certainly a most creditable one.

In the compilation of the legislative sketches in the last issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY, the committee assignments of Mr. Hobbs of Wolfeboro were confounded with those of Hobbs of Ossipee. The former holds membership on the Judiciary and National Affairs Committees.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

IRREG. PAGINATION

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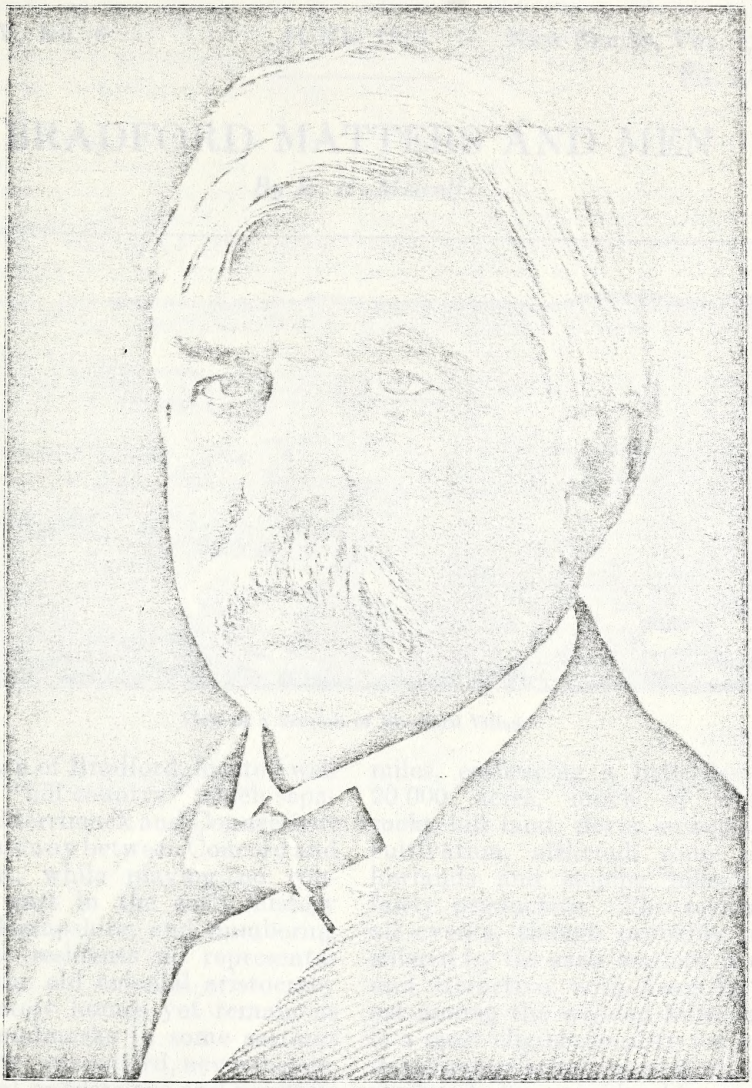
HENRY H. METC[illegible] Manager

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O.K.



HON. JOHN Q. A. BRACKETT

Ex-Governor of Massachusetts



RICE G. PAGINATION

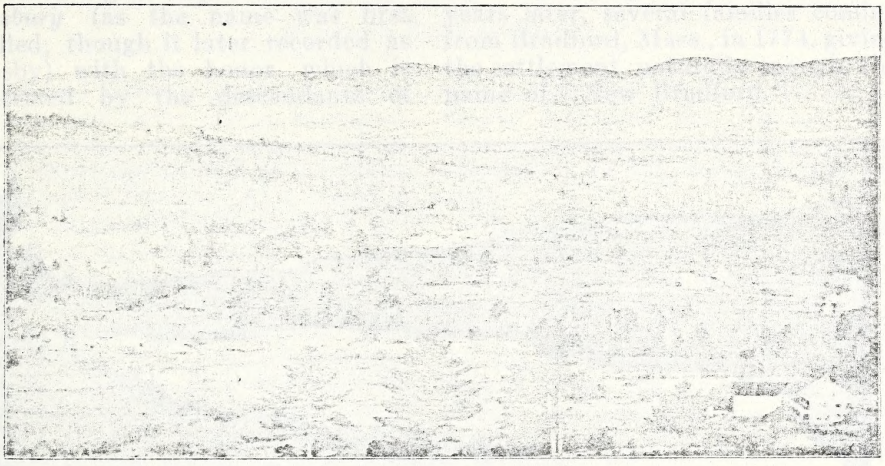
THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLV, No. 6 JUNE, 1913 NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, No. 6

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BRADFORD MATTERS AND MEN

By H. H. Metcalf



View of a Section of Bradford Village

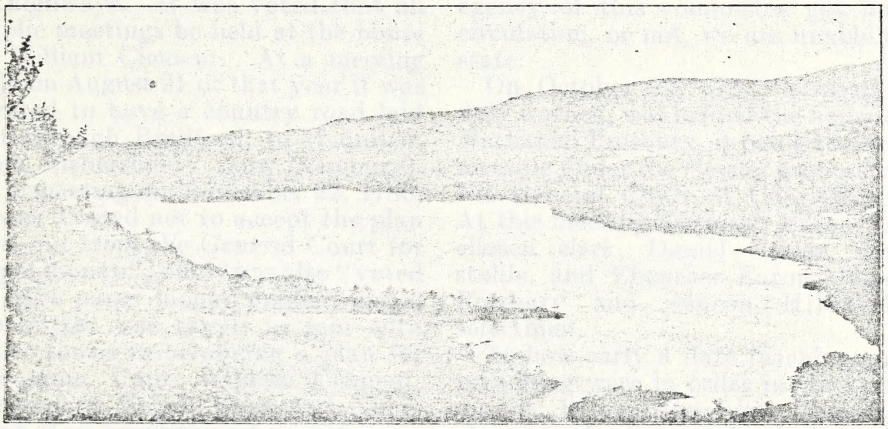
The town of Bradford, located well up in the "hill country" which separates the Merrimack and Connecticut valleys, midway between Concord and Claremont, while playing no conspicuous part in the early history of New Hampshire, and numbering among its residents no representatives of the old colonial aristocracy whose stately homes yet remain as notable landmarks in some sections of the State, was settled, nevertheless, by a frugal, industrious and patriotic class of people, who ultimately developed a prosperous agricultural community, notwithstanding the generally rugged nature of the soil, and contributed their full share toward the upbuilding of the State.

The township, as now constituted, covers an area substantially five miles by six, or about thirty square miles, embracing a little less than 20,000 acres, much of which is rocky hill land, never susceptible of cultivation, although some of the lowlands and sloping hillsides are fairly productive. The scenery, at all events, though probably unconsidered by the early settlers, is varied and attractive, with beautiful lakes set among the wooded hills, making it a most eligible locality for present day summer boarders, who are accommodated in considerable numbers within its borders, and might well be to a far greater extent. The largest lake within the town limits is Massasecum, formerly known as Bradford Pond, which is some two miles in length and covers several hundred acres. It lies in the central eastern section, and has come to be a popular summer resort, quite a number of

cottages dotting its shores, which are generally wooded. Todd Pond, on the northern border, lying partly in the town of Newbury is a short distance north of the village, and is another attractive body of water, and contains several floating islands, which are a natural curiosity of no little interest.

There is a disagreement as to who was the first white settler within the limits of the town The published statements generally credit William *Presbury* (as the name was first spelled, though it later recorded as Presby) with the honor, which is contested by the descendants of Isaac Davis and their friends. It is certain that in the fall of 1770 William Presbury, coming then from Henniker where there was then quite a settlement, but originally from Stowe, Mass., took up a lot of land in Bradford, made a small clearing, built a cabin, and, early in the next year, removed there with his wife, who was Miss Dorcas Whittemore of Pembroke, member of a noted family, and established his home. Here, two years later, a daughter, Phoebe, was born, credited with being the first white child born in Bradford, and who afterwards became the wife of Gen. Stephen Hoyt, long a prominent citizen of the town.

It is claimed, on the other hand, although there are no records to show it, that Isaac Davis, the progenitor of a prominent family, including Eliphalet and Curtis Davis, the extensive soap manufacturers of Cambridge, Mass., had settled within the limits of the town before 1766, and that he had a son, Daniel, born here that year. It matters little, however, which came first. The two were, unquestionably, Bradford's "first families," though others came, in a few years later, several families coming from Bradford, Mass., in 1774, giving the settlement, naturally enough, the name of "New Bradford."

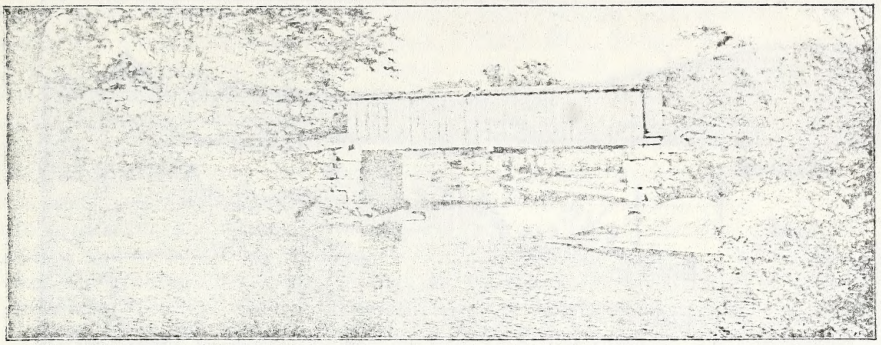


Bradford Pond, Lake Massasecum

It was not until 1787 that the town was incorporated, and the charter granted by the General Court, then sitting at Charlestown, September 27 of that year, covered not only the territory included in New Bradford, but also a portion of the town of Washington and a strip of land known as "Washington Gore."

There is no official town record dating back of 1786; the first town meeting whose proceedings are recorded being held on March 27 of that year. At this meeting John Brown was chosen moderator; Ebenezer Eastman, clerk; James Presbury, Enoch Hoyt and Isaac Davis, selectmen; Nathaniel Presbury, con-



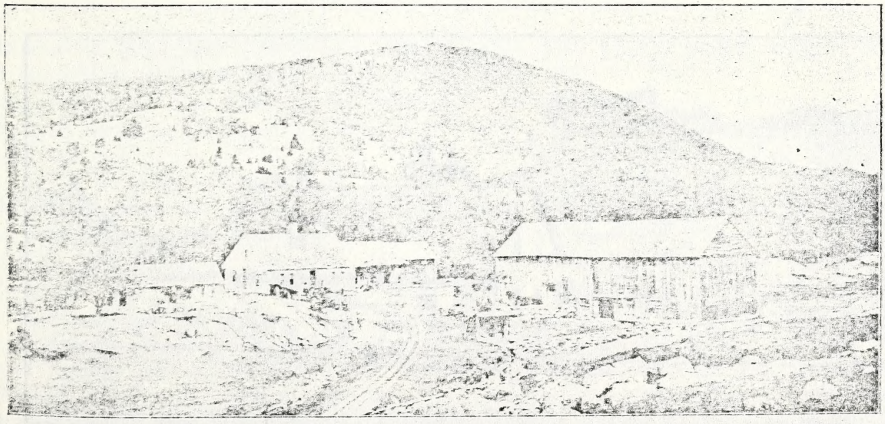


Massasecum Bridge and Rock

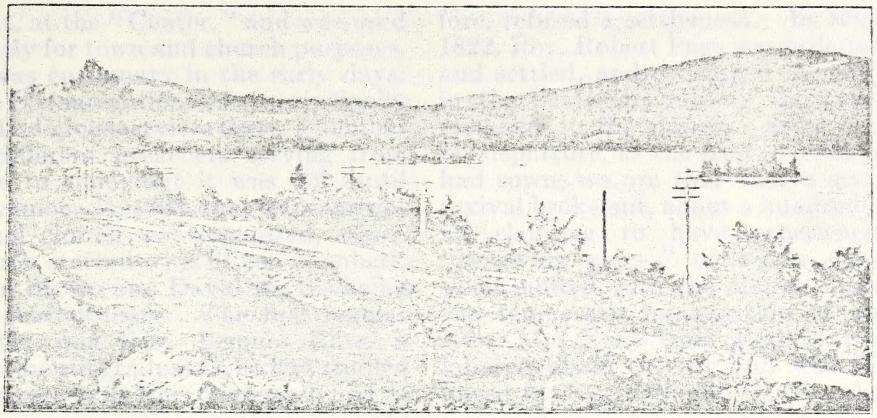
stable, and William Presbury, Daniel Cressey and Isaac Davis, surveyors of highways. It was voted that all public meetings be held at the house of William Clement. At a meeting held on August 21 of that year it was "voted to have a country road laid out through Bradford, to Henniker, from Fishersfield" (now Newbury). At a meeting on November 22, 1786, it was "voted not to accept the plan sent out from the General Court for paper money"; but it was also "voted to have paper money made," and a committee was raised to join with other towns in arranging a plan for the same, Capt. William Clement, Lieutenant Enoch Hoyt and Nehemiah How being named as such committee. What was the outcome of this action, and whether any paper money provided for through the agency of this committee got into circulation, or not, we are unable to state.

On October 22, 1787, a meeting duly warned, was held at the house of Nathaniel Presbury, it being the first meeting under the charter granted by the General Court at Charlestown. At this meeting Ebenezer Eaton was chosen clerk, Daniel Cressy, constable, and Ebenezer Eaton, James Presbury and Simeon Hildreth, selectmen.

At how early a date teaching and preaching were in order in the community is not apparent, from the absence of all records during the first years of the settlement; but



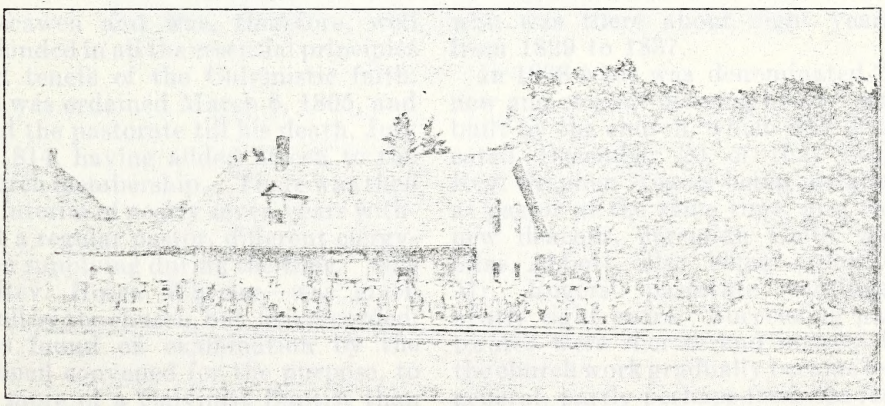
Haystack Mountain, South Part of the Town



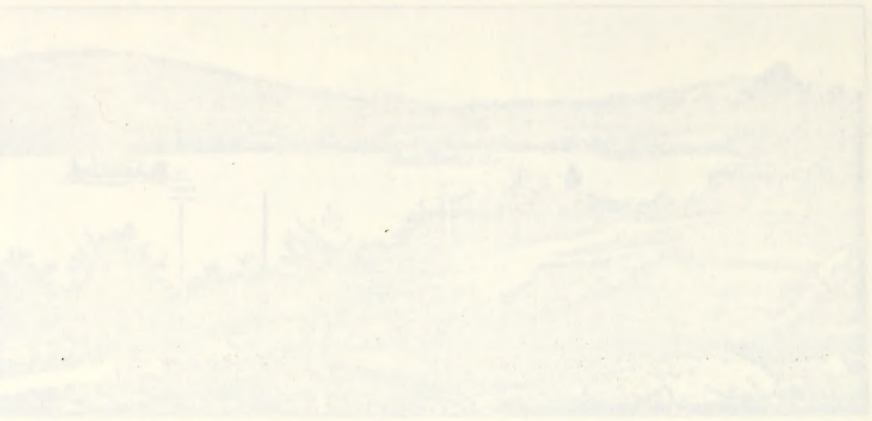
Todd Pond and Floating Islands

that a school had been in operation, and religious services held previous to 1791, is evident from the fact that at a town meeting held April 22 of that year it was "voted not to keep a woman school the present year," and it was also "voted that the money raised to higher preaching the present year be in grain at 4 *s.* per bushel." Undoubtedly some woman had taught school in town before this date and somebody had been hired or "*highered*" to preach the Gospel to the people. It is reputed that Olive, a daughter of Dea. William Presbury, kept a school at times in her father's barn; and it is also understood that religious services were held occasionally in the barn of Daniel Cressey. This Daniel Cressey whose name, shortened by dropping the "e" in the last syllable, has been given world-wide fame by Will M. Cressy, the actor and playwright, was the keeper of a tavern on the Warner road, so we are told, and his barn must, naturally, have been an appropriate place for religious gatherings in those days, all kinds of creature comforts being readily attainable between services, which, according to the custom of the time, were held both forenoon and afternoon. Public houses were also kept by Deacon Presbury, and Ebenezer Eaton and, later, one at the Center by Ebenezer Cressey, called the "Punch Bowl."

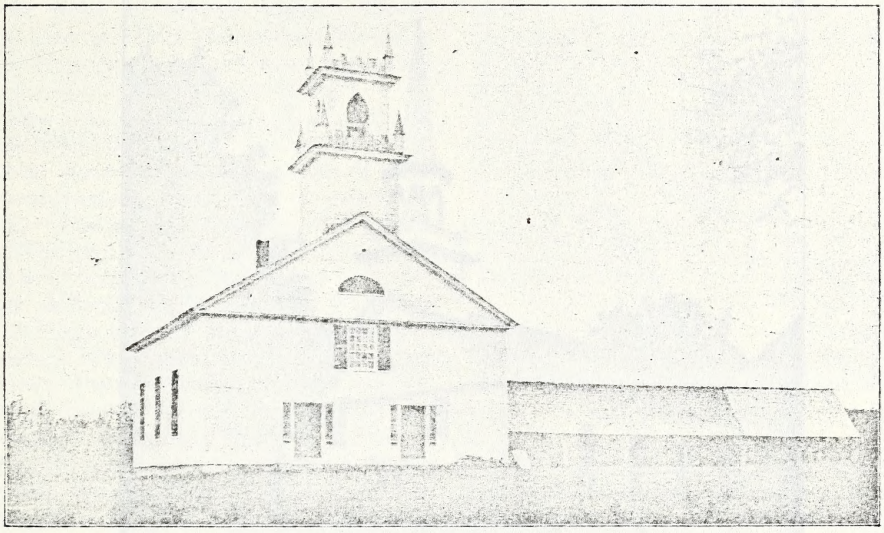
In 1796 the first meeting house was



Railroad Station



built, at the "Center," and was used jointly for town and church purposes, as was customary in the early days. The Congregationalists, principally held religious services there, a number of different preachers serving from time to time; but it was not until November 24, 1803, that a Congregational church was organized, which church started with fifteen members, John Brown and David Ingalls being the first deacons. The first regular pastor was Rev. Lemuel Bliss, a Dartmouth graduate who had studied theology with Rev. Samuel Wood of Boscawen and was, therefore, well grounded in all the essential principles and tenets of the Calvinistic faith. He was ordained March 6, 1805, and held the pastorate till his death, July 4, 1814, having added fifteen to the church membership. There was then an interim of nearly seven years without a regular pastor, different clergymen supplying during the time. One —Rev. Hosea Wheeler—was given a call by the church, but, as is recorded, was found on examination by the council convened for the purpose, to be more of a Calvinist Baptist than a Congregationalist, and was, therefore, refused a settlement. In May, 1822, Rev. Robert Page was ordained and settled, and continued six years in the pastorate, adding thirty-five members to the church. Soon after his departure, as the fruit of seed he had sown, we are told that a great revival broke out, about a hundred in all claiming to have experienced "renewing grace," of whom sixty-seven united with the church under the temporary ministration of one Rev. Mr. Kent from Illinois, who labored about a year and was followed by Rev. Orlando G. Thatcher who was there about eight years, from 1829 to 1837.



Congregational Church, Bradford Center

In 1838 what was denominated "a new and elegant meeting house" was built by the church, which was dedicated December 20 of that year. Rev. Stephen Rogers being installed as pastor at the same time, and two new deacons, Jeremiah Colby and Silas Abbott, also being ordained. Mr. Rogers' pastorate continued nearly eight years. Succeeding pastorates were shorter and interest in the church work gradually became less general, partly perhaps from the fact that a Baptist church had been organ-



ized at the "Mills," a hamlet at the northeast part of the town, which had gained a considerable hold in the community. This church was constituted December 11, 1821, with fifteen members, and a house of worship erected in 1830. The Rev. Enoch T. Winters was the first pastor, and the line of succession includes sixteen different clergymen, the longest pastorate being that of Rev. Elbridge Pepper—twelve years, from 1872 to 1884. The church edifice and settled here three years ago. The Congregational Church at the Center, having had no settled pastor for many years, and having been served by supplies from out of town, has arrived at the sensible conclusion to unite with the Baptists in the support of a preacher, and engaged Mr. Pendleton to supply its pulpit, as had been the case, in fact, with his immediate predecessor. He officiates in the Baptist Church in the village (where he has his residence) in the forenoon,



Baptist Church, Bradford

was extensively remodeled and improved in 1906, and rededicated with elaborate exercises on October 14 of that year, upon which occasion William A. Carr, long time clerk, gave a most comprehensive and interesting history of the church. The membership of the church at present is between 90 and 100, and is as large as at any time in the past.

The present pastor, and the only active clergyman in the town, is the Rev. J. S. Pendleton, who was called and in the afternoon preaches to the Congregationalists and those who meet with them in the old church at the center. This practical union enables the town to command the services of a man of ability, who finds no difficulty in expounding the Gospel along broad Christian lines, regardless of the varying notions of his hearers concerning non-essential details of belief. This is as it should be in every small country town. A sentimental interest in the old Congrega-

tional church, as it used to be, is still maintained by many and the one hundredth anniversary of its organization was duly observed September 16, 1903, when descendants of early members, and the old attendants of later years, with the towns people generally, joined in extended exercises in honor of the occasion.

Aside from the Congregational and Baptist houses of worship at the Center and Village, there is a Union meeting house at Bradford Pond at which religious services have been held at different periods and under different auspices, but which has been little used in recent years. There was also worship for a time, by Free Will Baptists in a small meeting house in the south part of the town.

The population of Bradford, by the first Federal census, taken in 1790, seven years after the close of the Revolutionary War, was returned as 217. The names of heads of families in Bradford in 1790, as compiled from the first census returns, are as follows: Asa Abbot, Paul Abbott, Stephen Ward, Ephraim Ward, Samuel Clough, Reuben Whitcomb, Asa Dustin, Moses Baley, Peter Hough, Isaac Davis, James Davis, Daniel Davis, Orphon French, Abraham French, Daniel Cressey, Joshua Andrews, Eliphalet Brown, Enoch Hoyt, Stephen Hoyt, Ebenezer Eaton, Simeon Hildreth, Ebenezer Colby, William Presby, George Presby, John Brown, William Brown, Jr., Samuel Cheenee, Daniel Young, William Brown, Nathaniel Trumball, James Presby, Nathaniel Presby, Nathaniel Presby, Jr., Edward Cressey, Abner Sweatt, Jacob Blanchard, Asa Brockway, Uzziie Batchelder, Samuel Crane, Barnet Stiles, David Swett, David Ingals, Peter Blanchard.



Rev. J. S. Pendleton*

The town appears to have made a larger increase in population during the decade between 1790 and 1800, than in any other, the census of the latter year showing 740 inhabitants, or more than it has at the present day.

*Rev. J. S. Pendleton, pastor of the two Bradford churches, was born in Northport, Me., March 6, 1884. When thirteen years of age his family moved to Roxbury, Mass., and he at once entered school there. He was graduated from the Lewis Grammar School, Roxbury, in 1898 and from the Boston English High School in 1901.

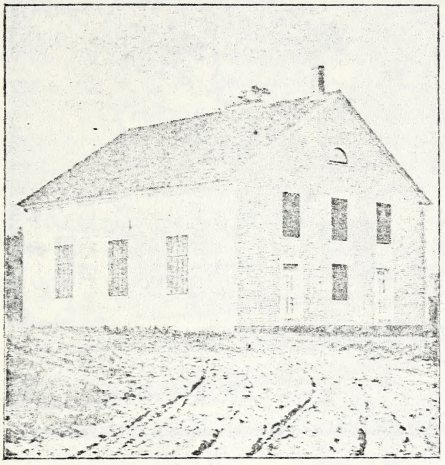
He then spent two years in Roxbury High School, making a special study of languages, and in 1903 entered Bates College, Lewiston, Me., from which he was graduated in 1907. During his college course he was prominent in debating and for two years was a member of the varsity debating team. He was also manager of the Bates baseball team of 1907.

His theological training was received at the Newton Theological Seminary, Newton Center, from which institution he received the degree of B. D. in 1910. He was ordained in Roxbury in May of the same year and, immediately after his graduation the following June, began active work in the Bradford Baptist Church, the call to this pastorate having been given the previous November.

After a few weeks of service at the village he was engaged as a supply by the Congregational Church at Bradford Center and has since been its acting pastor.

He has always been active in all the affairs of the town and was this spring elected town clerk. He is a member of the order of United American Mechanics and a Mason. In politics he is a Democrat.

In 1810 there were 1,034 people in town; in 1820, 1,318; in 1830, 1,285; in 1840, 1,331 and in 1850, 1,341—the largest number ever returned, a

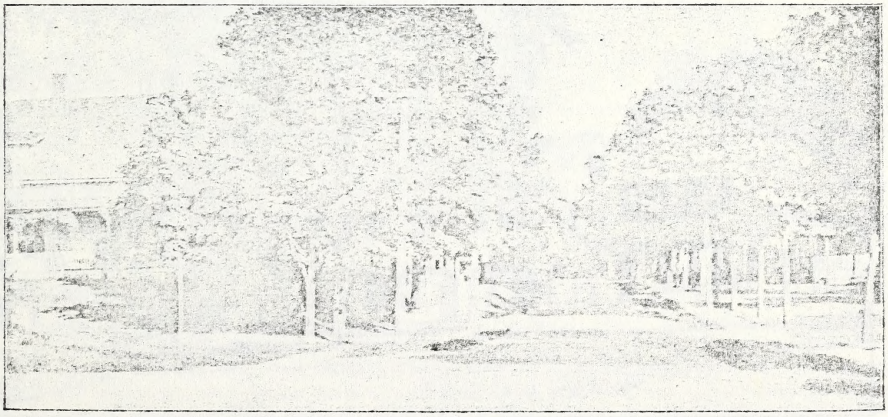


Pond Church

gradual decrease appearing from that time until the last census, of 1910, when the total population of the town was given as 695. Contrary to the result in most places the advent of the railroad seems to have brought no increase in population to Bradford. The Concord and Claremont railroad was completed to this point in 1850, and Bradford Village remained its terminus for nearly twenty years. Yet the population of the town had fallen to 1,182 in 1860. The village itself increased in size and importance it is true, but at the expense apparently of the town at large. There had been two small villages in fact—the "Mills" and the "Corner"—half a mile or more apart, each important in its own way, and maintaining no small degree of rivalry. The railroad came in midway between these villages, and the building up of the intervening section practically united the two, and they have come to constitute a single village, lying, mainly, along a single street for the distance of a mile or more, in which there is, altogether, a very considerable amount of business done by the people of Sutton and Newbury, as well as those of Bradford, and the eastern part of Washington, coming here for trade and other business purposes.

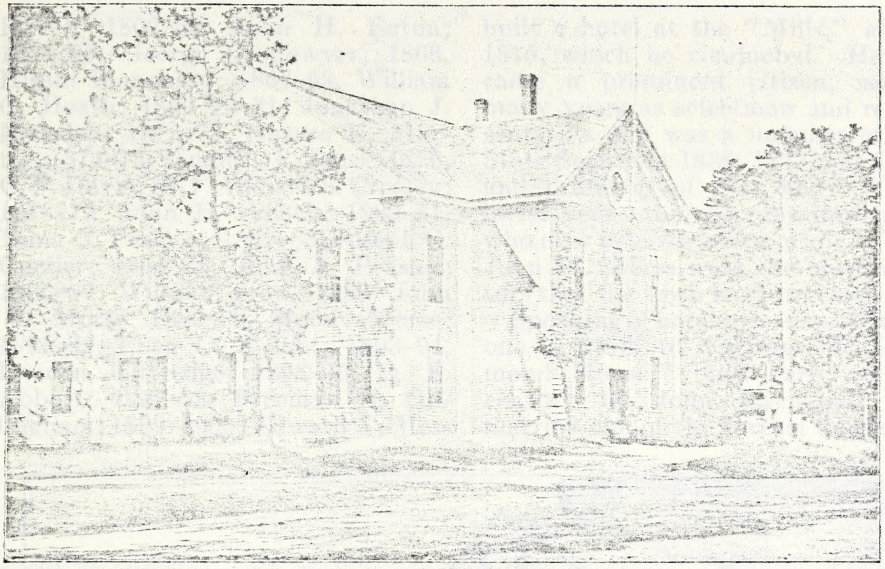
Although chartered in 1787, it was, apparently, not till 1795 that the town was represented in the General Court, and then classed with Fishersfield (now Newbury), which arrangement continued several years into the last century.

Ebenezer Eaton, the first town clerk, was also the first representative, in 1795 and 1796; John Burns serv in 1797, 1799 and 1801, while Humphrey Jackman represented the two towns in 1800 and 1802. No repre-



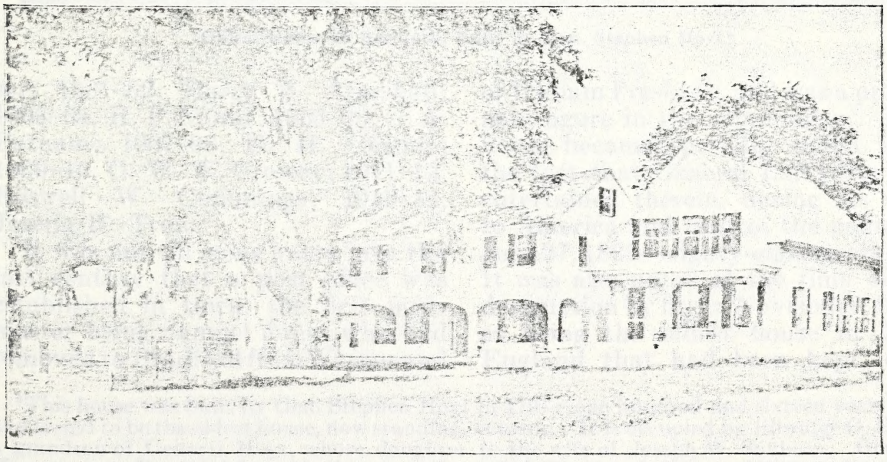
Looking down Main Street toward the "Corner." Baptist Parsonage at the Left





School House and Town Hall

sentative seems to have been chosen in 1803. The succession since that time has been as follows: 1804, Enoch Hoyt; 1805, Samuel Gunnison; 1806–07, Enoch Hoyt; 1808–09, Ebenezer Cressey; 1810–11, John Smith; 1812, Humphrey Jackman; 1813, John Smith; 1814, S. Hoyt, Jr.; 1815–16–17–18–19–20, John Smith; 1821–22–23–24, Samuel Jones; 1825–26–27–28, Daniel Millen; 1829–30, Jason H. Ames; 1831–32–33, Samuel Jones; 1834, Jason H. Ames; 1835–36, John Gillingham; 1837–38–39–40–41, Bartholomew Smith; 1842, Samuel Jones; 1843, Bartholomew Smith; 1844–45, George Jones; 1846–47, Enoch Sweatt; 1848–49, Bard P. Paige; 1850, Bartholomew Smith; 1851–52, M. E. Baxter; 1853–54–55, Mason W. Tappan; 1856–57, Joshua Eaton; 1858–59, John W. Morse; 1860–61, Cummings

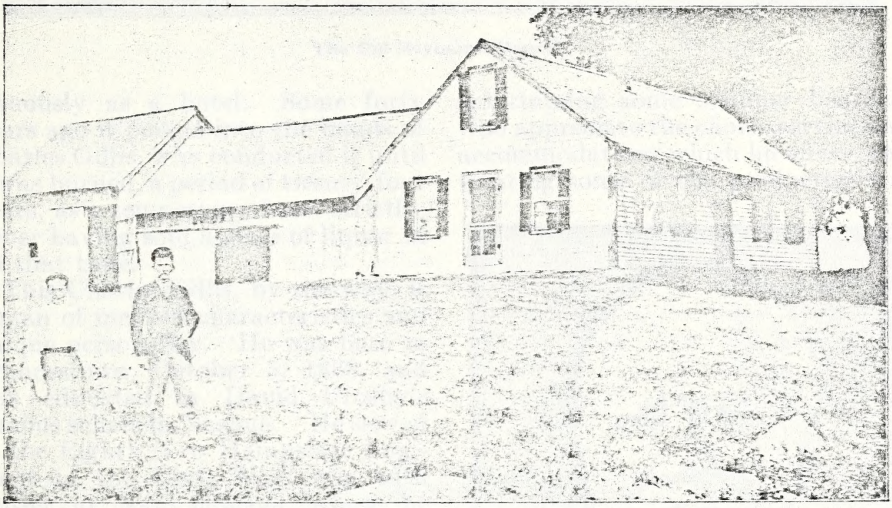


Residences of Mrs. Mary A. Blaisdell and Martin H. Huntoon

Pierce; 1862–63, John H. Eaton; 1864–65, George O. Sawyer; 1866, Hiram Blanchard; 1867–68, William O. Heath; 1869–70–71, Jonathan J. Blaisdell; 1872–73, Horace K. Martin; 1874–75, Timothy P. Jones; 1876, C. F. Davis; 1877. Addison S. Cressey; 1878–79, John E. French; 1880–81, Dana G. Peaslee; 1882–83, Joseph C. Currier; 1884–85, John A. Peaslee; 1886–87, William Trow; 1888, John W. Morse; 1889–90, Moody Morse; 1891–92, Eben U. Wright; 1893–94, Everett Kittredge; 1895–96, B. F. Abbott; 1897–98, Freeman H. Gillingham; 1899–1900, Edward C. Messer; 1901–02, Harry W. Marshall; 1903–04, H. P. Morse; 1905–06, G. A. Putnam; 1907–08, G. H. Cheney; 1909–10, G. W. W. Cressey; 1911–12, Roswell W. Cummings; 1913–14, Joseph H. Trow.

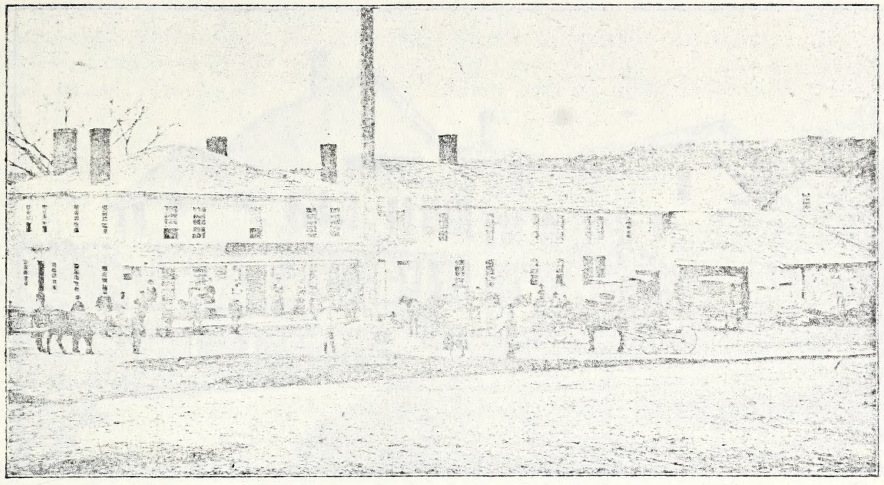
It was not till some years into the last century that a post office was established in town, the first postmaster being Samuel Jones who had removed to Bradford from Warner and built a hotel at the "Mills," about 1815, which he conducted. He became a prominent citizen, served many years as selectman and representative and was a member of the State Senate in 1836, 1837 and 1838, and president of that body in the latter year—the only Bradford man who ever held the office, while he and John W. Morse were the only senators that the town has furnished.

Speaking of hotels, the most famous one in Bradford was the old "Raymond House," built early in the century by John Raymond, who married one of the several daughters of William Presbury, and was a prominent figure in the community. This house became specially noted from the fact that General Lafayette was entertained therein, during his visit to America and tour of the country, June 27, 1825—eighty-eight years ago. It was also noted at the time of its destruction by fire in November, 1897, as being the oldest house in New England that had been kept, con-



Oldest House in Bradford, Built by Gen. Stephen Hoyt*

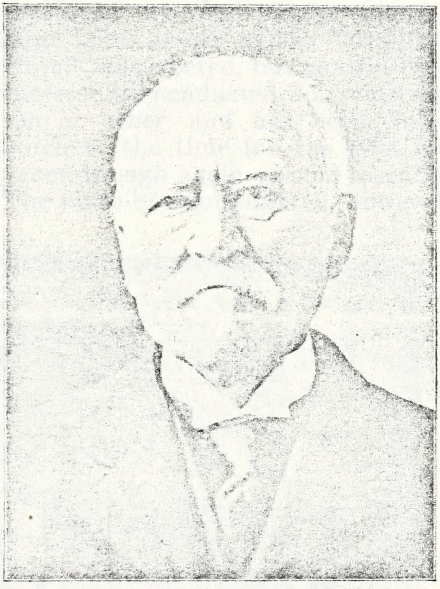
*This house was built by Gen. Stephen Hoyt in 1797—one hundred and sixteen years ago, and is said to be the oldest house, now standing, in town. It is occupied by Elbridge G. Hoyt, a grandson of General Hoyt, whose daughter is the wife of Joseph W. Sanborn. General Hoyt came to Bradford from Hopkinton and married, Phoebe, daughter of William Presbury reported to be the first white child born in town.



The Old Raymond House

tinuously as a hotel. Some forty years ago it passed into the hands of Charles Gillis, who conducted it until it was burned, a period of twenty-four years, as a temperance hotel strictly, never having sold a glass of liquor in all that time.

This Charles Gillis, by the way, is a man of marked characteristics and unique personality. He was born in Francestown, October 5, 1838, and was educated in David Crosby's famous school in Nashua. He served in the Eighth New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War; was with Butler at New Orleans, where he witnessed the hanging of Mumford, and with Sheridan during the celebrated Wilson Raid in Virginia, participating in the fiery devastation of the Luray Valley. Among his many exciting experiences was that of witnessing the execution of the conspirators connected with the assassination of President Lincoln at the close of the war. He has been in the hotel business for fifty years, having established the St. Charles Hotel, at Hillsborough Lower Village, after the war, and conducted it for ten years. After the burning of the Raymond House, he built a fine house a short distance to the south of the old site on the corner, where he has since resided, entertaining some summer boarders who appreciate the choice service and accommodations which he offers; cultivating some of the productive soil

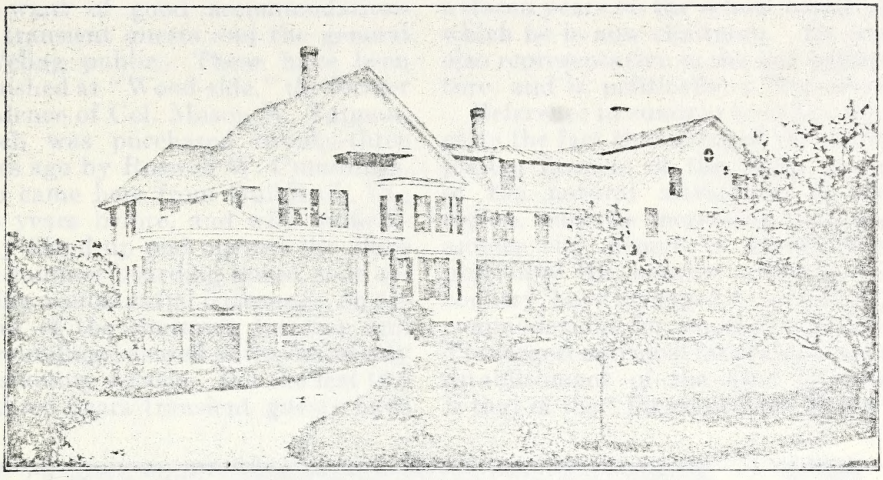


Charles Gillis

adjacent, and often officiating as an auctioneer in this and surrounding towns—an occupation which he has followed incidentally for many years.

Mr. Gillis has always been alive to





Residence of Charles Gillis

the welfare of the town, and politically he is an independent republican of strong progressive tendencies.

A "rough diamond" sort of man, with a big, kind heart, he never turned any one away empty, whatever his circumstances, and his chief pride may well be in the fact that he is known as a good neighbor and a faithful friend. He has been twice married, first to Augusta King of Nashua, and, after her decease, to Anna H. Robbins of Hillsborough.

About the time of the advent of the railroad, a hotel of considerable pretension, known as the "Presby House," was built and conducted here for several years, and then destroyed by fire. Later another large hotel known as the "Bradford Hotel" was erected, but has not been successfully conducted, for some reason or other, and has been closed much of the time for the past few years, though again opened recently. The place has not suffered, however,



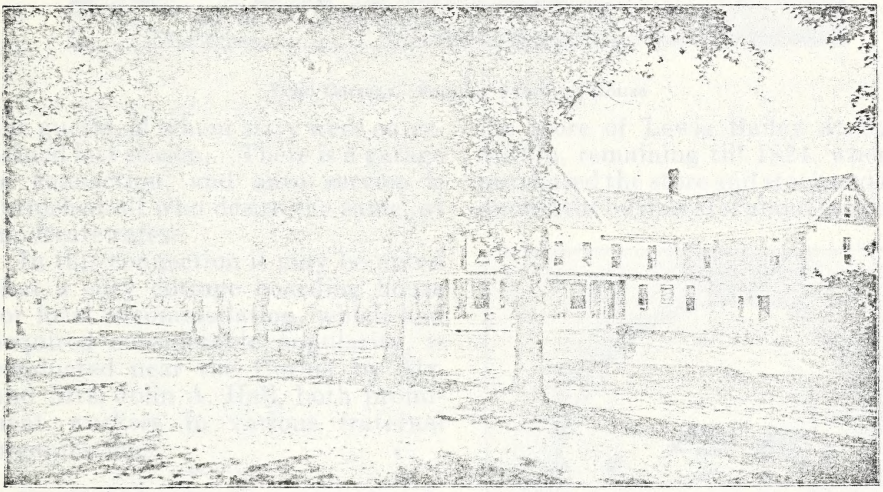
"Wood-Side," R. W. Cummings, Prop'r., Former Home of Col. M. W. Tappan



for want of good accommodations for transient guests and the general traveling public. These have been furnished at "Wood-side," the former residence of Col. Mason W. Tappan, which was purchased twenty-three years ago by Roswell W. Cummings, who came here from Guildhall, Vt., two years before, and who immediately fitted up and opened the place as a summer boarding house, soon securing a substantial patronage, on account of the charming location and surroundings, as well as the eminently satisfactory service. For the last two or three years transient guests have also been entertained, and examination of the register shows that one once entertained there is likely to stop again. Fifteen hundred guests were accommodated there last year. The farm connected with the place, containing about seventy-five acres, is an excellent one, and a magnificent growth of pines, near the house and highway, is one of its chief attractions, and an ornament to the village itself.

Mr. Cummings has been an active man in the community for many years, serving a long time as town clerk, several years as selectman, and a dozen years on the school board, of which he is now chairman. He was also representative in the last legislature, and is, politically, a Democrat.

Reference to summer boarders suggests the fact that some of the enterprising farmers of the town, aware of the natural attractions of the region, and the increasing tendency among city people to spend some portion of the summer season in the country, have arranged to provide accommodations for summer boarders. The largest and most favorably known establishment of the kind in town is that of the "Pleasant View Farm,"

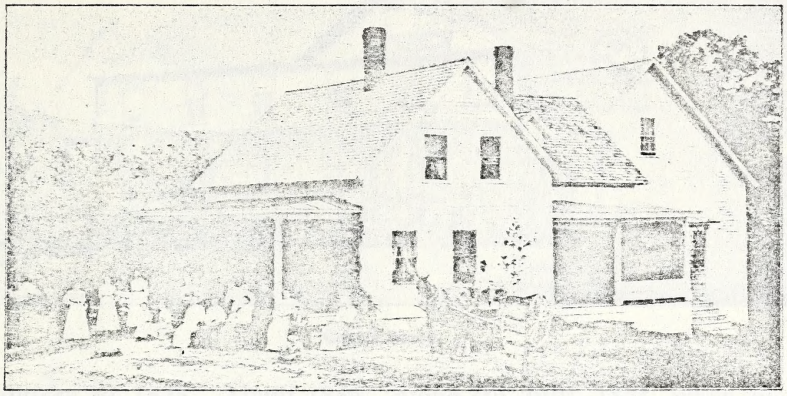


Pleasant View

E. C. Messer & Son, proprietors. This farm, which contains some 250 acres of excellent land, is delightfully located two miles out of the village, in the midst of a charming landscape, commanding many beautiful views. The house has modern equipment, with abundance of pure spring water, good light, fresh air, steam heat when needed, and every necessary convenience. In connection with the house, tents are provided on raised flooring, among the beautiful shade trees surrounding the place, which can be used by those desiring outdoor sleeping accommodations. An



abundant supply of pure milk, butter, eggs, fruit, berries and vegetables, produced on the farm is provided

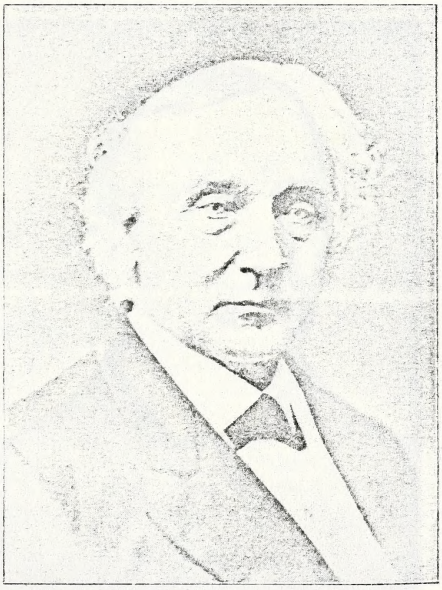


Echo Cottage. Popular Boarding House

the guests, of whom sixty were entertained last season. There is a garage in connection, and auto service is furnished all who desire the same, at moderate rates.

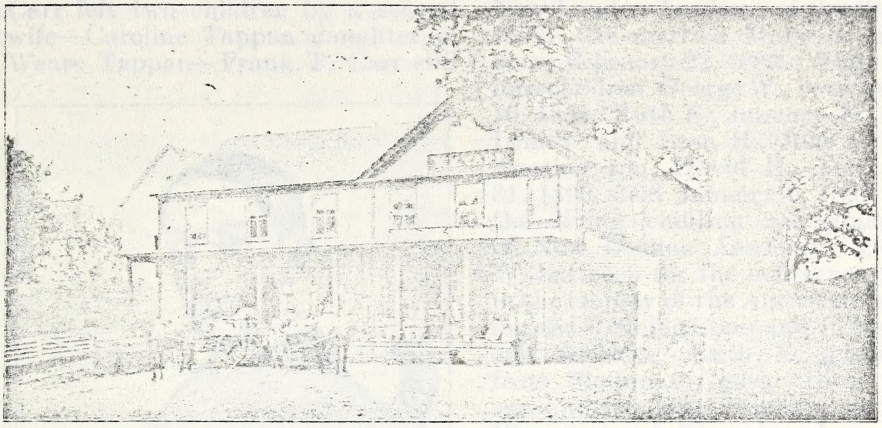
In this connection it may be noted that a cozy cottage boarding house for local accommodation, which had acquired considerable popularity, is conducted near the Corner by Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hall, both prominent workers in various fraternal organizations.

Bradford has been a center of trade for a considerable surrounding region for a century at least. Many men have been successfully engaged here in different lines of mercantile activity, but perhaps the most notable fact in connection with the commercial history of the town is, that what is now, and has long been the principal general store in town has been conducted by members of the same family for more than three quarters of a century, the business having been commenced here in 1836 by Daniel Carr, and continued to the present time by himself and his descendants. This Daniel Carr was born in Newbury, Mass., August 2, 1801, the family soon removing to Hopkinton, N. H., where the father died when Daniel was young, and at the age of 14 he became clerk in the store of Lewis Bailey at South Sutton, remaining till 1824, when he purchased the store and stock and conducted the business for about ten years,



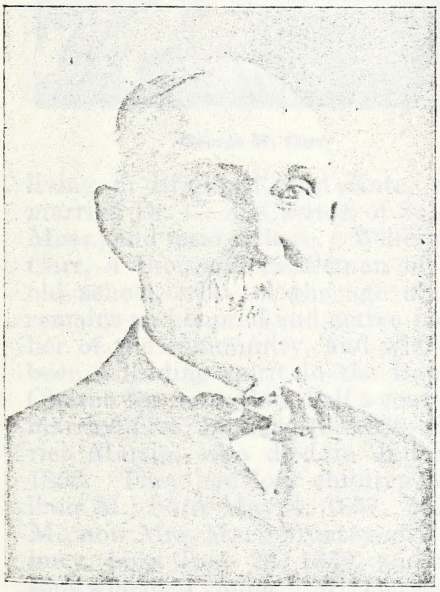
Daniel Carr

meanwhile—on February 27, 1827, —having married Rhoda, daughter of Joseph Bartlett of Warner. A son, William A. Carr, was born to

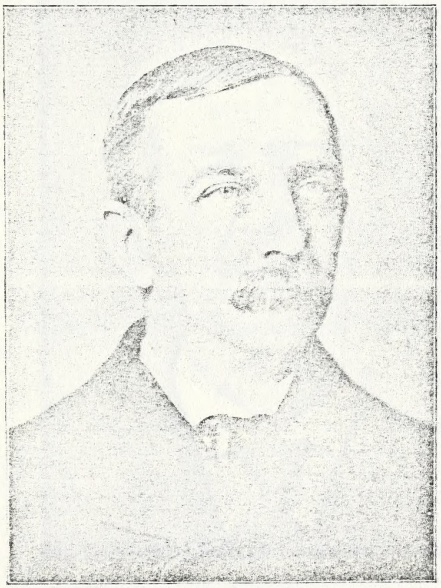


Carr's Store

them January 10, 1828. About 1834 Daniel Carr sold his business to his brother, Moses, and removed to Concord, where he was engaged in trade until the death of his wife, November 29, 1856, when he removed to Bradford, where he bought the store and stock of John D. Wadleigh, father of the late Senator Bainbridge Wadleigh. Here he continued in trade alone till July, 1854, when his son, William A., became his partner, under the firm name of D. & W. A. Carr. In July, 1875, the elder Carr retired and the business was conducted by William A., till January, 1887, when he, in turn retired, surrendering to his son, William M., who has since conducted it.



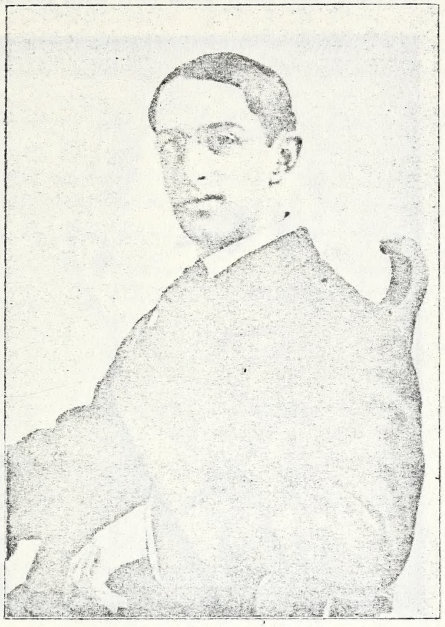
William A. Carr



William M. Carr

It should be stated that Daniel

Carr left two children by a second wife—Caroline Tappan daughter of Weare Tappan—Frank T. Carr still

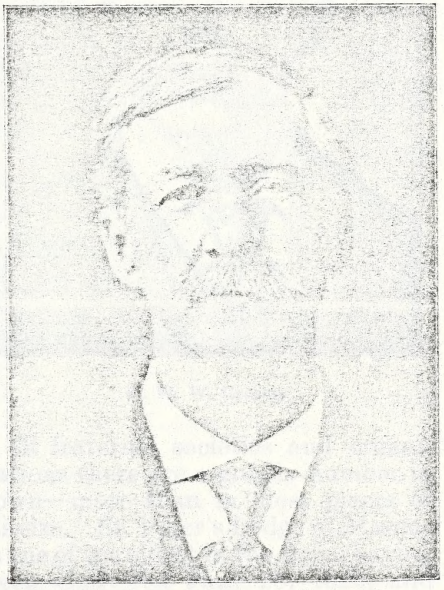


George W. Carr

living in Bradford, and Kate, who married Dr. C. A. Carlton of Salem, Mass., and resides there. William A. Carr, a thorough gentleman of the old school, who, at the age of 85, remains an honored and active member of the community, and who has been a leading spirit in the Baptist Church for more than half a century, married first, January 10, 1856, Harriet Martin, who died in January, 1856. They had four children, William M., born May 4, 1857, Mabel M., now Mrs. Mark Muzzey of Newbury, born June 28, 1859, and two sons who died young. Mr. Carr is an earnest Republican in politics, and held the office of postmaster for twenty four years in succession, under six different administrations, from 1861 to 1884 inclusive, a longer continuous term than any other incumbent in town.

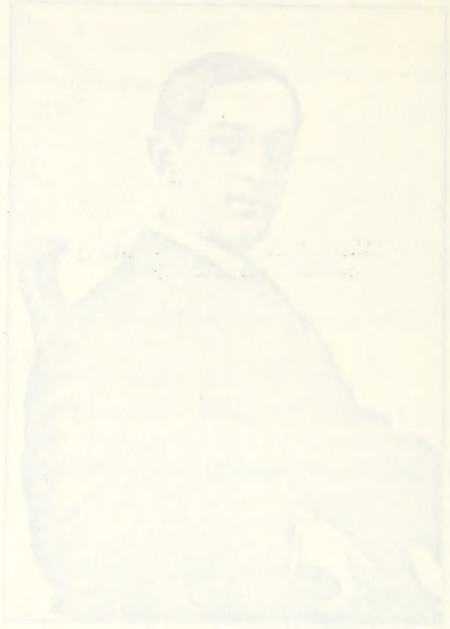
William M. Carr, the present proprietor of the store, is a graduate of New London Academy of the class of 1877. He married Mary L. Hartshorn, February 22, 1882. They have four children, George W., born August 10, 1885; Ruth E., January 31, 1888; Lena F. and Leon H., June 5, 1891. Another son, David H., born May 31, 1893, died January 9, 1899. All the living children are graduates of New London Academy. George W. has been for the last seven years in the employ of the American Smelting and Refining Company, in Nevada and Arizona. Ruth E. graduated from Simmons College three years ago and has been teaching since, in Virginia and Georgia. Lena and Leon have just graduated, the one from Brown University and the other from the Keene Normal School.

Bradford's present board of selectmen or "town fathers," consists of Messrs. Frank O. Melvin, Joseph W. Sanborn, and George W. W. Cressey.

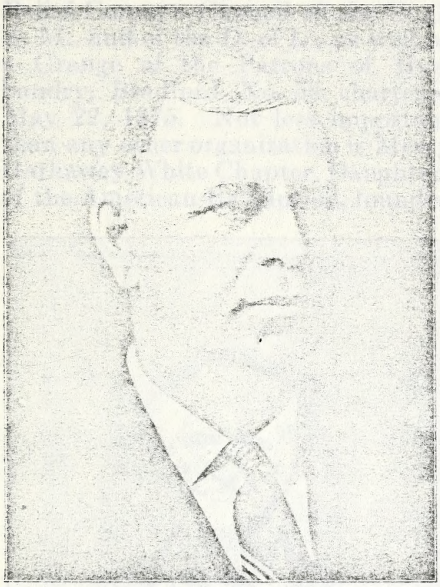


F. O. Melvin

Mr. Melvin, the chairman, is now serving his fourth year upon the board. He is also a member of the school board, upon which he has



served eighteen years, altogether. He is a successful farmer, and has long been a breeder of prize Guernsey cattle, and has also won many prizes

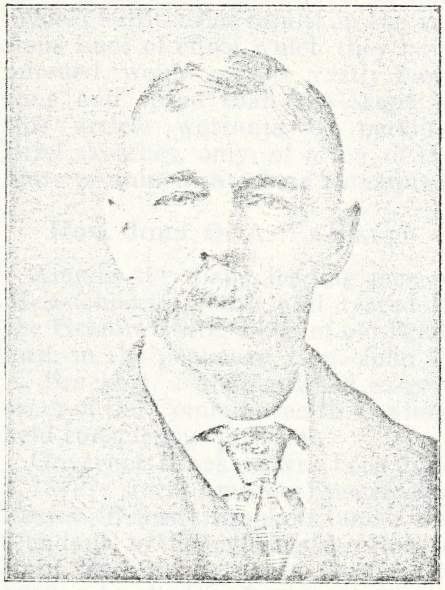


J. W. Sanborn

on dairy products. He is an Odd Fellow, a member of the Grange, in whose work he has been prominent, and also an active member of the Granite State Dairymen's Association. He was born January 26, 1857 and married Katie A. Knights of Bradford December 31, 1887.

Joseph W. Sanborn, who is on his third term as selectman is also serving his fifth year as a member of the school board. He is a native of Liberty, Me., born May 12, 1865. He married Laura Hoyt of Bradford, a descendant of the noted Gen. Stephen Hoyt, and in whose family possession the homestead, upon which is the oldest house in town, built by General Hoyt still remains. He is a photographer by occupation, and resides at the Center. He is active in politics as a Democrat, and presided at the big Democratic jubilee in Bradford, the first held in town for nearly a generation, following the last election. At a recent meeting of the Governor and Council he was appointed Judge of the Bradford District Court.

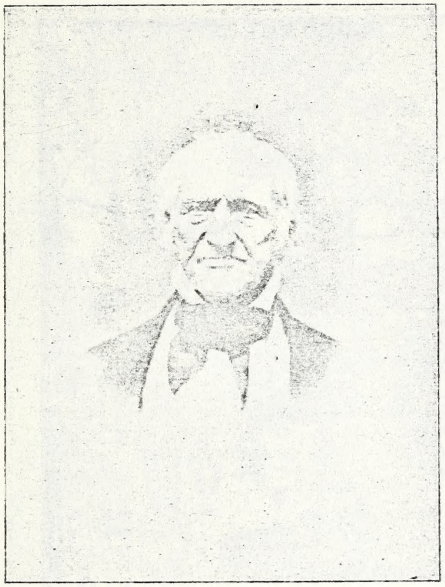
George W. W. Cressey is a native of Nashua, born January 14, 1847. He married Ella F. Presby of Bradford December 24, 1871. He was engaged in teaming in Boston for twenty-eight years, but for the last ten years has been a farmer in Bradford. He has served one year as a selectman and three years on the school board. He is a member of St. Peter's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and of the Odd Fellows and Rebekah degree lodges.



G. W. W. Cressey

Of fraternal societies and organizations there are a goodly number in town—more than in most places of its size. St. Peter's Lodge of Masons is one of the oldest in the state, having been chartered June 20, 1820, and its members are looking forward with interest to the one hundredth anniversary, which will be celebrated with due *eclat*. Many distinguished members of the order were here initiated, including, it is said, not less than four

Grand Masters of the New Hampshire Grand Lodge. There is also a lodge of the I. O. O. F., Massasecum, No. 34, chartered November 14, 1878; a Rebekah lodge, a G. A. R. Post and Relief Corps; a Council of the U. O. A. M., and of the D. of L., as well as a Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, Bradford, No. 58, chartered May 22, 1875. Not less important than any other organization is Mercy Hathaway White Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, founded



Gen. Stephen Hoyt

in January, 1912, by Mary Isabel Greeley, with sixteen charter members which number has already increased to about thirty, Miss Greeley being regent as well as founder. The chapter is arranging for the erection of a suitable tablet, in the square, fronting the location of the old Raymond House, where General Lafayette was entertained in June 1725, in memory of his visit. The old doorstep of the hotel, donated by Mr. Gillis, is to be utilized as the foundation on which a boulder bearing the tablet will be placed.

A graded school, with primary and grammar departments, occupies the lower story of the town building in the western section of the village, while the upper story contains a spacious and well-appointed town hall, used for all public gatherings and entertainments. A good public library is accessible to all, and a small weekly newspaper—*The Pathfinder and Visitor*—is published here, by F. H. Howe.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

To sketch, even in outline, the careers of all those natives and residents of the town of Bradford who have gained distinction or accomplished substantial results in the various lines of effort which they have pursued, would require vastly more time and space than the scope of this article warrants or permits. Brief sketches, only, of a few of the more prominent are here attempted.

Hon. John Q. A. Brackett

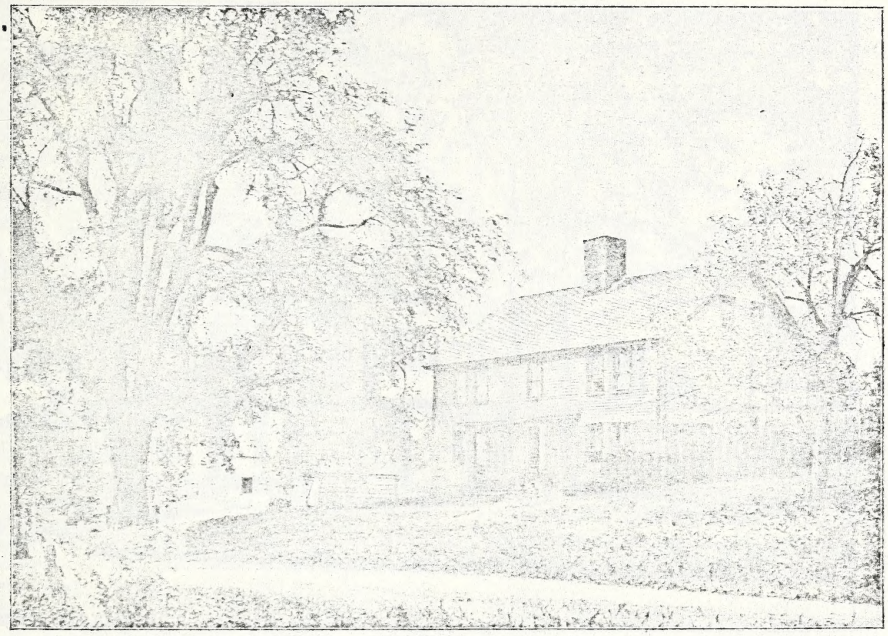
Among the many leading men of Massachusetts, born and reared in the Granite State, a son of old Bradford, in the person of Hon. John Q. A. Brackett, a distinguished ex-governor of the Commonwealth, has long held conspicuous position.

Governor Brackett was born June 8, 1842, a son of Ambrose Spencer and Nancy (Brown) Brackett, and a descendant, in the eighth generation, of Capt. Richard Brackett, born about 1610, who died in Braintree, Mass., March 5, 1690. The line of descent is: Richard[1], James[2], Joseph[3-4-5-6], Ambrose S.[7], John Q. A.[8] Capt. Richard Brackett, is supposed to have been a native of Scotland, coming over in Winthrop's fleet, which arrived at Boston in June, 1630. He was one of the signers, August 27, 1630, of the covenant of the First Church in Boston; was made a freeman in 1636, and keeper of the prison in 1637. In 1638 he sold a house and garden on Washington Street. In 1639 he became a member of the artillery com-

pany since known as the "Ancient and Honorable." He was a deputy to the General Court six years, and chief military commander in Braintree, thus deriving his title as captain.

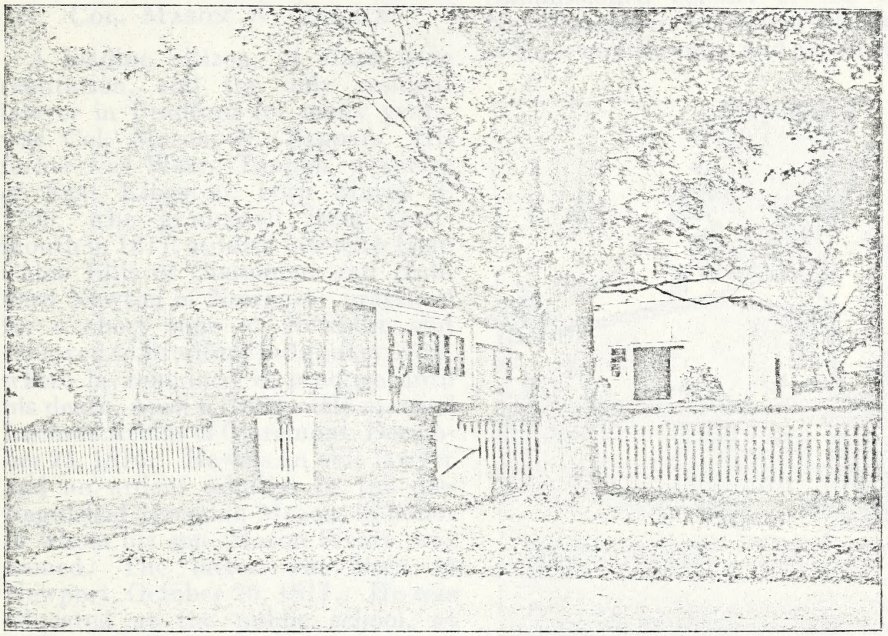
Ambrose S. Brackett, the father of John Q. A., born in Quincy, Mass., August 6, 1814, married, October 4, 1838, Nancy, daughter of John and Sarah (Gregg) Brown, born in Bradford December 31, 1816. She was a granddaughter of John Brown, the first settler at the Corner, first known as "John Brown's Corner," who was moderator of the first town meeting held under the charter, in 1787, and whose house stood on the same spot where the boyhood home and present summer residence of Governor Brackett is located. Ambrose S. Brackett became a resident of Bradford upon his marriage, where he was prominent in public affairs in town and county. An early abolitionist, he became an active member of the Republican party upon its organization, and so continued till his death in 1878. He was Merrimack County Road Commissioner in 1855.

John Q. A. Brackett fitted for college at Colby Academy, graduating therefrom in 1861, and, declining an appointment to West Point, tendered by Col. Mason W. Tappan then a member of Congress, entered Harvard College, graduating as class-orator in 1865. He graduated from the Harvard Law School and was admitted to the bar in 1868, locating in practice in Boston, where he has since continued with enviable success, although devoting much of his time, for many years, to public service. He was twice president of the Boston Mercantile Library Association, two years a judge advocate in the Massachusetts militia; a member of the Boston Common Council from 1873 to 1876 and president the latter year; representative in the General Court for five years successively, from 1876, serving on important committees, and again from 1884 to 1886, inclusive, being chairman of the judiciary com-



Birthplace of Hon. J. Q. A. Brackett

mittee in 1884, and speaker in 1885 and 1886, being elected lieutenant-governor in the fall of the latter year, and holding the office three years, during a portion of which time he was acting governor on account of the illness of Governor Ames, representing the state on various important occasions, among which was the dedication of the Pilgrims' Monument at Plymouth, when he made an address so notable for its eloquence, that an extract therefrom was published by the *Boston Globe* among its "Famous Gems of Prose." In 1889 he was elected governor. Since his retirement from office he has been devoted to his profession, but has retained a lively interest in public affairs, and in politics as a Republican. He was a delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention in 1892; president of the famous Middlesex Club from 1893 to 1901, and a presidential elector-at-large in 1896, and again in in 1900.



Summer Residence of Hon. J. Q. A. Brackett

As a legislator and otherwise, Governor Brackett has promoted many movements tending to promote the welfare of the masses, and was specially instrumental in that providing for the establishment of Coöperative Banks, or Building and Loan Associations, in Massachusetts. As a public speaker he has long ranked among the ablest and most effective in Massachusetts or New England. On the occasion of the centennial celebration of the incorporation of Bradford, September, 1887, he was orator of the day jointly with ex-Senator Wadleigh, another native.

Governor Brackett married, June 20, 1878, Angie Moore, daughter of Abel G. and Eliza A. Peck, of Arlington, Mass. They have two children, John Gaylord, born April 12, 1879, and Beatrice, born June 23, 1888. The family residence is in Arlington, but summer vacations are passed at the home in Bradford, for which town all cherish a warm affection.

The son, John Gaylord Brackett, graduated from Harvard in 1901 and

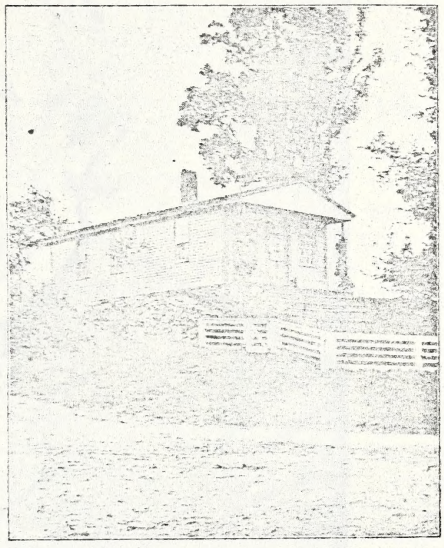


from the law school in 1904, and has been engaged in practice in Boston. He has been for several years moderator of town meeting in Arlington, has served as assistant in the office of the district attorney for Middlesex County; has been twice a member of the House of Representatives, serving on the judiciary committee, and was recently appointed, by Governor Foss a special justice of the Municipal Court of Boston.

Col. Mason W. Tappan

A leading citizen, of state wide reputation, and the only resident lawyer in Bradford for many years, was Col. Mason W. Tappan. His father was Weare Tappan, a native of East Kingston, born March 3, 1790, who graduated from Dartmouth in 1811, studied law with Hon. Caleb Ellis of Claremont and Hubbard Newton of Newport; practiced for a short time at Newport and removed to Bradford in January 1819, where he remained in practice until his death, April 6, 1868. He married Lucinda Atkins of Claremont, December 25, 1816. He was an able lawyer and an ardent admirer of the distinguished Jeremiah Mason, in honor of whom his son, Mason Weare, was named. The latter was born in Newport, October 20, 1817. He was educated at the public school, at "Master" Ballard's famous school in Hopkinton, Hopkinton Academy and Kimball Union Academy at Meriden. He pursued the study of law in his father's office, and with Hon. George W. Nesmith of Franklin, and was admitted to the bar in 1841 and immediately commenced practice in Bradford where he continued through life, except for the time while he was engaged in the public service at Washington.

Like his father, Colonel Tappan was a determined opponent of slavery, and politically allied himself with the Free Soil party, and, upon its organization, with the Republican party, of which he became one of the most prominent leaders in the State. He represented the town of Bradford in the legislature in 1853–54–55, being a candidate for speaker of the house in 1854, and lacking but two votes of an election. In 1855 he was elected to Congress from the Second New Hampshire District, and twice reëlected, serving with distinction till 1861, when, upon the outbreak of the Rebellion, being an earnest champion of the Union cause, he was commissioned colonel of the First New Hampshire Volunteer Regiment, of three months men, and commanded

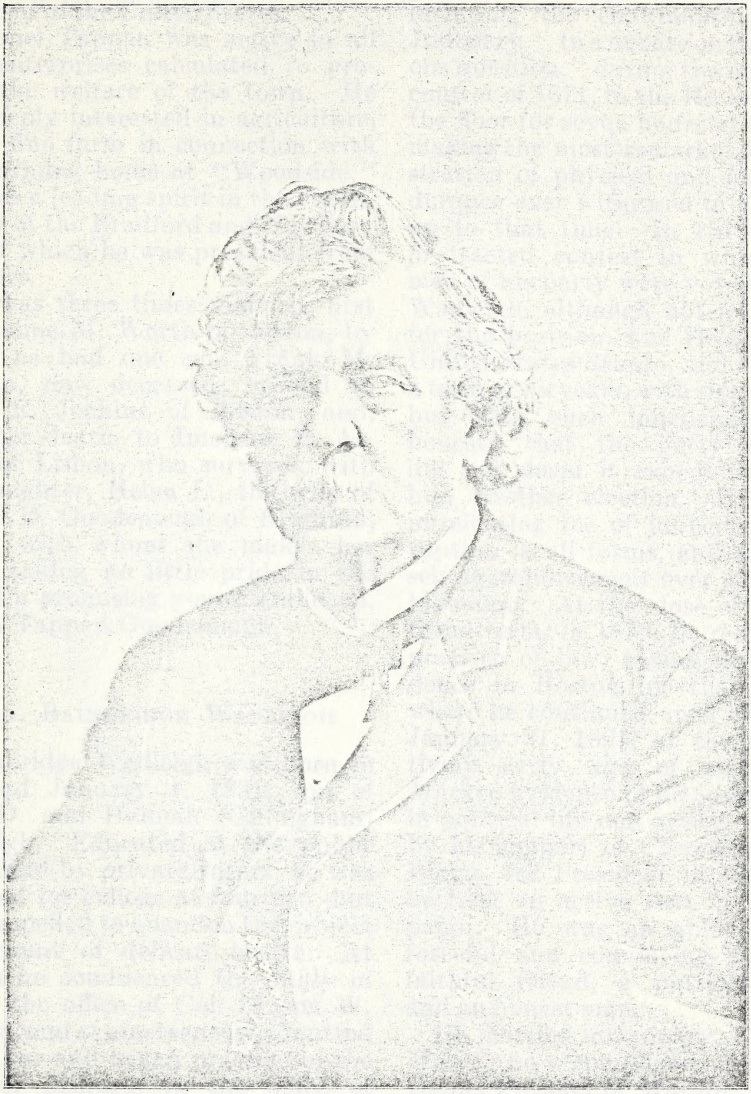


The Old Tappan Law Office

the same in the field during the term of enlistment, after which he returned to the practice of his profession in Bradford, but for many years also maintained an office in Concord. He was an able lawyer, and a brilliant advocate, and his services were in wide demand. In 1876 he was appointed attorney general of the State, and served with great efficiency till his death, October 24, 1886.

While a life-long Republican, and acting with his party up to the time of his death, Colonel Tappan was a





COL. MASON W. TAPPAN



warm friend and admirer of Horace Greeley, whom he regarded as a sincere patriot, and in the campaign of 1872 he was allied with the Liberal Republican movement in support of Mr. Greeley whose candidacy had been endorsed by the Democrats, for President of the United States.

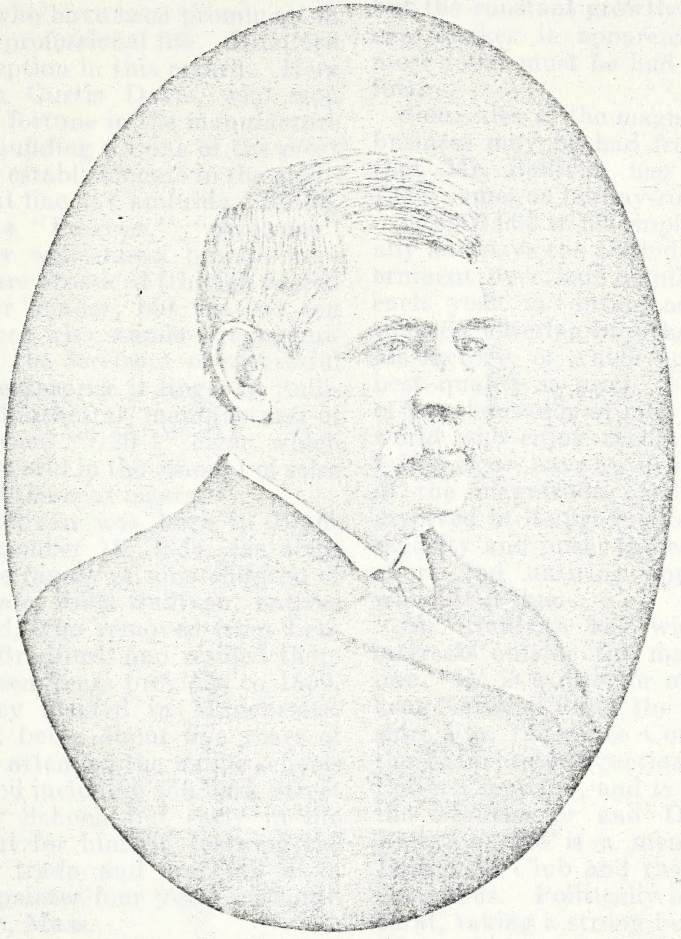
Colonel Tappan was active in all local enterprises calculated to promote the welfare of the town. He was deeply interested in agriculture, had a fine farm in connection with his charming home at "Woodside," and was a leading spirit in the organization of the Bradford and Newbury Fair of which he was president from the start.

He was three times married; first to Emeline M. Worth of Sutton, by whom he had one son, Frank M. Tappan, now deceased; second to Mary E. Jenkins of Boston, and, after her death, to Imogene B. Atwood of Lisbon, who survives, with one daughter, Helen L., the wife of Harold D. Goodenough of Brighton, Mass., with whom she makes her home, taking no little pride in the care of a promising young grandson, Mason Tappan Goodenough.

Hon. Bainbridge Wadleigh

Bainbridge Wadleigh was born in Bradford January 4, 1831, son of John D. and Hannah (Gillingham) Wadleigh. Educated at the public school and by private tutors, he was prepared for college at fourteen, but was compelled to abandon the project on account of delicate health. At sixteen he commenced the study of law in the office of Col. Mason W. Tappan, and at nineteen was admitted to the bar and began practice in the town of Milford, in the office of Solomon R. Livermore. He early took strong interest in political affairs, was an earnest opponent of slavery, and was elected to the legislature from Milford in 1855, at the age of 24. He was subsequently elected, and served with distinction, in 1859, 1860, 1869, 1870, 1871 and 1872, being a recognized leader on the Republican side at each session and taking prominent part in the debates. He held position on important committees, including the chairmanship of the Judiciary. In a debate on the "previous question," during the memorable contest of 1871, in the House, he held the floor for seven hours at one time, making the most remarkable demonstration of physical and mental endurance ever witnessed in that body up to that time. In 1879, after a protracted contest in which many men of his party were voted for, Mr. Wadleigh, although not an aspirant for the position, was elected to the United States Senate, and served for a term of six years, with signal ability, but with such independence and honesty that the party managers did not deem it expedient to give him another election. He was an unrelenting foe of jobbery and corruption in all forms, and no hint of self aggrandizement ever attached to his name. At the close of his senatorial term, in 1879, he resumed the practice of law, taking up his residence in Boston for that purpose, where he continued until his decease January 21, 1891, at the comparatively early age of sixty years. Marked evidence of his independence in political life and action was given by his support of Cleveland against Blaine, for President in 1884, when he took an active part in the campaign. He was an able lawyer, a forceful and convincing speaker, a faithful friend, a patriotic citizen and an honest man.

He married in January, 1853, Ann Maria, the accomplished daughter of Daniel Putnam of Milford, who died in 1879. Four daughters were born to them—two surviving, Helen Putnam, Mrs. Samuel Howe of Concord, Mass., and Caroline, Mrs. Washington B. Thomas of Boston.



B. Wadleigh.



Roger G. Sullivan

There is scarcely a town in New Hampshire, however small or remote, which has not sent out one or more men who have attained marked success in the business world, as well as those who have been prominent in public or professional life. Bradford is no exception in this regard. Here was born Curtis Davis, who won fame and fortune in the manufacture of soap, building up one of the most extensive establishments in the country in that line at Cambridge, Mass., where the "Peerless," "Welcome" and other well-known brands were and still are produced (though passed into other hands); but the one son of Bradford who stands out preëminently in the forefront of successful business enterprise is Roger G. Sullivan, of Manchester, manufacturer of the renowned "7-20-4" cigar, which leads the world in the amount of sales among all ten-cent cigars.

Mr. Sullivan was born in Bradford, December 18, 1854, the sixth son in the family of nine children of Michael and Julia Sullivan, natives of Ireland, who removed from Lebanon to Bradford, and resided there some fifteen years previous to 1859, when they located in Manchester, Roger G. being about five years of age. He attended the public schools in boyhood including the Park Street Grammar School, but early in life struck out for himself, learning the painter's trade and working as a carriage painter four years at South Merrimac, Mass.

Having an ambition for business and confidence in his ability to command success, he returned to Manchester in 1874, and commenced the manufacture of cigars, on a small scale, employing but one hand at first and gradually developing a business, through the excellence of the product, persistent effort and systematic advertising, that ranks among the first in the country, and leads the world in its particular line. Increasing his facilities from time to time as the growth of the business demanded, he erected a spacious six-story brick factory building near the railway station in Manchester, four years ago, which he then thought would be ample for all future demands, but the constant growth of the business makes it apparent that still more room must be had in the near future.

Some idea of the magnitude of the business may be had from the fact that Mr. Sullivan has more than 1,000 names on his pay-roll, dispenses over $600,000 to his employees annually and pays the United States government over half a million dollars each year in duties on imported tobacco, entering into the product of his factory, of which none but the best quality is used. Few, indeed, of the thousands of men all over the world who enjoy the luxury of the 7-20-4 cigar, have any comprehension of the magnitude of the business involved in its production, or of the sagacity and push, the conscientious effort and untiring application to which it is due.

Mr. Sullivan has wide business interests outside the manufacturing line. He is a director of the Amoskeag National Bank, the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, and the Manchester Traction, Light and Power Company, and is president of the Manchester and Derry Street Railway. He is a member of the Derryfield Club and the Knights of Columbus. Politically he is a Democrat, taking a strong interest in the affairs of his party, but never seeking office for himself. He was a candidate for presidential elector on the Palmer and Buckner ticket in 1896, and was chosen to such position on the Democratic ticket last fall, assisting in casting the vote of New Hampshire for a Democratic president for the first time in sixty years.

In March, 1875, he married Susan C. Fernald of Manchester. They have three daughters, all married—Minnie E., wife of Joseph S. Flynn,



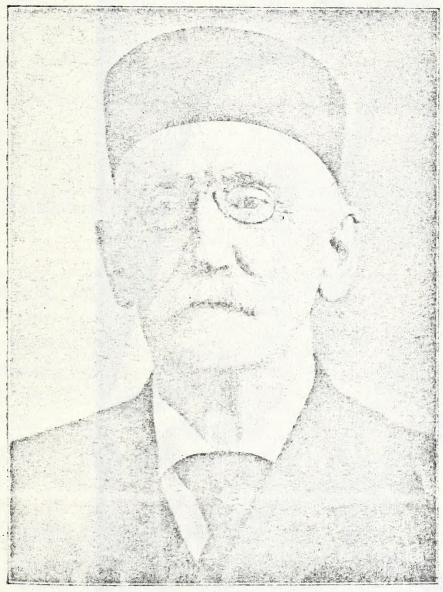
ROGER G. SULLIVAN



and Susan A., wife of Joseph W. Eppley of Manchester, and Frances E., wife of James G. Driscoll of New York City. There are, also, five grandchildren.

Will M. Cressy

There is no more familiar name in the amusement world today than that of Will M. Cressy, and no man on the vaudeville stage whose work is more generally admired. Not only is Mr. Cressy a master in his line as an actor and entertainer, but as an author of vaudeville sketches, or one-act plays of an amusing nature, he leads the world, having produced

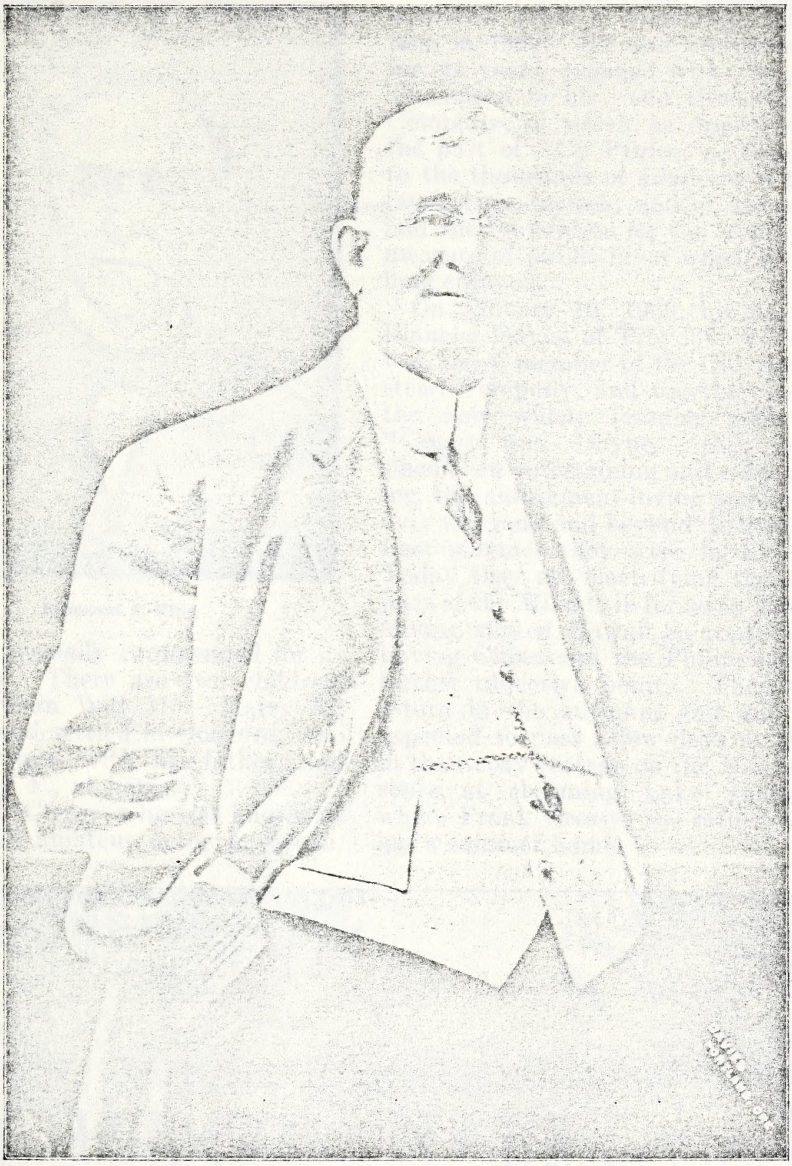


Frank Cressy

nearly one hundred and fifty. The first of these—"Grasping An Opportunity"—took the public by storm, and many others have been no less successful; though he has himself presented on the stage but a comparatively small number of all his productions in this line, which are so numerous in fact that a recent writer in the *Boston Globe*, gives currency to the statement that Mr. Cressy has written about one half of all the playlets now being presented in vaudeville. Be this as it may there is no question that he has written more than any one else, and that he has presented and continues to present the best of them in a more "fetching" manner than any other entertainer of his class.

Mr. Cressy was born in Bradford, October 29, 1863, the son of Frank and Annette M. (Ring) Cressy. Frank Cressy was a Bradford boy, son of William P. and Mary Chase (Gould) Cressy born October 21, 1840. He was educated in the public schools and at New London Academy, taught school for a few years, and later, for ten years filled a position in the Treasury Department at Washington. Returning to New Hampshire, he was for two or three years in the postal service, but for the last thirty years or more he has been engaged in the wholesale flour and grain business in Concord, where he has long held a prominent place in the community, being active in the affairs of the Unitarian Church and the Republican party, serving in various official positions, and as a director of the Concord Board of Trade, of which he is one of the most active members. He has long been the secretary of the White Mountain Travelers Association and a leading spirit in the organization. He married Miss Ring, a daughter of the late Edmund J. Ring of Bradford, March 30, 1862.* She

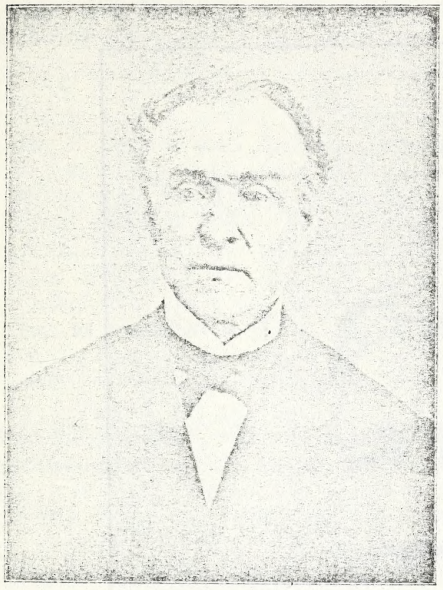
*Edmund J. Ring, a well known farmer and builder, was a highly respected citizen who took a lively interest in all matters that vitally interested the welfare of the community, and particularly the matter of education. He initiated, by his own practice, the custom of visiting the schools on the part of those outside the school committee. Many of the older residents of the town, who were scholars in his day, still speak in grateful terms of the constant and kindly interest in their behalf, and the encouragement thereby rendered. Mr. Ring was an acute phrenologist, an omniverous reader, a keen debater, and held, and still holds, the respect and love of his fellow-townsmen, as an absolutely honest man.



WILL M. CRESSY



is a highly gifted woman, prominent in church and club. Her poem, given at the Bradford Centennial Celebration, was a production of rare



Edmund J. Ring

merit, universally commended for its excellence. There are two children, younger than Will M.— Harry R., married and settled in Concord, who is in business with his father, and Miss May F., at home.

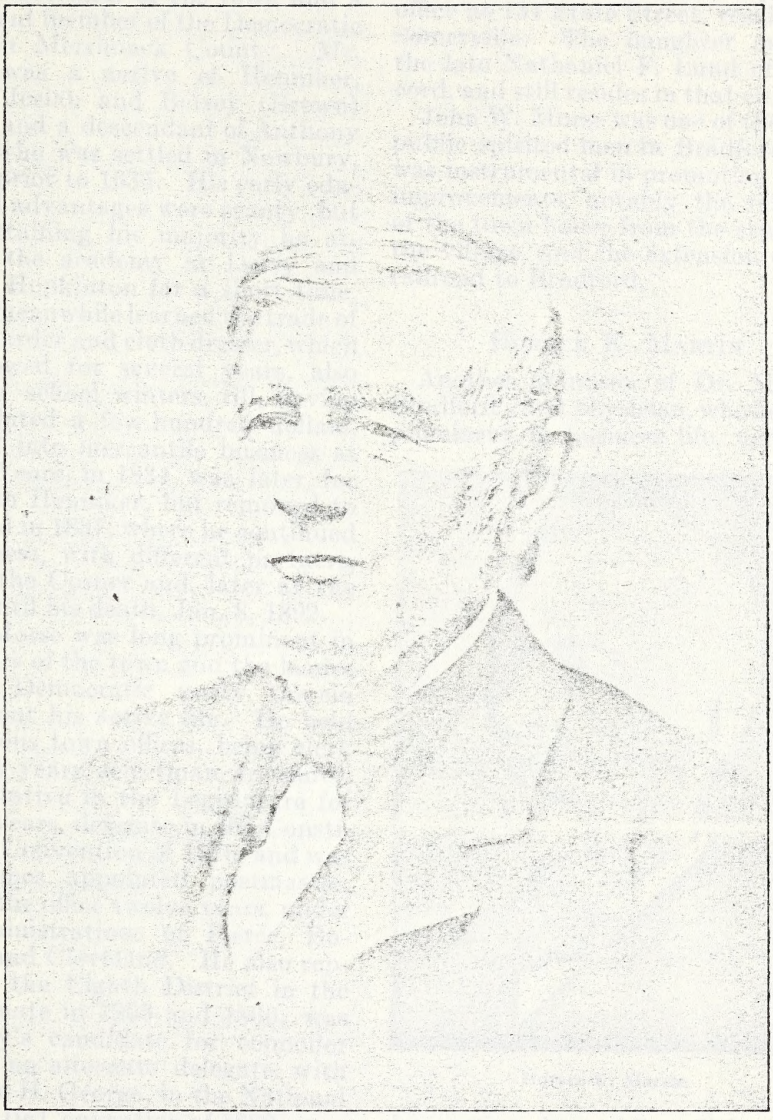
Will M. Cressy, who was known as a versatile amateur actor in youth, completed his education in the Concord schools, and was for some time a traveling salesman before commencing his brilliant and successful life work.

His first professional engagement was with Frost & Fanshawe, beginning in 1889. He was subsequently for six years, engaged with Denman Thompson in his "Old Homestead" Company, in which he appeared in the part of "Cy Prime" so familiar to the thousands of admirers of that famous production, and in which he laid the foundation for the wonderful measure of public favor which he has long enjoyed.

On January 19, 1900, he married Blanche Dayne of Troy, N. Y., who was also a member of the Old Homestead Company, and together, under the now widely familiar name of "Cressy and Dayne," they have since been entertaining and exhilarating the amusement-loving public all over this land and beyond its borders. Last summer they were in Europe. Today they are electrifying the subjects of the Mikado in far away Japan, having visited Hawaii en route, and having China and the Philippines as farther objective points. They will return in the autumn, and may be expected to pass a few days at least in their cozy cottage on the Newbury shore at charming Lake Sunapee, where Frank Cressy, the father, also has a summer home.



Ring Homestead. Birthplace of Will M. Cressy



HON. JOHN W. MORSE

Hon. John W. Morse

Among the best known, most influential, and public spirited citizens of Bradford for more than half a century was Hon. John W. Morse, a leading merchant of the town and a prominent member of the Democratic party in Merrimack County. Mr. Morse was a native of Henniker, son of Josiah and Betsey (Brown) Morse, and a descendant of Anthony Morse who was settled in Newbury, Mass., prior to 1635. His early educational advantages were scanty, but after attaining his majority he attended the academy at Derry and that at Hopkinton for a short time, having meanwhile learned the trade of a wool carder and cloth dresser, which he followed for several years, also teaching school winters, till, having accumulated a few hundred dollars, he went into mercantile business at North Weare, in 1834, was, later, for a time in Henniker, but removed to Bradford in 1837, where he continued in business, with different partners, first at the Corner and, later at the Mills, until his death, Jan. 8, 1892.

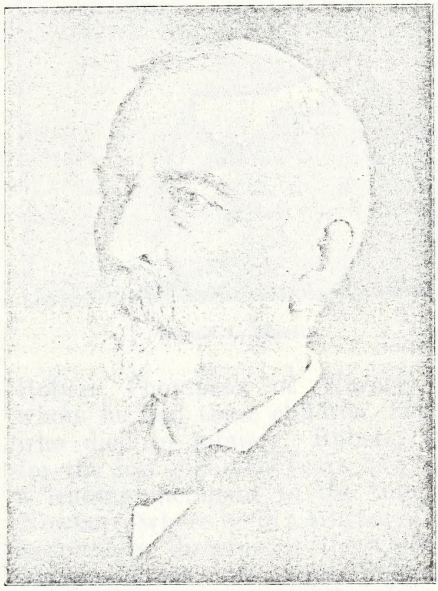
Mr. Morse was long prominent in the affairs of the town and the leader of the Democratic party therein throughout his active life. He held the various town offices, being clerk for many years, selectman, treasurer, representative in the Legislature for several years, delegate in the Constitutional Convention of 1876, and was three times appointed postmaster, holding the office twelve years, under the administrations of Pierce, Buchanan and Cleveland. He also represented the Eighth District in the State Senate in 1865 and 1866, was his party's candidate for councilor and was an alternate delegate, with Col. John H. George, in the National Democratic Convention of 1880.

Mr. Morse married, August 16, 1835, Lucy Ann, daughter of Hon. Jonathan Gove, a prominent citizen of Acworth, by whom he had three children, John G., born in Henniker, June 7, 1836; Charles W., born in Bradford, February 11, 1839, and Mary E., born July 14, 1843. The sons, of whom the elder only survives, were long engaged in the wholesale grocery business in Boston, where John G., now retired, has a private office at 131 State Street, residing in Somerville. The daughter married the late Nathaniel F. Lund of Concord, and still resides in that city.

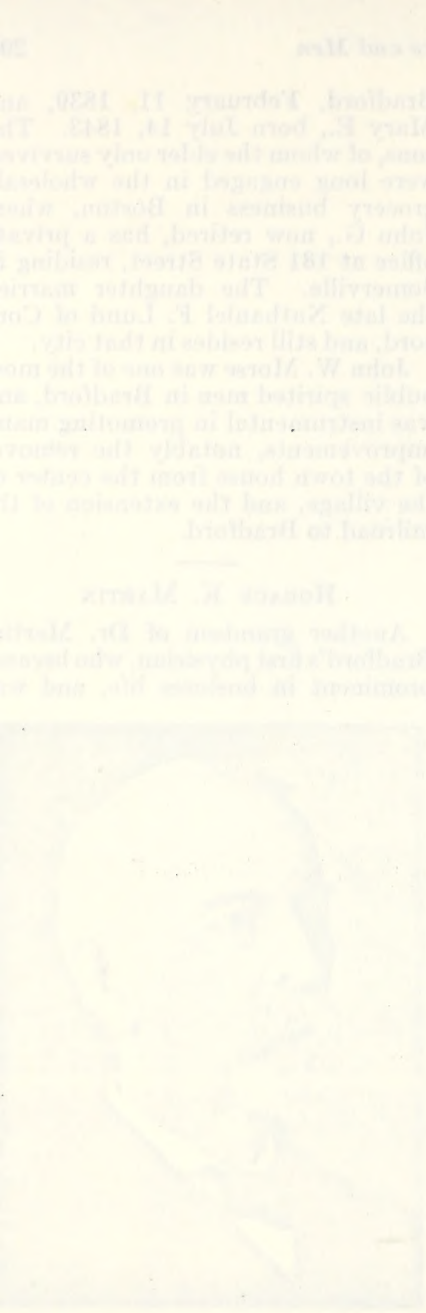
John W. Morse was one of the most public spirited men in Bradford, and was instrumental in promoting many improvements, notably the removal of the town house from the center of the village, and the extension of the railroad to Bradford.

Horace K. Martin

Another grandson of Dr. Martin, Bradford's first physician, who became prominent in business life, and was also active in public affairs, was Horace K., a son of William Martin, born August 14, 1832. William Martin was for many years a leading business man in Bradford, and was also engaged for some time in trade in Concord and Franklin.



Horace K. Martin



Horace K. Martin was educated in the public schools and at Proctor Academy, Andover. He was employed for a time in the general store of James Butler at Hillsborough Bridge, and, later in the hardware store of the late Gustavus Walker of Concord. In 1868, in company with George O. Sawyer he engaged in general trade in Bradford, under the firm name of Sawyer & Martin, in the building near the depot, now occupied by Danforth Brothers, continuing about seven years, after which he engaged extensively in the wood and lumber business in this State and in real estate transactions in New Hampshire and at the West. He was quite successful in business and was a large owner of real estate at the time of his death which occurred January 29, 1904.

In politics he was an active Democrat. He held various town offices; was representative in the Legislatures of 1872 and 1873 and postmaster under Cleveland's last administration. He had been the candidate of his party for various state and county offices, besides serving on the State committee, and in other capacities. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity.

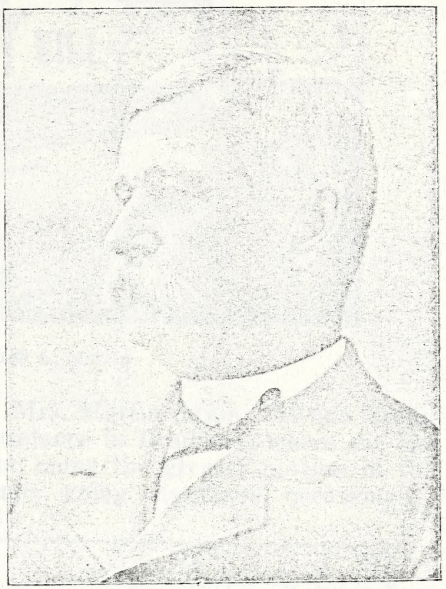
He married, November 24, 1870, Sarah Frances, daughter of Bard P. Paige of Bradford, by whom he had one son, George G. Martin, now a resident and prominent citizen of Warner who is also extensively engaged in lumbering.

Frank L. Martin

Frank Long Martin, a life-long resident of Bradford, born April 6, 1835, and who died March 18, 1908, was one of the most substantial and respected citizens of the town. He was a son of Nathan and Marinda Bean Martin and a grandson of Dr. William C. Martin, the first practicing physician in Bradford, who came from Weare about 1794.

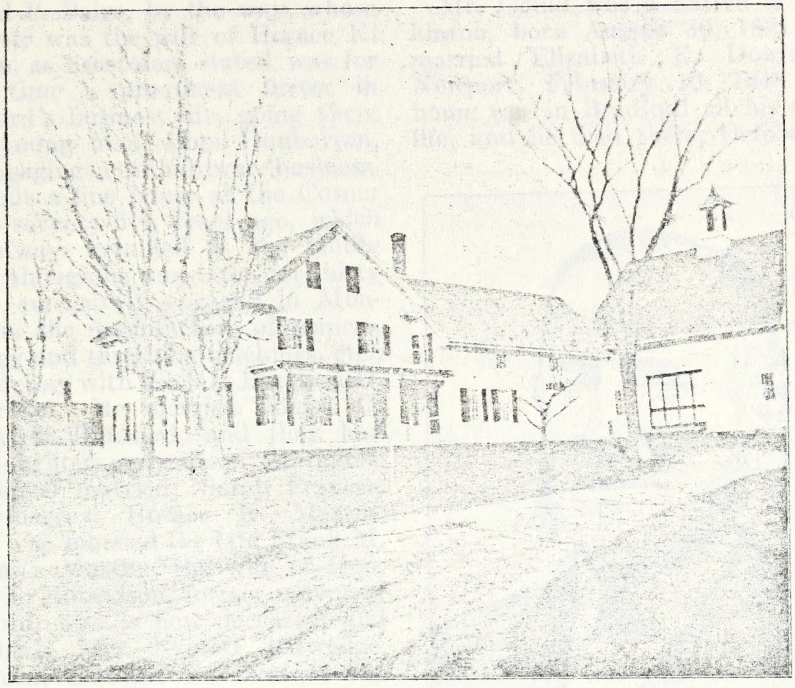
Mr. Martin was a farmer by occupation, but ultimately engaged in the wood and lumber business, which he followed successfully for a number of years. Politically he was a Republican from the organization of the party which came into existence in the year when he attained his majority. He was a man who always had the courage of his convictions and the best interests of the community at heart.

In 1866 he was united in marriage with Mary Wilkins, daughter of



Frank L. Martin

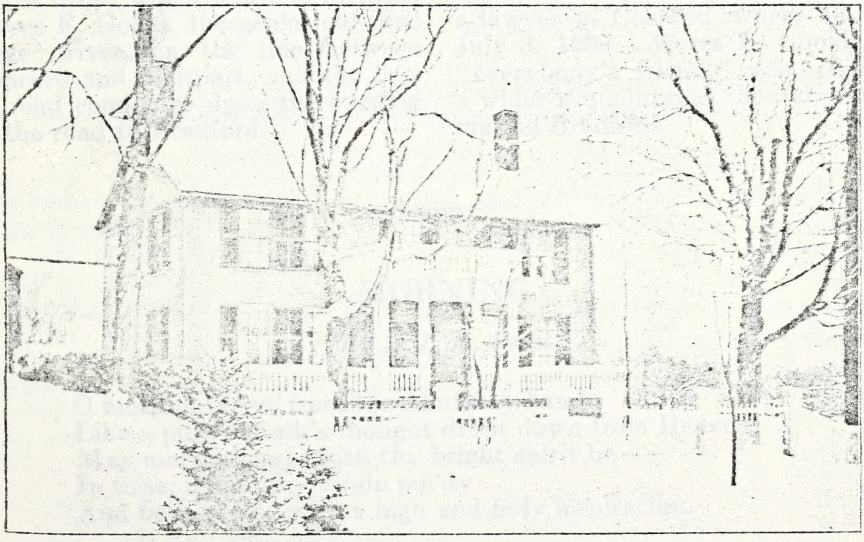
Robert Thompson of Warner, by whom he had three children, Frank, who died in infancy; Robert, who for the last eighteen years has been a leading merchant in the town of Newport, where he is a trustee of the hospital, a director of the Citizens National Bank and a loyal supporter of the Congregational Church, and Fred M., who graduated from the Worcester Polytechnic Institute in 1895, as a mechanical engineer and was for four years a draughtsman at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, when he obtained a position with the American Smelting and Refining Company, and was sent West, with Denver as his



Residence of Mrs. Frank L. Martin

headquarters. Three years later he was promoted to the position of chief engineer of the company, which position he still holds.

Mrs. Martin retains the fine family residence in Bradford, where she has her home the greater portion of the time, going elsewhere, occasionally.



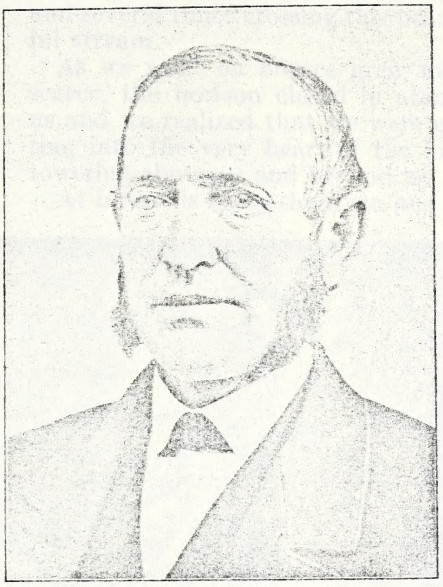
Bard P. Paige Homestead



Bard P. Paige, by the way, whose daughter was the wife of Horace K. Martin, as heretofore stated, was for some time a prominent factor in Bradford's business life, going there as a young man, from Dunbarton, and engaging in the hardware business. He built a fine house at the Corner about seventy-five years ago, which was always retained as the family home, though he was, later, for thirty years, extensively engaged in Montreal in the manufacture of reapers, mowing and threshing machines, etc., in company with the late Harrison D. Robertson. He married Louisa D. Cressy of Bradford, and they had four daughters and one son: Margaret, who never married; Sarah Frances, who married Horace K. Martin; Ellen who married the late Frank M. Tappan; Martha, the wife of Hon. John E. Robertson, former mayor of Concord, who is now deceased, and Elizabeth, Mrs. Everett Kittredge. The son, Edward P., lives at the old family homestead in Dunbarton. The Bradford house is now the property of John E. Robertson, and is occupied by Mrs. Tappan.

No Bradford sketch, however meagre in details, would be considered worth while, which failed to mention Moses E. Gould, the genial old-time stage driver, on the line between Concord and Newport, and the first railroad conductor upon the opening of the road to Bradford.

Mr. Gould was a native of Hopkinton, born August 30, 1821. He married Elizabeth E. Dowlin of Newport, February 10, 1848. His home was in Bradford all his active life, and he died there, October 23,



Moses E. Gould

1892. His son, Fred H. born in Bradford December 18, 1879, was a lawyer in Concord, where he died July 3, 1909. Moses E. Gould was "everybody's friend," and enjoyed a wider acquaintance than any other man in Bradford.

MORNING

By L. J. H. Frost

O morning! fresh from the Almighty hand,
Like a pure Seraph's thought dropt down from Heaven;
May mortal hearts with thy bright spirit be
In tune; inhale thy virgin purity
And be baptized with a high and holy inspiration.

A TRIP TO LOST RIVER

By Katherine C. Meader

We had seen the "Old Man of the Mountains," visited the Flume and other points of interest; successfully made the trip up Moosilauke, and now we were ambitious to explore the ravine of Lost River.

Accordingly, one morning in early September, a party of thirteen of us started from North Haverhill, well equipped with ropes, lanterns, birch bark torches, and, not least in importance, capacious and well-filled lunch baskets.

The mists hung heavy over the village as we left it at seven o'clock, passed the old meeting house at the Center, and took the road through "No. 10" for Benton Street. By the time we had reached the horseshoe bend in the road at Whitcher Hollow, however, the fog had rolled away and a scene of wonderful extent and beauty lay sparkling before us.

Crossing Davis Brook and coming up into Wildwood, we followed the Wild Ammonoosuc nearly to the source of the north branch. The road is of great interest all the way, winding in and out among the hills and several times crossing this beautiful stream.

As we went on houses grew more scarce, the horizon closed in around us and we realized that we were getting into the very heart of the hills, towering above us and beyond us.

At intervals along the river, and especially just below Beaver Meadows, we were interested to notice the lumbermen's dams, built broad and strong enough to hold back an immense quantity of water and thus form temporary ponds every spring, but now with the gates wide open to give the narrow sparkling stream free passage. A far different spectacle, indeed, must the brook present when, swollen by the spring rains, and the melting snow chafing against its long imprisonment behind the unyielding gates, as they are at last lifted, it sweeps proudly through



Cave of Lost Souls, 250 Feet below the Surface, Lost River

them, bearing upon its bosom thousands upon thousands of logs the result of the winter's work of an army of men and horses, only to have the process repeated again and again, until it reaches, with its precious burden, the parent stream and finally the noble Connecticut.

But these huge dams are not the only indication of lumbering that we see. In the distance we can discern the zigzag paths, winding up and down the mountain sides so steep that it seems almost impossible for horses to make the ascent. Here we see a lumberman's camp and there a couple of log houses and a log barn. The road is no longer smooth and hard, but cut up by heavy wheels. Deep ruts and corduroy bridges are frequent. Looking ahead, the mountains seem to block our way and hem us in closely on either side, leaving just room for the road and the brook; but, as we are following a natural pass or notch, there are no steep pitches or long hills to climb. Here is an immense landing place for logs which came sliding down the mountain side in a narrow sluiceway. We catch glimpses of the sluiceway above us but its top is far out of sight.

Now we cross the brook for the last time and pitch over the divide which separates the Ammonoosuc slope from the Pemigewasset valley. In a few moments we reach another brook whose limpid waters flow in just the opposite direction from the one we have been following, their sources being only a few rods apart and fed perhaps from the same spring.



The Hall of the Ships

Having driven in our route through parts of Haverhill, Benton, Landaff, Easton and Woodstock, we are nearing the borders of Lincoln, and have

at last reached the celebrated Lost River. It was now half past ten and a lunch, to which all did ample justice was next in order. After half an hour's rest we laid aside our hats, put on our rubbers, collected our ropes, etc., ready for the event of the day. A few minutes' walk beside this lovely stream, brought us to the wild, lonely gorge where the river is forever playing hide and seek with itself. This ravine, over half a mile in length from twenty to forty feet deep, filled with huge rocks, piled upon each other in every conceivable position and in the most inextricable confusion, occurring in the bed of an otherwise placid stream, can only be accounted for, according to Professor Hitchcock, by a tremendous upheaval of the earth's crust at some remote period of the past.

Some of the great slabs look as if freshly cut from the living rock, some form overhanging cliffs, smoothed and hollowed out on the inner surface as if by the action of water. There are but few rounded boulders, and hardly a pebble is to be found, the bed of the stream being either of mud or of solid rock. This formation seems to belong to the same period as the Flume, only a few miles distant, and other smaller gorges like the one in the brook flowing into Lake Morey. But wiser minds than mine will have to settle that point and while I was lost in wonder and delight at the beauty and grandeur of the ravine, it would take a far more gifted pen than mine to adequately describe it.

At several places the rocks are so piled up as to form caverns, some open to the sky, some underground. By scrambling and sliding down the sides of the ravine, clinging to an overhanging bough, a projecting root, or a crevice in the rock, one can without much difficulty descend into most of these caves or grottoes, though we were glad of a stout rope and a helping hand in climbing out.



Paradise Falls

The "Cave of the Ships" is perhaps the most difficult to explore, but it well repays one's efforts. At the "Cave of Forgetfulness" one must creep out on a narrow shelf and then descend by means of a ladder. No trace is here to be seen of the brook, at first, but, stooping down

and entering a gloomy recess at one side, by the dim light of our torches we can catch the gleam of the narrow stream, as it appears from beneath a wall of rock, stealing along the side of the cavern in the darkness, without a sound, and as mysteriously disappearing again.

There was something about this cave which gave us a weird, uncanny feeling, and I think we all drew a long breath of relief when we had climbed the ladder again, stepped carefully along the narrow ledge, made a successful leap across a cleft in the rock, not wide but deep, and were once more on safe footing.

The river loses itself several times in the intricate and confused masses of rock, but after passing through the "Cave of Lost Souls," the "King's Chamber" and several others it finally emerges near the foot of the ravine in the shape of a beautiful waterfall twenty-five feet in height, fitly called the "Falls of Paradise."

Here the sight of this charming fall with its wild and romantic surrounding, was enough to repay us for all the hardships of the trip. The water falls into an immense rounded basin with no visible outlet, for a huge overhanging cliff, almost the height of the fall itself and directly facing it, seems to completely block the passage.

A little way along, however, the brook reappears in the "Elysian Fields," then, reaching the end of the gorge, it flows rippling along over its pebbly bed as if glad to get out into the sunshine once more and determined never again to lose itself. A short, hard climb through the dense woods and we are back in the highway half a mile from the place where we left our teams.

We have spent nearly three hours in this fascinating locality and must now bid a lingering adieu to one of the most beautiful of New Hampshire's famous Beauty Spots.

A MAY MORNING

By Amy J. Dolloff

Peals of rich melody flood all creation,
Welling and swelling in rapturous glee.
Birds of the May morning, Oh, how I love you!
Sing on, and bring heaven's message to me!

Bring me the courage that comes with day's dawning
After a midnight of sorrow and pain.
Teach me the secret of constant endeavor,
Joyous alike in the sun or the rain.

Help me, bright heralds of summer's warm splendor,
To feel in full measure the beauty of life!
While my heart throbs with the glory of Nature,
Gloom must be banished, peace triumph o'er strife.

May I, like you, be content in my station,
Happy to toil in a world of such worth;
Trusting the All-Father for every earth need,
Restful and radiant with Love's gentle mirth.

and entering a gloomy recess at one side, by the dim light of our torches we can catch the gleam of the narrow stream, as it appears from beneath a wall of rock, stealing along the side of the cavern in the darkness, without a sound, and is mysteriously disappearing again.

There was something about this cave which gave us a weird, unsunny feeling, and I think we all drew a long breath of relief when we had climbed the ladder again, stepped carefully along the narrow ledge, made a successful leap across a cleft in the rock, not wide but deep, and were once more on safe footing.

The river loses itself several times in the intricate and contorted mazes of rock, but after passing through the "Cave of Lost Souls," "the "King's Chamber" and several others it finally emerges near the foot of the ravine in the shape of a beautiful waterfall twenty-five feet in height, fitly called the "Falls of Paradise."

THE UNKNOWN DEAD

*By H. J. Hall**

The Unknown Dead! The Unknown Dead!
With hushed voice and reverent head,
We stand before them and entreat
Their spirits to forgive the feet
That, thoughtless, pass and pass again,
Their unmarked graves, nor feel of pain
The lightest touch, for they, forsooth,
Know not of how these died for Truth.

On sun-kissed hill, in shadowy glen,
They lie, the mouldered dust of men,
Whose names from off the muster roll,
Were struck when Death had ta'en his toll.
On mountain bare, in forest deep,
In verdant mead, on rocky deep,
They found their couch of last repose,
Unseen by eyes of friends or foes.
Into th' embrace of Mother Earth,
To her who gave them primal birth,
Their shattered forms of moulded clay,
In one last merging sank away;
While o'er the gently arching mound,
Sweet verdure spread in depths profound,
As 'twer to heal a gaping wound.
Then Earth put on her smile once more,
And calmed her aching heart and sore,
For if she mourned the sons of men,
They rested in her arms again,
Dead forms they might seem, but she knew
That while she held them fast and true,
As sad waifs of a bitter war,
That rent her breast with many a scar,
Their spirits saw the eternal morn,
Where blood and tears are quite forsworn.

Slow o'er those distant, grief dimmed days,
Replete with glory and with praise,
For those who struggled through the storm,
With valiant brow and uplift arm,
The years have dropped a thickening veil,
Until their grandeur seems to pale,
The emblazoned colors that they knew,
The brilliant bars and star decked blue,
That through a reek of smoke and flame
Allured to a deathless fame,
Now shroud the bullet bitten staff,
Their primal beauty rent in half,

*Read at the Memorial exercises in New London, N. H., May 30, 1913.

The faded symbol of a thought,
That found its deed in what men ought.
Enshrined in some marble pile,
They silent droop, and we the while,
Attempt to rouse the sluggish stream
Of emulation, 'till the dream
Of camp and march may be fulfilled
In our lives—in arms unskilled—
By deeds that mark a Nation's weal,
Beyond the gauge of ball and steel.

Wide o'er the land today, beneath
Heaven's touch serene, we place the wreath
That love hath twined, from memories
Which sweeter grow with passing days,
'Til idealized, they, Giants stand
To whom we owe our Fatherland.
The mighty leader of a host,
And him who paid the fatal cost,
Fram rank and file, we honor both,
They heard the call and were not loth.
We rear the massive granite shaft,
And carve its sides with cunning craft,
Their names engross, lest some forget
Their doughty deeds, who forward set
Their faces toward a valiant foe.
We mark the slowly thinning line,
The weakened step, as Nature's sign,
How soon the years shall claim them all
To meet in peace the final call,
Whom Death passed by in march and field.

They pay a comrade's tribute here,
We add the sympathetic tear,
Too oft to feel, such hour spent,
Should rather be on sport intent.
We take the profit of their pain,
And prostitute the priceless gain.
In park and playground, far and wide,
Our presence helps to swell the tide
That rolls its flood of joyous shout
From patriot's deed, to game and rout.
Their day declines, at set of sun,
We soon shall see their course as run.
They soon must mingle with the dust
Of those who held a Nation's trust,
And paid the last full claim with death.
No less have these with patriot's breath
Lived out a life of fair renown,
In mart or city, field or town.
We honor them because we know
These hearts, whose honest pulses flow
With blood as red as made the tide
That poured down rugged Lookout's side.

We know them, but the dizzy world,
In ecstacy of pleasure whirled,
Recks not if duty or if play
Calls loudest on this Holy-day.
Full need there is of shafts of stone,
For they shall mayhap stand alone
As sole reminder of an hour
When warlike might and martial power,
Still won a mead of praise and fame,
For what they earned in Freedom's name.
The Unknown Dead! The Unknown Dead!
Low beats the drum with muffled head.
Their shadowy lines are fading fast
Into the vista of the past,
And only a faithful memory
May keep them longer for a day.
They have no mausoleum proud,
And no acclaim from shouting crowd.

Think of the bitter tears that fell
When the silent days no news could tell,
And hope grew wan, at length to die,
Itself in an unknown grave to lie.

Oh cry for pity! We hear it call,
And on our hearts their tears shall fall—
A bitter, blistering, scalding flood,
Red with the stain of martyred blood,
Should we forget the nameless host,
Who for the Land their birthright lost.
Oh Men who stand for a Nation's strength!
Oh Youth, who shall stand in their place at length!
To you they appeal, these brave Unknown
In a voice that is heard like an undertone
Of beseeching cry, in the shout of the World:
Gird up thy soul for the coming strife!
Prepare thyself for the needs of life!
But keep in thy heart some worthy place
For the Unknown Dead, of a valiant race,
And give as a sign, thou dost not forget,
The proof in a soul that is consecrate
To a life that is full of deeds of grace,
Where love shall find a master place,
To match that love they nobly gave
When they laid down life a race to save.
Oh ye who fell on fields unnamed!
Where deeds in arms are never famed,
Thy sacrifice was quite as pure
As those whose praise is still secure.
Thou heardst the call of love and right,
And answered with thy holy might,
Wherever lies thy honored dust,
Thy memory is a sacred trust.

CARRIGAIN AND CARTER.

By an Occasional Contributor

Two natives of Concord, whose names are more or less familiarly associated with its early history and that of the state—particularly the former—were Philip Carrigain and Nathaniel H. Carter.

Mr. Carrigain was the son of Dr. Philip and Elizabeth (Clough) Carrigain, born in Concord, February 20, 1772. His father, who was a native of the City of New York, and had studied medicine in Haverhill, Mass., located in practice in Concord in 1763, and soon gained a wide reputation in his profession for skill and success, ranking among the first in the state and in New England.

The son was a young man of great promise, and was liberally educated. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1794, read law with Hon. Arthur Livermore at Holderness and established himself in practice in his native city, where he became extremely popular in political and social circles on account of his engaging manners, ready wit, and oratorical and poetical talents. His graduating part at Dartmouth had been a poem on "Agriculture," which was published in the newspapers of the day, and thus gave him standing and popularity with the farmers. His brilliancy, however, was not accompanied by the measure of application and industry essential to professional success, and the latter was never attained in any substantial measure, although other locations than Concord were tried at different times, including Loudon, Epsom and Chichester. The measure of his personal popularity which was so great that one biographer says of him: "No political, agricultural or social gathering was complete without his presence," was probably an actual misfortune. Had it been less he might have applied himself more effectively to professional work.

He was chosen secretary of state by the legislature in 1805, and three times reëlected, serving from June, 1805, to June, 1809.

In 1816 he published, by authority of the legislature, a map of New Hampshire, to the preparation of which he had given much personal attention, in the work of survey and otherwise. This map, while far from accurate in some respects, was far superior to any that had been produced and long remained the standard. It is in connection with this map, chiefly, that his name is now recalled.

Mr. Carrigain was clerk of the State Senate in 1821–2–3, but held no further public office, and though he continued his legal practice, after a fashion, he made no particular mark therein. He died in Concord, March 16, 1842, his last years having been passed in somewhat straitened circumstances. He was unmarried. He had strong literary tastes, possessed a valuable library, and was, withal, a writer of no inconsiderable ability. He was a member of the Association of gentlemen which established, and for some time published, in Concord, the *American Patriot*, the forerunner of Isaac Hill's *New Hampshire Patriot*.

Nathaniel Hazeltine Carter, son of Joseph and Hannah (Carr) Carter was born in Concord, September 17, 1787. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1811, taught for a short time at Salisbury Academy and for a longer period in Portland, Me. He studied law, but never practiced, his tastes and inclination being strongly literary. He was made Professor of Languages at Dartmouth, when the institution came under control of the state as the "Dartmouth University" in 1817, continuing for some two years, going then to Albany, N. Y., where

he became editor and proprietor of the *Albany Register*, a newspaper largely devoted to the political fortunes of George Clinton. He removed with his paper to New York City in 1822 and associated himself with G. W. Prentiss in the publication of the *Statesman*. His health failing (from tuberculosis) he traveled abroad, writing letters of interest to his paper which were subsequently published in two volumes, under the title "Letters from Europe," which were regarded as among the most interesting books of travel that had ever appeared. Subsequently he spent a winter in Cuba, and the next year —1829—he went to Southern France, where he died, at Marseilles, January 2, 1830.

Mr. Carter was a poet of special merit, and many of his productions in this line are still greatly admired.

Mr. Carter was a warm friend and admirer of Mr. Carrigain, his regard for whom, as well as the graceful style of his writing, is evidenced in the following letter, written to the latter from Hanover, while he was serving in his Dartmouth professorship, and which is now preserved among other correspondence of interest by the New Hampshire Historical Society, a copy of which we are permitted to present:

HANOVER, April 8, 1818.

DEAR SIR,

Your very friendly letter of the 31st ult. reached me last evening, & afforded me the most heart-felt pleasure. In my present situation, cut off as I am, by the cruel edict of the physician, from the society of "the mighty dead"—the pursuits & pleasures of literature—I need more than ever the sympathy & consolations of my friends. I bless God, that "in judgment he has remembered mercy"—that although he has seen fit to deprive me of the blessing of health, he has yet spared me many blessings—that I am in a situation where every thing is done to make me comfortable in sickness—and that in the season of affliction both present & absent friends have done all in their power to alleviate my sufferings & sorrows. If such attentions and kindnesses cannot restore me to health, they can at least "mitigate the tediousness of confinement," assuage the pains of disease & smooth the declivity to the grave.

I regret that you were not able to come to Hanover during your tour—a visit would have been very acceptable to all your friends in this quarter, & particularly so to me. Your affectionate letter with the promise of visiting us in May compensated in some measure for the loss of pleasure, occasioned by your return to Concord without extending your ride as far as Hanover. When you do come, please to make my lodgings (at Dr. Perkins) your place of rendezvous, so long as you remain in town.

I shall always remember with pleasure my connection with you & my associates in your office. Although it was a season of toil, it was a season of improvement. You will bear witness, I believe, that my leisure moments were well employed. The advantages of your conversation & excellent library were duly appreciated by me; & it was during the six months I spent with you, that I began to get rid of the rudeness of the ploughboy & to form some taste for scientific & literary pursuits. I can never forget with what eagerness & delight I run through with Goldsmith, Thompson & a hundred other authors, which I had never before seen or heard of. Your favourable account of Charles, Richard & Crockett was very gratifying. Richard has written me once or twice since I have been at Hanover. Of my other two companions I had of late heard nothing. I have little to say of myself, that would be interesting to you. The last time I saw you was in the Winter of 1813. Soon after that, I went to Portland, where I spent two & a half years very pleasantly. In the Autumn of 1815 after visiting my friends in New Hampshire, & erecting a stone over the grave of my mother I set out for *the South*, which term was as indefinite in my view, as Pope's North— "At *Richmond, Charleston*, or the Lord knows where." In riding from Boston to Providence I became acquainted with a Mrs. Johnson (if I mistake not) of Philadelphia, a good Presbyterian Lady, who said she was acquainted with you. We parted at Providence with mutual good wishes. While waiting for a Packet, I scribbled a line to you, which I supposed you never received, as I did not

hear from you during my residence at N. York. The Papers you speak of never reached me. I spent a year & a half at N. Y. & on the 5th of March 1817 set out once more for my native state, where I expect to lay my bones. Thus ends "my travels' history."

I congratulate you on the completion of your elegant Map of N. H. Without hyperbole you can say with the poet,

"Exegi monumentum acre perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imper edan, non Aquilo impotens
Possit dimere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum."

I am proud of belonging to a State, which has been so beautifully delineated, & still prouder of claiming an acquaintance with the gentleman, who could execute a work with so much taste and elegance. I would prefer your fame to that of any man, whom N. H. has ever produced, except perhaps Belknap, the Historian. The tongues of our Masons, Websters & Paysons shall be mute, & the laurels of our Ripleys & Millers wither; but till the lines of our State shall be blotted out, & its independence & freedom be swallowed up, by the government of some future despot, the present Map of N. H. will remain a monument of the genius, skill & labour of its author. Accept my best wishes, that the munificence of your fellow-citizens may equal your exertions, & that *fame* may not be your only reward. If there shall be any prospect of my recovery, I will take a copy, poor as I am, & persuade others in this quarter to do the same. I will also say something in the Newspapers at the time you make your tour through Grafton.

Judge Woodward is very feeble—more so than he ever has been. Emigration to a warmer climate is the only thing, that can save him, or me—I fear it is too late even for that.

You will be astonished, that a person who has lived with you six months should write such a hand as this letter exhibits. It is worse than I commonly write, owing to my debility. With a lively recollection of your former kindnesses, & the most sincere wishes for your happiness & welfare, I remain

Your friend & obedt Servt
N. H. CARTER

HON. PHILLIP CARRIGAIN.

P. S. The weather is intolerable—especially for invalids. The snow is 18 inches deep upon the Plain—It fell to the depth of a foot last night. Should any of my friends inquire after my health, please inform them that it is much the same as it was a month ago. I shall probably visit Concord as soon as the riding becomes good. Whenever you find time, pray have the goodness to scribble me a line.

N. H. C.

IN AFTER DAYS

By Stewart Everett Rowe

We are not bound to set the world afire,
For maybe from our torch it would not burn
Nor are we bound life's lessons all to learn,
For that is more than reason can require.
We are not bound to anxiously inquire
And get disgusted with ourselves and blue!,
No! No! That state of things would never do
Because it does not meet with God's desire.
But we are bound to strive with all our might
As through this world we take our varied ways,
To guide ourselves according to the light
That shines for each of us with mystic rays:
Yes, as we see, so let us do the right
And God will care for us in after days.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

By Coletta Ryan

By brooks that ripple and trees that teach,
From the mountain's brow to the singing beach,
O'er hill and valley, and growing town,
With his great heart softer than thistledown,
And the glint of the sun on his golden wings,
Goodfellowship comes with a heart that sings,
He is carried away with you.
Oh, he will stay with you!
Think with you, pray with you
Out in the woodland and close to the stream—
Work with you, shirk with you, drift and dream.
He will give you a crown of caressing leaves
And the gift of a song for the heart that grieves.
He'll bear your burdens that bruise you still
O'er the tangled vale to the healing hill;
And bring you a drink from the land of youth
Of silvery drops in the stream of truth—
And, deep in the heart of the cool midnight,
He will cover you well with his sheep-skin white
And his fire will flare
Like a spirit rare,
In love with the kindred of the air—
In love with its mission of shining care,
His friendly fire will flare.

He's the soul of the wind against your face—
A comrade born for the sun's embrace—
The bracing breath of the sea, the hope
That turns to blossoms the dreary slope.
He's the health of the road, the city's boast,
A long life line on the rugged coast—
And the genial excuse on a summer's day
To pleasantly loiter along the way,
To loiter along the way.
By brooks that ripple and trees that teach,
From the mountain's brow to the singing beach,
O'er hill and valley and growing town,
With his great heart softer than thistledown,
And the glint of the sun on his golden wings
—Goodfellowship comes with a heart that sings,
For he's music mellow
This friendly fellow—
As broad as the sea
And as fond as he's free.
Here's to his health, and from lip to lip
Wish him success in each tender trip—
For his glowing name is Goodfellowship—
His name is Goodfellowship.

MUSIC MESSAGE

By Theodora Chase

One time in a busy morning,
When the whole world was astir
And the wheels of life were turning
With a ceaseless, steady whir,

Above the sounds of the city
And traffic's noisy din,
I heard the sound of music
Clear and sweet and thin.

It rose above the clanging
Of harsh bells out of tune,
Sounding so softly, gently,
Its own little fairy rune.

Never quite lost in the clamor,
Undisturbed by discords around,
Up, still up, to the heavens,
Ascends the wonderful sound.

Listen sad soul to the music,
It sounds 'mid the discords of sin,
Be the life e'er so narrow and sordid,
Clear and sweet and thin.

Lift your eyes far above you,
Open your ears to its note,
Till the sounds of greed and disorder,
Die out in the distance remote.

DUST TO DUST

By Bela Chapin

We talk about the dreamless sleep
Within the grave, in silence deep;
We visit oft the resting-place
Of kith and kin, in death's embrace;
But all are dust beneath the sod—
The soul returns again to God.
And this, our dust, he can restore
To life, to live forevermore.

It matters not where we are laid,
Whether beneath the willow shade,
Or in a spot remote and low
Where only weeds and briers grow;
Or, sheltered in marble tomb,
Enshrouded in sepulchral gloom,
Or, thrown upon the ocean vast,
Or to the raging tempest cast.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

REV. MARTIN H. EAGAN

Rev. Martin H. Eagan, one of the best known and most beloved priests in the Roman Catholic diocese of Manchester, who has been for the last six years in charge of St. Bernard's Church in Keene, died in that city after a brief illness, May 7, 1913.

Father Eagan was born in Nashua, July 30, 1860, a son of Martin and Maria (Gorman) Eagan. He was educated in the Nashua schools, at St. Hyacinthe College, and Leval University, P. Q., and was ordained to the priesthood by the late Bishop Bradley in Manchester, January 24, 1886. He was for a time assistant to the late Father John E. Barry of Concord; was for five years pastor at Penacook, was then transferred to Lebanon, where he continued till his removal to Keene six years ago. The silver anniversary of his ordination was celebrated in Keene, January 24, 1911, on which occasion the jubilee sermon was preached by Bishop Guertin, who had been his curate for a time in Lebanon.

REV. JOHN J. PUTNAM

Rev. John J. Putnam, eighty-nine years of age, and the oldest Son of the American Revolution living in Masachusetts, died March 6, 1913, at his home in Worcester.

Mr. Putnam was a native of Chesterfield, a son of John and Mary (Converse) Putnam, was educated at Chesterfield and Kimball Union academies, and entered the Unitarian ministry, holding pastorates in Lebanon, N. H. and Bolton, Petersham, and Bridgwater, Mass. In 1865 he engaged in insurance business in Boston, continuing till 1879, when he went to Worcester as an editorial writer on the *Spy*, and, later, devoted his time to historical writing.

He married, in 1860, Isabella Parkhurst of Petersham, Mass., who survives, with one son, Rev. John Parkhurst Putnam.

ANNIE DOUGLAS ROBINSON

Mrs. Annie Douglas Robinson, wife of Frank D. Robinson of Bristol, one of the best known writers in New Hampshire, whose productions, under the nom-de-plume of "Marian Douglas," have been widely read and greatly admired, died June 7, 1913, at her home in Bristol.

Mrs. Robinson was born in Plymouth January 12, 1842, the daughter of William Green, cashier of the Pemigewasset Bank, but removed, when quite young, with her parents to Bristol, where all her literary work was done. She wrote extensively, in prose and verse, for leading magazines for many years, and published several volumes of poetry as well as fiction, most of which had a large sale.

Mrs. Robinson was a grand-daughter of Dr. Peter Green, who was a surgeon in the Revolutionary Army and a practicing physician in Concord for more than fifty years. She was a member of the Congregational Church at Bristol.

HON. JOHN KIMBALL

Hon. John Kimball, prominent for more than half a century in the public life of the City of Concord and the State of New Hampshire, died June 1, 1913, at his home on State Street, after a brief illness, at the age of 92 years.

Mr. Kimball was born in Canterbury, N. H., April 13, 1921, the son of Benjamin and Ruth (Ames) Kimball. While a child his parents removed to Boscawen, and in the schools of that town, supplemented by a year's attendance at the old Concord Academy, he obtained his early education, which was broadened by the practical experience of a long and busy life, so that the honorary degree of Master of Arts, given him by Dartmouth College in 1882, was, indeed, most worthily bestowed.

He learned the trade of a millwright in youth, and followed the same successfully for several years; but in 1848 he took charge of the Concord Railroad shops, and two years later was made master mechanic, holding the position till 1858. He was elected to the Common Council of Concord in 1856; was president of that body in 1857; representative from Ward 5 in 1858 and 1859; city marshal of Concord and collector of taxes from 1859 to 1862; collector of internal revenue for the Second New Hampshire District from 1862 to 1869; mayor of Concord from 1872 to 1875, inclusive; was appointed chairman of the commission to build the new State prison, October 28, 1880, and completed the work to the satisfaction of all; was a member of the State Senate in 1881–82, and president of that body. He was treasurer of the Merrimack County Savings Bank from its organization in 1870, till the death of the president, Lyman D. Stevens, whom he succeeded, holding that office till his death. He had holden almost numberless other positions of financial and fiduciary responsibility; was a leading member of the South Congregational Church of Concord, and prominent in all its activities, and was long actively connected with the Republican party organization in city and State, serving for twenty-five years as treasurer of the Republican State Committee.

Mr. Kimball married, May 27, 1846, Maria Phillips of Rupert, Vt. They had one child, Clara Maria, wife of Augustine R. Ayers. Mrs. Kimball died December 22, 1894. October 15, 1895 Mr. Kimball married Miss Charlotte Atkinson of Nashua, who, with his daughter, survive him. A comprehensive and detailed sketch of Mr. Kimball's long and useful career appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY for April, 1912.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The history of the town of Durham, written by Rev. Everett S. Stackpole, D. D., "author of Old Kittery and her Families" assisted by Lucien Thompson and Winthrop S. Merserve of that town, the two latter having long been engaged in collecting material therefor, is now complete and will soon be issued from the Rumford Press. This work, will be comprised in two volumes of about 500 pages each, the last being devoted to genealogy. There is no town in the State richer in historical material than old Durham, and it is safe to say that no town history yet published will be found to excel the forthcoming work in interest and value. The price of the two volumes, well bound in cloth, will be $5.00.

The annual summer outing of the New Hampshire Board of Trade was held at Lake Sunapee on June 17, and was a pleasant and successful affair in all respects, but the number in attendance, was less than has generally been the case, the number at dinner at the Ben Mere Hotel, Sunapee Harbor, being 78. The main portion of the delegates and ladies, going up from Concord, were accommodated by a special train, leaving the station at 9.20 a. m., arriving at Lake Sunapee at 10.30, where the Woodsum Steamboat Company's steamer *Kearsarge*, specially assigned for the party, was immediately taken for a ride around the Lake. The weather was delightful and the ride a most pleasurable one, especially for those who had never before visited this most charming lake, whose attractions are so appreciated that its shores are already studded by nearly a thousand summer cottages, and sites for others are in large demand at almost fabulous prices. The party was accompanied by the celebrated Oberon Ladies Quartette of Laconia who sang delightfully, both on the boat and at the after dinner exercises which were held in the assembly room at the Ben Mere, the speakers being Insurance Commissioner Robert J. Merrill of Claremont, who responded for the State of New Hampshire, in the absence of the Governor who was unable to be present on account of an important meeting of the Council scheduled for the day; Hon. Wilbur H. Powers of Boston, a native of Croydon, who spoke upon "The Debt of Massachusetts to New Hampshire;" Ernest M. Hopkins, a native of Dunbarton, some time secretary of Dartmouth College and now publicity manager for Willett, Sears & Co. of Boston, whose topic was "Education and Business," and Hon. Hosea W. Parker, president of the Woodsum Steamboat Company, who spoke of the attractions of New Hampshire generally and the Sunapee Lake region in particular.

The same reason that Governor Felker had for not attending the annual summer outing of the State Board of Trade, June 17, was responsible for the failure of quite a number of others to do the same. The meeting of the Executive Council in Concord that day, at which it was expected the matter of official appointments in considerable numbers would be disposed of, commanded the presence there of a large number of men interested in that matter, who ultimately left disappointed that nothing in the expected direction had been accomplished. The Executive Department of the State government is not "rushing" in its work this year in the line of filling offices, but is taking ample time for deliberation.

No honorary degree was ever more worthily or fittingly bestowed than that of Doctor of Laws, which Tufts College has just given the president of its board of trustees, the Hon. Hosea W. Parker of Claremont, the eightieth anniversary of whose birth was duly observed at Hotel Moody, in that town, on May 30, by the Sullivan County, bar, of which he is also president.

Rev. Dr. S. H. McCollester of Marlboro is sending out, to her relatives, friends and old students, a handsome volume which he has prepared and which has been printed by the Rumford Press in memory of his late wife—Elizabeth Elnora Randall McCollester, which is a fitting tribute to one whose charming personality, rich mind and beautiful character endeared her not only to him whose companion she was in his later years, but to thousands of others with whom she had come in contact, in one relation or another during the days of her earthly pilgrimage.

The author of "The Real Old North Church," which article appeared in our May issue, Capt. Gilbert P. Brown, the well-known Boston author, journalist, historian and Masonic writer, is of New Hampshire ancestry. His great-grandfather, Dr. Jonathan Poole of Hollis, was surgeon's mate in the famous First New Hampshire Continental Troops, of Washington's Army. His great-great-grandfather, Col. John Hale of Hollis, was surgeon of this celebrated regiment. Captain Brown was born at Bristol, Me., March 5, 1868, son of Capt. Timothy F. Brown and Lydia L. Poole. He is a 32d degree Mason and a member of the Order of the Eastern Star in Boston. He is a bachelor, a writer of verse and a contributor to the religious press of the world.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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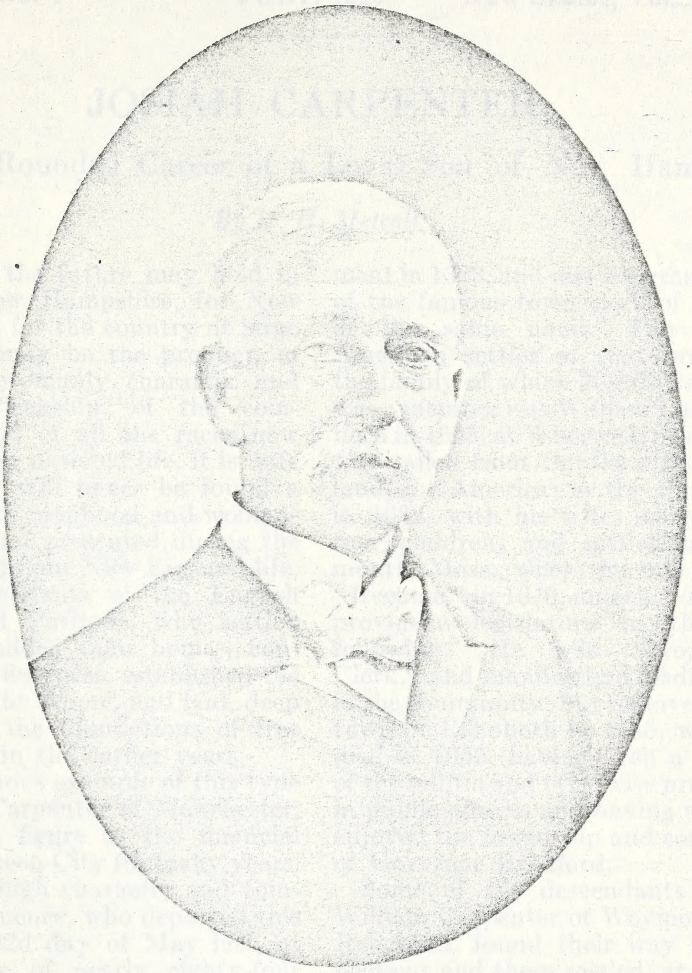
HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

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G.K.



JOSIAH CARPENTER

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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JOSIAH CARPENTER

The Well-Rounded Career of a Loyal Son of New Hampshire

By H. H. Metcalf

Whatever the future may hold in store for New Hampshire, for New England and for the country at large —whatever may be the product, in manly and womanly character and patriotic citizenship, of the commingled blood of all the races now blended in our national life, it is safe to say there will never be found a nobler type of manhood and womanhood than that presented during the last century in our New England life, in the descendants of the English Pilgrims and Puritans, who settled the land, builded their homes, conquered the wilderness, established the church and the school, and laid, deep and strong, the foundations of free government in the earlier years.

A conspicuous example of this type was Josiah Carpenter of Manchester, a prominent figure in the financial life of the Queen City for many years, a citizen of high character and commanding influence, who departed this life on the 22d day of May last, at the ripe age of nearly eighty-four years.

Mr. Carpenter was a native of the town of Chichester, born May 31, 1829. The family, of which he was a worthy representative, has occupied a conspicuous place in American and English history for many generations, its established record going back to the time of that John Carpenter who was a member of the English parliament in 1323, and was the grandfather of the famous town clerk of London of the same name. The pioneer American settler of that branch of the family of which Josiah Carpenter was a member was William Carpenter, born in 1605, at Wherwell, near Surry, who sailed from Southampton, England, for America, in the ship *Bevis*, in 1638, with his wife, Abigail, and four children, and settled in Weymouth, Mass., where he was made a "freeman" in 1640, and elected to the provincial legislature in the year following. He was "Proprietors' Clerk," and manifestly a leading man in the community; but removed to the town of Rehoboth in 1645, where he died in 1659, having been a captain of the militia and otherwise prominent in public affairs, and having won and enjoyed the friendship and confidence of Governor Bradford.

Some of the descendants of this William Carpenter of Weymouth and Rehoboth, found their way to Connecticut and there settled, and it was in the town of Strafford in that state, or province as it then was, that John Carpenter reared a family of eleven children, of whom the fifth was Josiah, born October 6, 1762, who graduated from Dartmouth College in 1787, studied for the ministry and was ordained and installed, as the first settled minister of the Congregational Church in the town of Chichester,

November 2, 1791. This pastorate was the longest in the history of the town and one of the most notable in the state, continuing for thirty-six years, until the dismissal of Mr. Carpenter, at his own request, July 24, 1827. He continued his residence in the town, however, till his death, March 1, 1851, his life and character, and his teaching and example as pastor and citizen, having left a lasting impress for good upon the community. He had rendered his country patriotic service in early youth, having performed sentinel duty on Roxbury Neck with four brothers, one of whom was killed; and his entire life had been characterized by a spirit of devotion to the demands of religion, and the obligations of citizenship. He had married, April 13, 1790, Hannah Morrill of Canterbury, the representative of another family notable in the history of the state, by whom he had six children, the second of whom was David Morrill Carpenter, born in Chichester, November 16, 1793, who was a soldier in the War of 1812, married Mary Perkins of Loudon, was engaged in trade in Chichester for many years, and, later, in farming, and subsequently removed to Concord, where he died, December 9, 1873, having held various public positions including that of treasurer of Merrimack County for twelve years.

The second son of David Morrill Carpenter was Josiah, the subject of this sketch.* His early life was spent in labor upon his father's farm, through which, like many another man who has won success in business life, he established the physical constitution and endurance essential to such result, and in attendance upon the district school and the academies in Pembroke and Pittsfield, and the New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Sanbornton Bridge, now Tilton. After completing his school life, being possessed of an enterprising spirit, with the trading faculty, so characteristic of the intelligent New Englander, developed in good measure, he engaged for some time in the purchase and sale of live stock, ultimately extending his operations to the southwest, and making the state of Kentucky a field of enterprise. Returning north, after a time, his father having removed to a large farm in the town of Epsom, he engaged with him in extensive agricultural operations, and was soon after appointed a deputy sheriff for the county of Merrimack, in which capacity he transacted a large amount of business. He was also deputized to serve in a similar capacity for the counties of Hillsborough and Belknap. For some years, before his father's removal to Concord, he had practically the entire care of the farm, which, with various private enterprises in which he engaged and his official business, furnished ample field for the full measure of energy and activity with which he was endowed.

In April, 1858, the farm in Epsom, having been sold, he was tendered and accepted the position of cashier of the bank in Pittsfield, formerly occupied by his brother, Charles H., who subsequently became president of the institution, and took up his residence in that town, where he continued in the efficient discharge of the duties of his position, the bank having been reorganized under the federal banking law in 1864—successfully administering the affairs of the institution, engaging in various important individual enterprises, and, at the same time, taking that active interest in public affairs which characterizes every loyal, intelligent and broad-minded citizen, filling various positions of trust and responsibility, serving his town two years as representative in the Legislature, in 1862 and 1863, and Merrimack County as treasurer in 1872 and 1873.

Having determined to remove to a broader field of enterprise, in March, 1877, having already erected for

*A biographical sketch of Charles H. Carpenter, the eldest son, appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY for January, 1911.

himself a fine house on North Elm Street, in that city, in what is today one of its most attractive residential sections, he removed to Manchester, establishing, with his accomplished wife and true helpmeet, Georgia B. Drake, only daughter of the late Col. James Drake, long a leading citizen of Pittsfield, with whom he was united in marriage, September 1, 1858, what has since been one of the most charming and hospitable homes in the Queen City. He immediately engaged in the work of organizing and putting in operation the Second National Bank of Manchester, of which he was a director and cashier, from the start. This bank, through his management, characterized at all times by sound judgment and wise discrimination, —pursuing conservative methods, rather than indulging in "wild cat" schemes, but ever fostering the spirit of legitimate enterprise—became one of the strong and successful financial institutions of the city and state and became an important factor in the business life of Manchester and the surrounding region, Mr. Carpenter having succeeded the late Aretas Blood in the presidency upon the death of the latter. When, a few years ago, in conformity with the growing tendency toward the concentration of capital and effort in business enterprise in all fields, it was deemed wise by the management of both institutions to consolidate the Second National with the Amoskeag National Bank and such arrangement was effected, Mr. Carpenter became a member of the board of directors of the consolidated concern.

Simultaneously with the organization of the Second National Bank, Mr. Carpenter secured a charter for and established the Mechanics Savings Bank, of which he was a trustee and treasurer until the time of his death, and which, in its standing and success, bears ample testimony to his judgment and ability as a financial administrator.

In Manchester, as in Pittsfield, his enterprising spirit was by no means confined to his banking operations. He recognized the possibilities and the demands of real estate development in the rapidly growing city, and became an active factor in that field of enterprise, among the evidences of his interest in that direction being the Smyth and Carpenter Block, on North Elm Street, mainly devoted to apartment purposes, and one of the largest structures of the kind in the state, which he built in company with the late ex-Governor Frederick Smyth, while he also had extensive real estate interests in other parts of the city.

Although preëminently a business man, in the general acceptation of the term, devoting his mind and energy in large measure to the conduct of business affairs, and gaining therein that substantial success which most men naturally seek and comparatively few secure, Mr. Carpenter never lost sight of the fact that there are interests in life of vastly greater importance than those that relate to the ordinary affairs of business, the acquisition of wealth and the development of the material resources of city, state and nation. He was ever true to the spirit and traditions of those pioneers of American liberty who laid the foundations of our national greatness and glory on New England soil in the early days, when they set up the church and the school as the first and highest objects of their fostering care and support, beyond the mere subsistence of themselves and their families. He recognized the paramount claims of morality and intelligence, and gave constant and generous support to the allied interests of religion and education, upon which all true progress and prosperity depend.

He was an Episcopalian in his religious affiliation, was an active and interested member of Grace Episcopal Church of Manchester, and a liberal contributor to its support and for the furtherance of the work of the New Hampshire diocese. He had been a member of the vestry of

Grace church for thirty-six years, had served as treasurer for nearly twenty years, and for a long time as junior warden. His last gift to the church was especially noteworthy, it being a substantial and convenient new parish house, of granite construction corresponding with the church itself, completed at a cost of about $40,000, and supplying a want which had been long felt by the parish. This elegant structure, which was given in the joint name of Mr. Carpenter and his wife, in memory of their daughter, the late Georgia Carpenter Gerrish, was formally dedicated on the 2d day of April last, Coadjutor Bishop Edward M. Parker officiating at the service, in conjunction with the rector, with addresses by two former rectors—Revs. Lorenzo Sears and Arthur N. Peaslee—and by Judge Robert J. Peaslee, representing the vestry. The house, which was designed by Ralph Adams Cram, contains a fine assembly room, an auxiliary room completely furnished by Mrs. Carpenter, and rooms for a men's club and other organizations connected with the parish, all properly arranged and furnished with every necessary convenience. Mr. Carpenter, although he had been for sometime in failing health, was present at the dedication, enjoying the exercises and entering into the spirit of the occasion; but, as it happened, this was his last appearance at any public gathering; nor could any more appropriate selection have been made therefor. Could he have chosen, himself, he, doubtless, would not have had it otherwise.

He was long prominent in the affairs of the New Hampshire diocese holding various responsible positions and taking a lively interest in the work done under its auspices, and had been one of its delegates at all the sessions of the general triennial convention held during the last twenty years, attending the convention in Minneapolis in 1895, in Washington in 1898, in San Francisco in 1901, in Boston in 1904, in Richmond in 1907 and in Cincinnati in 1910. That he had traveled extensively is shown in the simple fact of his attendance upon these great religious gatherings in different parts of the country, but this attendance indicates but a small part of his journeyings. Intently devoted to business as he was, and neglecting none of its demands, he had, nevertheless, found opportunity to travel widely, accompanied by his wife, for recreation and observation, both in this country and in foreign lands.

His strong interest in the cause of education was manifested in more than one direction. He was especially active and prominent in the establishment of the school for boys at Holderness, of which he was trustee and treasurer from the start, giving care and attention to the remodeling and enlargement of the buildings, made necessary by the growth of the school, and otherwise promoting the welfare and prosperity of the institution. He was also, for many years, a trustee of St. Mary's School for Girls, at Concord, another valuable and prosperous institution fostered by the Episcopal Church in this state. His interest in public education was always strong, and for the schools of Pittsfield he ever cherished, notwithstanding his removal to Manchester, an abiding regard, which was manifested in a practical manner, as it was through his instrumentality that provision was made for prize speaking in the Pittsfield schools.

The most substantial manner in which his interest in the intellectual welfare and educational progress of the town of Pittsfield, or its people, was shown, however, was in the erection, and gift to the town, twelve years ago, of a handsome and well-arranged library building, of brick and stone construction, which is not only an ornament to the village in a material sense, but a blessing to the community in a far more important direction. Since then, Mr. Carpenter has made liberal contributions of books to the library, thus practically

demonstrating the continuance of his interest. It may not be amiss to remark in this connection that if more men of means in this and other states would build monuments of this kind before death, or provide for their erection afterward, their own memories would be held in more lasting regard, and the general welfare be greatly promoted.

Having at heart the interests of the town of Pittsfield and the surrounding region, and realizing the need of better transportation facilities for its development and prosperity, Mr. Carpenter took an active interest in the construction of the Suncook Valley Railroad, and was one of the directors of the corporation, but was connected with no other business organizations outside the banking line; nor was he a member of any secret society or fraternal organization. He was, however, for several years a member of the Derryfield Club of Manchester, withdrawing when, from failing health, he was unable longer to enjoy its advantages.

Politically Mr. Carpenter was a conservative Democrat, adhering consistently to the doctrines of Jefferson and Jackson. Seeking no office for himself, he gave hearty support to the policies and candidates of his party, attending its conventions and serving upon its committees, but he did not endorse its alliance with the free silver movement in 1896. His business training and experience naturally made him an adherent of the gold standard, and he was one of the New Hampshire delegates in what was known as the Gold Democratic Convention of that year, at Indianapolis, which placed the Palmer and Buckner ticket in the field.

Two children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter: a daughter, Georgia Ella, who became the wife of Frank M. Gerrish, and died some years since, and a son who died in infancy. Their bereavements, however, were borne philosophically and never clouded their home, which was ever the seat of a generous hospitality, and a vital factor in the best social life of the Queen City.

Josiah Carpenter was a man of sterling character and real worth, universally esteemed and respected. Dignified in bearing, courteous and frank but never effusive in speech, his manner was that of the true gentleman and as such he was ever regarded. Resorting to none of the arts by which popularity is often gained, he won his friends through the power of manly character and a kindly spirit, and, having won them, he ever held them fast. He gained wealth by intelligent effort and sagacious business methods and used it generously for the world's advantage. Above all he was a well-rounded man, realizing fully all his obligations to himself, his family, his friends and neighbors, to the community, the state and nation, and to the Creator, which latter, as he well realized, includes all the rest, and he was true to all. He will long be remembered as one who, having made the most of his own opportunities, left the world better from having lived therein.

THE SOLDIER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION FROM THE SMALL NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN

*By John R. Eastman**

President of the N. H. Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

It is highly improbable that a complete history of the War of the American Revolution will ever be written. The official records of the regimental units of the colonial and continental armies were, from the modern standpoint, all too general and meagre or they have been lost. The gigantic task of organizing an army without an existing nucleus of trained and disciplined soldiers left little time to record even the most important items of organization and movement, while the vital elements of the soldier's evolution and experience were often lost in the depressing, individual sense of inability and failure. Lack of funds, arms and skill left little opportunity for the modern ideas of regimental, brigade or division staff, with its minute separation of duties, to develop special aptitude for recording even the daily progress of events. The so-called lives of eminent commanders take account of the obvious and striking generalities that are practically known of all men; but the elementary motives and methods are seldom known.

The famous dictum of Caesar: "I came, I saw, I conquered," is strikingly epigrammatic, but it is a vague generality that gratifies no historical demand, however much it may titillate the mind. The historian tires of the endless tributes to the glory of the Roman generals, but he has no clue to the intimate mental and physical experience of the Roman soldiers who behind that effective short sword made the empire of Rome possible. Napoleonic literature is found at every turn, but who has told the story of the fortitude, patriotism and aspiration of the incomparable grenadier who bore aloft the triumphant eagles of the Emperor, on scores of glorious fields, and sank with them amid the smoke of Waterloo.

In this land there can be no excess of patriotic devotion to our own Washington. We know almost by heart the recital of his agony at Valley Forge. How much do we know of the heart and soul of the half-fed, barefoot "man behind the gun," in that winter camp, whose path was marked by bloody foot-prints on the frozen ground; while his wife, children or mother, perhaps among the snow-clad hills of New Hampshire, were struggling with the daily need of food and clothing that this land might be free. How many of us, in our youthful days, have been charmed, fascinated, by the biography and the well-told stories of Mad Anthony Wayne, the Hotspur of the Continental Army, and have dwelt with bated breath on his achievements at Stony Point. And yet how much would be added to the vividness, the psychological value and the human aspect of that fight if we had it from the view-point of the soldier who for once, at least, put his trust in the efficacy of cold steel. What were his thoughts, his resolves and his ambitions as, in the gathering shadows of that eventful evening, he discarded the advantages of powder and ball; and, as he heard the click of the bayonet-socket as it fell into place on the muzzle of his gun, felt that for the coming hour he had not only a personal but a momentous interest

*Address delivered at the annual meeting of the N. H. Society, Sons of the American Revolution, in Concord, May 3, 1913.

in the liberty and the glory of his country.

In fact, a large portion of the real history of that period lay in the hopes, the struggles and the experiences of those patriotic men who left their quiet homes to learn a new career and with shouldered musket devoted themselves to their ideals of a new, free government. It has been said that the life of no man is so humble or simple that a wise and sympathetic presentation of all its phases of hopes, trials and aspirations would fail to be attractive and beneficent in its human interest and social aspects. If this be true of the simple souls, how much more worthy of notice are those manly spirits, who ventured all on their desire for freedom from British mal-administration.

On the principle that animated and guided those men, on the recognition of the value of their achievements, and on an active sympathy with the ideals and sacrifices of all who offered their lives in the common cause; this Society of the Sons of the American Revolution is founded. The histories of these men lie not in the volumes that laud the popular heroes, but are almost buried in the records and traditions of their native towns and in the modest homes of their families.

Because of these facts, and on account of some discussion of measures for increasing our membership, which occurred in the annual meeting of 1911, I have attempted an experiment with the available material of one small town of Merrimack County; and a less complete treatment of some of the similar data relating to an adjoining town.

The town of Andover, known from the time of its settlement until 1779 as New Breton, was surveyed and ready for settlement in 1753. During the progress of the French and Indian war the unfriendly incursions of the Indians into the neighborhood delayed the settlement. While not so much frequented by prowling bands of savages as many other parts of the state, the canoe route by the way of the Contoocook and Blackwater rivers through Andover to Pleasant Pond in New London, then a carry of two or three miles to Sunapee Lake, thence by Sugar River to the Connecticut River furnished the best available route in this section of the state, between the valleys of the Merrimack and the Connecticut. Soon after the close of the war the owners of land began to appear and occupy their lots. The first dwelling, a log cabin, was erected in 1761.

In 1773 the census ordered by Governor Wentworth found 135 inhabitants. In 1775 the number had increased to 179, and in 1783 to 341.

The news of the opening fight at Lexington and Concord reached New Breton on April 21, 1775, and Joseph Fellows, Ezekiel Lunt, Joseph Tucker, William Blake, John Raino, and Josiah Scribner started promptly, armed and equipped with their own weapons, accoutrements and stores, eager to test the efficiency of their patriotic zeal, aided by their skill with firearms gained in the New Breton forests and in the Indian wars, against the well trained veterans from the continental wars in Europe. There was no company nor any large portion of a company enlisted from the town at any time. The largest number joined Capt. Ebenezer Webster's Co. of Colonel Stickney's Regiment for the expedition which resulted in the battles of Bennington, Stillwater and Saratoga. At first, the periods of enlistment were usually short and the men frequently re-enlisted, when their time expired, wherever they happened to be, and often in other companies and in other regiments. Short terms of service, and incomplete or no returns make the identification of individuals sometimes very difficult.

The various Revolutionary soldiers, who have been identified with the town of Andover have been divided into two classes. First: those who

enlisted from the town or who were residents sometime during the war. Some of these men were credited occasionally to the quota of other towns, while still maintaining a residence in Andover. Second: those who owned land in Andover or who came there to reside after the war.

In the following list of soldiers from New Breton, or Andover, references are not given to all the records, but only enough to show actual service, in each case.

Class One.

Ash, John: served during the war. N. H. War Rolls; Vols. I, II, III, IV.

Blake, William: served at Bunker Hill. Andover Town History, Part I, 190.

Bowles, Charles: in Capt. Post's Co. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, II.

Burwash, Nathaniel: at Bennington and in Continental Army. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. II, III.

Call, Nathaniel: enlisted for 3 yrs. May 8, 1782. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III.

Cannock, John: in Col. Stickney's Reg't. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 610.

Chaford, David: in Col. Stickney's Reg't. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 610.

Chandler, John: in Continental Army. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III.

Cilley, Jonathan: lieutenant in Col. Scammell's Reg't. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III.

Clifford, David: enlisted for the war. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 569.

Danford, Edward: in Continental Army in 1781. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III.

Danford, Joshua: Sergeant in Whitcomb's Rangers. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, II, III.

Emery, William: lieutenant in Webster's Co. in Bennington campaign. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 163, 164.

Fellows, Benjamin: served in a Mass. Reg't. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 754.

Fellows, Ezekiel: sergeant in Col. Bedel's Reg't. Andover History, Part II, 399.

Fellows, Joseph: at Bunker Hill and Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Fellows, Jospeh Jr.: served in Reg'ts of Col. Nichols and Col. Bedel. Records of U. S. Pension office. Andover History, Part II, 399.

Flanders, Philip: enlisted in Continental Army. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, III, 827.

Giles, Daniel: enlisted in Continental Army. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I.

Gilman, John Moody: in Capt. Clough's Co. 1775. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. IV, 9.

Graves, Josiah: served in a Mass. Reg't. N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXX, 182.

Graves, Josiah Jr.: served in a Mass Reg't. N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXX, 182.

Haines, Josiah: served in Capt. Webster's Rangers and in R. I. campaign 1779. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. II, III.

Hilton, Charles: in expedition to Quebec and later in Continental Army.. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. II, III.

Hunt, Zaccheus: enlisted in 1777 for the war. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, II.

Kneeland, Ichabod: served in a Mass. Reg't. N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXX, 186.

Lunt, Ezekiel: served at Bunker Hill. Andover History, Part I, 190. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I.

Marston, Paul Smith: corporal in Webster's Co. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II.

Mitchell, Philip: in Webster's Co. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II.

Morey, William: in Webster's Co. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II.

Raino, Elias: wounded at Bunker Hill. Salisbury History, 252. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I.

Raino, John: wounded at Bunker Hill. Andover History, Part II, 404. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, II, III, IV.

Rollins, Simeon: sergeant. Andover History, Part II, 295.

Rowe, John: served in a Mass. Reg't. N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXX, 192.

Rowe, Nathan: in Capt. James Shepherd's Co. in Continental service. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 316, 318.

Scribner, Josiah: served at Bunker Hill, later in the Reg'ts of Col. Bedel and Col. Wingate. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I. N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXX, 459.

Sleeper, Jedediah: in Webster's Co. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 164.

Sleeper, Thomas: in Webster's Co. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Tilton, Ebenezer: in Webster's Co. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Tucker, Joseph: at Bunker Hill and Bennington. Andover History, Part I, 190. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Welch, Moses: in Webster's Co. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 166.

Class Two.

Revolutionary soldiers who owned land in Andover or came there to reside after the war.

Ash, William: served in 1783. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. IV. 453.

Batchelder, Mark: enlisted May 15, 1777 for eight months. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, III.

Brown, Joseph: served in Continental Army. Andover History, Part II, 31.

Burns, Philip: in the Reg't of Cols. Poor, Wingate and Scammell. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 110, 351; II, 423. Died November 16, 1777.

Cilley, Sam: served in Col. Sargent's Mass.

enlisted from the town or who were residents pending the war. Some of these men were credited occasionally to the quota of other towns, while still maintaining a residence in Andover. Second: those who owned land in Andover or who came there to reside after the war.

In the following list of soldiers from New Hartford, or Andover, references are not given to all the records, but only enough to show actual service, in each case.

CLASS ONE.

Ash, John: served during the war. N. H. War Rolls: Vols. I, II, III, IV.

Black, William: served at Bunker Hill. Andover Town History, Part I, 190.

Bowles, Charles: in Capt. Potts's Co., as Bemis[illegible]. N. H. War Rolls: Vol. I, II.

Burrows, Nathaniel: at Bennington and in Continental Army. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. II, III.

Cole, Nathaniel: enlisted for 3 yrs. May 8, 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III.

Comock, John: in Col. Stickney's Reg't. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 010.

Cushing, Daniel: in Col. Stickney's Reg't. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 010.

Cushing, John: in Continental Army. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III.

Colby, Jonathan: [illegible] in Col. Stickney's Reg't. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III.

Cranal, Daniel: enlisted for the war. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 010.

Dustin, Edward: in Continental Army in 1781. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III.

Dustin, John: Sergeant in Watson's Rangers. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, II, III.

Emery, William: lieutenant in Webster's Co. in Bennington campaign. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 103, 161.

Fellows, Benjamin: served in a Mass. Reg't. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 190.

Fellows, Easton: engaged in Col. Bedel's Reg't. Andover Town, Part II, 309.

Fellows, Joseph: at Bunker Hill and Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 103.

Fellows, Joseph Jr.: served in Reg't of Col. Nichols and Col. Bedel. Records of U. S. Pension office. Andover Town, Part II, 309.

Hanlon, Philip: enlisted in Continental Army. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, III, 022.

Giles, Daniel: enlisted in Continental Army. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I.

Gilman, John Taylor: in Capt. Clough's Co. 1778. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. IV, 9.

Graves, Moses: served in a Mass. Reg't. N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXX, 182.

Greeve, Joseph Jr.: served in a Mass. Reg't. N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXX, 182.

Reg't. Andover History Part II, 81. N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXX, 393.

Clough, Moses: ensign in Col. Stickney's Reg't in 1776. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 261.

Currier, Edward: recruit for Continental Army in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III. N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXX, 433.

Durgin, Gershom: in Capt. McConnell's Co. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 177.

Eastman, Abner: in Capt. Sias' Co. at Portsmouth in 1779.[4] N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, II.

Elkins, Samuel: in Col. Long's Reg't, September 30, 1776; in Col. Evans' Reg't. at Saratoga. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, II.

Ellis, Lawrence: in Col. Scammon's Maine Reg't. in 1775. Andover History, Part II, 135. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I.

Evans, Edward: adjutant of Col. Stickney's Reg't. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 161, 163.

Glines, William: in Col. Stickney's Reg't. July 5. 1777. Pensioner in 1840. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 128.

Kimball, Samuel: in Col. Wingate's Reg't. in 1776. Pensioner in 1840. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 341.

McGuin, Samuel: a pensioner in 1840. N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXX, 425.

Newton, William: in Capt. Webster's Co. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Page, Phineas: enlisted in Capt. Nathan Sanborn's Co. for Stark's Reg't, in September, 1777. Served in Continental Army. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, II.

Pervare, James Noyes: served in Col. Poor's Reg't. in 1775. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 110, 132, 190.

Pike, James: served in N. H. and Mass. Reg'ts. A pensioner in 1835. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, IV.

Rand, John: served in Col. Scammell's Reg't., 1777–8–9. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, II, III.

Randall, James M.: in Continental Army, 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 64, 73. Andover History, Part II, 402–3.

Roberts, John: served in Col. Baldwins' Reg't. in 1775. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 749.

Rollins, Eliphalet: enlisted in Continental Army in 1781. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III.

Sanborn, David: in Col. Longs' Reg't. in 1776. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 388, 494.

Scribner, Iddo: in Websters' Co. at Bennington. History of Salisbury, 259.

There is still another class, composed of non-resident men, whose services in civil and military affairs would have entitled them to membership in such a society as this, whose descendants, in considerable numbers, have been residents of Andover. A list, probably incomplete, of such men follows:

Blaisdell, Isaac: in Capt. Samuel McConnell's Co., Col. Gilman's Reg't. in 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 457, 539.

Campbell, David: lieutenant in Col. Stickney's Reg't. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 261.

Chase, Isaac: in Col. Baldwin's Reg't. in 1776. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 430.

Cole, John: of Amherst, N. H. Killed at Bunker Hill.

Dole, John: in Benedict Arnold's detachment for Quebec in 1775. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I.

Eastman, Jeremiah: six years in Colonial Congress at Exeter, N. H.

Evans, Wiggin: in Capt. Runnel's Co. Whitcomb's battallion, 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 168, 169.

Fifield, Abraham: at Bunker Hill and Bennington. Salisbury History, 252, 259.

French, Joseph: in early N. H. Reg't. Salisbury History, 584.

Greeley, Reuben: after three year's service died at Valley Forge, April 1, 1778.

Huntoon, Benjamin: served at Bennington.

Kilburn, Eliphalet: in a Mass. Reg't.

Laha, James: a privateersman. Mass. war archives.

Leeds, Nathan: an officer in Am. Army; wounded in British attack on New London, Conn.

Mayo, Thomas: a privateersman, after release from prison ship, died on his way home.

Morrill, Abel: in Continental Army, 1781. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 565.

Noyes, Joseph: at Bunker Hill.

Proctor, James: in army in 1776. Died on his way home.

Quimby, John: sergeant in Hutchin's Co., Stark's Reg't. August 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 63.

Robie, John: in expedition to Ticonderoga in 1776. History of Weare, N. H., 208, 211.

Woodbury, James: served in a Mass. Reg't.

Woodbury, John: in Col. Kelley's Reg't. in 1779. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 669.

Salisbury Soldiers in the Revolutionary War.

The town of Salisbury lies next to Andover on the south and was originally about nine (9) miles long and four (4) miles wide. The longest dimension lay in a nearly east and west direction, the eastern boundary being the Merrimack and Pemigewasset rivers. Between four and five thousand acres were taken from the eastern end of Salisbury to aid in forming the town of Franklin. The

general interests of the early settlers of Andover and Salisbury were so intimately related that it is not easy to consider their early military records separately. Residents of each town living near the boundary line frequently joined their immediate neighbors, in the other town, in military expeditions, and often became accredited to the town of which they were not residents. Philip Call, the first settler in Salisbury, arrived before 1748. In 1767 there were 210 inhabitants; in October, 1775, 498 and in 1786 there were 1,045.

When the news of the conflict at Lexington reached Salisbury, the town had a well organized company of militia, commanded by Ebenezer, the father of Daniel Webster, with Lieut. Robert Smith and, in succession, Ensigns Moses Garland and Andrew Pettingill as junior officers. The following men, and perhaps some others, started immediately to the assistance of their compatriots, and served in various organizations in the battle of Bunker Hill: John Bean, John Bowen, Jonathan Cram, Edward Evans, Moses Fellows, Abraham Fifield, Moses Garland, Reuben Greeley, Benjamin Howard, John Jemson, Joseph Lovering, Samuel Lovering, Jacob Morrill, Andrew Pettingill, Elias Raino, Samuel Scribner, Peter Severance, Daniel Stevens, Ebenezer Webster, Moses Welch. Raino lived in Andover, just over the boundary line, and accompanied his Salisbury neighbors on the road to Bunker Hill, where he was severely wounded, but finally recovered.

The following roll contains the names of men who enlisted from Salisbury or who resided there sometime during the period from 1775 to 1783:

Ash, John: a resident of Andover, served throughout the war, mainly in the Continental Army. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, II, III, IV.

Bagley, George: served at Bennington. Salisbury History, 260.

Bagley, John: in Col. Stark's Reg't. in 1776. Salisbury History, 256.

Barber, Jethro: in Continental Army at West Point 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III.

Barber, Robert: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Basford, James: in Col. Bedel's Reg't. in 1776. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, II.

Basford, John: in Col. Bedel's Reg't. in 1776. Salisbury History, 256.

Bayley, William: in Col. Stickney's Reg't. in 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 610.

Bean, John: at Bunker Hill; afterwards ensign in Capt. Shepherd's Co., Col. Wyman's Reg't. Salisbury History, 252, 256, 263. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 318.

Bean, Joseph: in Col. Nahum Baldwin's Reg't. 1776. Salisbury History, 257.

Bean, Phineas: in Col. Nichol's Reg't. to R. I., August, 1778. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 514.

Bohonon, Andrew: lieutenant in Webster's Co. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 164.

Bohonon, Annaniah: in Col. Cilley's Continental Reg't. in 1781. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III.

Bohonon, Jacob: in Webster's Co. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, II, 165.

Bohonon, Stephen: in Col. Stickney's Reg't. 1779. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 663, 670.

Bowen, Jeremiah: in Col. Bedel's Reg't. 1778–9; in Capt. Webster's Rangers 1782. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. II, 586; III, 296.

Bowen, John: at Bunker Hill; in Col. Nichol's Reg't. to R. I., 1778. Salisbury History, 252. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 514; III, 184.

Brocklebank, Daniel: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 166.

Burbank, Wells: in Col. Bedel's Reg't. in 1776; in Col. Nichol's Reg't. to R. I., in 1778. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 274, 276; II, 515.

Calef, William: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Call, Stephen: in Col. Wyman's Reg't. 1776; in Col. Nichol's Reg't. to R. I., in 1778.

Challis, John: at Bunker hill. Salisbury History, 523, 524.

Challis, Thomas: at Bunker Hill. Salisbury History, 523, 524.

Colby, Rowell: at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Cram, Jonathan: at Bunker Hill; in Stark's Reg't. August and October, 1775 Salisbury History, 252. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 68, 180.

Cross, Thomas: enlisted in Continental Army, in 1780, for three years. Salisbury History, 264.

Eastman, Benjamin: in Col. Nichol's Reg't. to R. I., in 1778; and at West Point in 1780. N. H. War Rolls 111, 147; Salisbury History, 263.

Eastman, Edward: in Col. Nichol's Reg't. to R. I. in 1778; and in Col. Baldwin's Reg't. in 1776.

Eastman, Jéremiah: in Col. Nichol's Reg't.

to R. I., in 1778; and in Col. Baldwin's Reg't. in 1776.

Elkins, Abel: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 166.

Elkins, Henry: in Col. Reynold's Reg't. in 1781. Salisbury History, 265.

Elkins, Moses: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Evans, Edward: adjutant of Stickney's Reg't. at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 161, 163.

Felch, Daniel: in Col. Scammell's Reg't. in 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 659; II, 610.

Fellows, John Jr.: enlisted for three years in Continental Army in 1781. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 236.

Fellows, Moses: at Bunker Hill; enlisted in Continental in 1777, for three years. Salisbury History, 252. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 548.

Fifield, Abraham: sergeant, at Bunker Hill and Bennington. The second man over the enemy's breastworks at Bennington. Salisbury History, 252. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 164.

Fifield, Edward: served at Bennington, in Continental Army at West Point in 1776. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 430. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Fifield, John: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Fifield, Jonathan: served at Bennington, and in Continental army at West Point in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165; Vol. III, 147.

Fifield, Joseph: served at Bennington, in Capt. Benj. Emery's Co. in 1776. The *first* man over the enemy's breatworks at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 430; II, 165.

Fifield, Sherburne: in Capt. Webster's Co. at West Point in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 147.

Fifield, Winthrop, son of John (above): in Capt. Webster's Co. at West Point in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 147.

Foster, Jonathan: served at Bennington, and in Continental Army. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 316, 318; II, 164.

French, Joseph: "in the Revolutionary War." Salisbury History, 584.

French, S.: in Col. Reynold's Reg't. in 1781. Salisbury History, 265.

Gale, John C.: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Garland, Jacob: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 166.

Garland, Moses: at Bunker Hill; in Capt. Benj. Emery's Co. in 1776 and in Col. Nichol's Reg't. to R. I. in 1778. Salisbury History, 252. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 430; II, 515.

Gilman, Daniel: in Col. Nichol's Reg't. to R. I., in 1778. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 514.

Greeley, David: in Continental Army in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 87, 90.

Greeley, Matthew: in Col. Scammell's Reg't. in 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, II, III, IV.

Greeley, Reuben: in Col. Scammell's Reg't. in 1777. Died at Valley Forge, April 1, 1778. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 659; III, 11, 316.

Hackett, George: in Continental Army in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 87, 90.

Hall, David: at Bunker Hill. Salisbury History, 55, 70.

Heath, Ephraim: in Col. Scammell's Reg't. in 1777. Died at Valley Forge, March 26, 1778. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 659; III, 9, 42.

Hoitt, Reuben: in Col. Scammell's Reg't. in 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 659; III, 10.

Howard, Benjamin: in Col. Scammell's Reg't. in 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 659; III, 10.

Hoyt, Joseph: in Col. Nichol's Reg't. at West Point in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 148.

Huntoon, Benjamin: at Bennington, and in Col. Nichol's Reg't. to R. I. in 1778. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 164, 514.

Huntoon, Jonathan: in Col. Stark's Reg't. 1775; in Mass. Reg't. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 60; II, 754.

Huntoon, Nathaniel: in Col. Baldwin's Reg't. in 1776. Salisbury History, 257.

Huntoon, Philip: in Col. Baldwin's Reg't. in 1776. Salisbury History, 275.

Ingalls, Benjamin P.: in Nichol's Reg't. at West Point in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 147.

Jemson, John: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Johnson, James: in Capt. Shepherd's Co. in 1776; served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 316; II, 166.

Judkins, J.: in Col. Reynold's Reg't. 1781–2. Salisbury History, 265.

Judkins, Samuel: in Col. Scammell's Reg't. 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 183.

Lovering, Joseph: at Bunker Hill. Salisbury History, 252.

Lovering, Samuel: at Bunker Hill and corporal at Bennington. Salisbury History, 252. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 164.

Lufkin, Levi: in Continental Army in 1781. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 321.

Lufkin, Philip: in Col. Scammell's Reg't. in 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 659.

Lufkin, William: in Col. Scammell's Reg't. April 13, 1777. Died March 1, 1778. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 11.

Mason, John: in Continental Army in 1781. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 243.

Mason, Josiah: in Col. Moulton's Reg't. October, 1777; in Continental Army in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 412. Salisbury History, 264.

Meloon, Joseph: in Lt. Col. Gerrish's battalion in July, 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 127.

Meloon, Samuel: in Col. Reynold's Reg't. 1781–2. Salisbury History, 265.

Morrill, Abel: in Col. Hale's Reg't. in

1777; in Col. Reynold's Reg't. 1781–2. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 617. Salisbury History, 265.

Morrill, Jacob: at Bunker Hill; in Stark's Reg't. in 1775. Salisbury History, 252. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. 1, 69.

Morse, Joshua: served as corporal at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 164.

Newton, William: at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Nichols, George: enlisted in Continental Army in 1779. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 631.

Pettengill, Andrew: served at Bunker Hill and Bennington. Wounded at Bennington, where he served as lieutenant. Died December 12, 1777.

Pettingill, Benjamin: in Col. Nichol's Reg't. to R. I., in 1778. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 515.

Pettingill, David: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 166.

Pettingill, Matthew: lieutenant in Capt. Connors Co. in 1775; served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 242; II, 165.

Purmort, Richard: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 164.

Raino, Elias: a resident of Andover; severely wounded at Bunker Hill. Salisbury History, 252.

Sanborn, Benjamin: in Col. Stickney's Reg't. in 1781. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 264.

Sanborn, John: at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 164.

Sanborn, Simeon: in Capt. Dearborn's Co. in expedition to Quebec in 1775. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 210.

Sanders, Samuel: in Continental Army in 1781. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 243.

Sawyer, Edmund: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Scribner, Benjamin: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Scribner, Ebenezer: in Continental Army in 1781. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 243.

Scribner, Edward: at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Scribner, Iddo: at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Scribner, Jonathan: in Shepherd's Co., Col. Wyman's Reg't. 1776. Salisbury History, 256.

Scribner, Samuel: at Bunker Hill. Salisbury History, 252.

Searle, William: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 164.

Severance, Peter: served at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Shepard, Elisha: in Lt. Col. Gerrish's battalion in 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 128.

Smith, John: at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Smith, Josiah: in Continental Army in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 236.

Smith, Robert: at Bunker Hill, adjutant of Col. Nichol's Reg't. at Bennington. Salisbury History, 251. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 198.

Snow, Joshua: enlisted in Col. Scammell's Reg't. in March, 1777; and in Continental Army, 1779. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, 659; II, 734.

Stevens, Cutting: in Shepherd's Co., Wyman's Reg't. in 1776. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 316.

Stevens, Daniel: at Bunker Hill. Salisbury History, 252.

True, Jacob: at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Tucker, Jacob: in Lt. Col. Gerrish's battalion in 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 127.

Tucker, Joseph: at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 165.

Webster, Ebenezer: at Bunker Hill, and at Bennington. Served almost continuously during the war; and in every position from private to captain. Salisbury History, 251–266. N. H. War Rolls, Vols. I, II, III, IV.

Webster, Israel: at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 166.

Webster, John: lieutenant in Col. Bedel's Reg't. in 1776. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 273, 288.

Webster, Joseph: recruit in Continental Army in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 87.

Webster, Moses: in Col. Reynold's Reg't. in 1781–2. Salisbury History, 265.

Welsh, Moses: at Bennington. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 166.

Whittemore, Peter: in Col. Reynold's Reg't. in 1781–2. Salisbury History, 265.

Wise, Robert: in Continental Army at West Point in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 147.

Revolutionary soldiers who owned property in Salisbury or came there to reside after the war.

Adams, Enoch: a soldier in Capt. Gerish's Co. from Newbury Mass. in 1775. Salisbury History, 446.

Baker, Benjamin: at Bunker Hill. Salisbury History, 451.

Burley, Joseph: enlisted early in the war in a Mass. Reg't. Salisbury History, 508.

Chase, William: lieutenant in Capt. Nicholas Rawling's Co. in 1775, at Portsmouth. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. I, 231.

Peters, John: wounded at Bennington. Salisbury History, 688. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 196.

Quimby, Tristram: an early Revolutionary soldier. Salisbury History, 54.

Sanborn, Moses: in Col. Gilman's Reg't. in 1777. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. II, 285.

Watson, Caleb: served in Maj. Whitcomb's Rangers in 1780. N. H. War Rolls, Vol. III, 169. Salisbury History, 823. Weare History, 234, 244.

A DAY IN JUNE

By Hannah B. Merriam

How glorious are the woods today,
In this New England's month of bloom;
The skies no longer dull and gray,
Now lift and widen, making room,
Where fairy islands seem to rest,
And clouds no longer dim the west.

With canopy of green o'erhead,
And bright lined carpet at our feet;
With nature's book wide open spread,
Can Heaven hold more fair retreat
Than this, reflecting wood and skies
Where, mirror-like, the river lies?

Incense is rising from the sod,
The shrubs their sweetest fragrance lend,
The trees uplift in praise to God,
And harmonies so richly blend;
The birds break forth in gladdest song,
And men forget the ways of wrong.

As diamonds oft their lustre hide
Where rays of sunshine fail to reach,
So men, too long of joy denied,
Grow cold and hard in mind and speech.
When shall we learn the human need?
'Tis often sunlight more than creed.

THE SEA-TURN

By Emily B. Cole

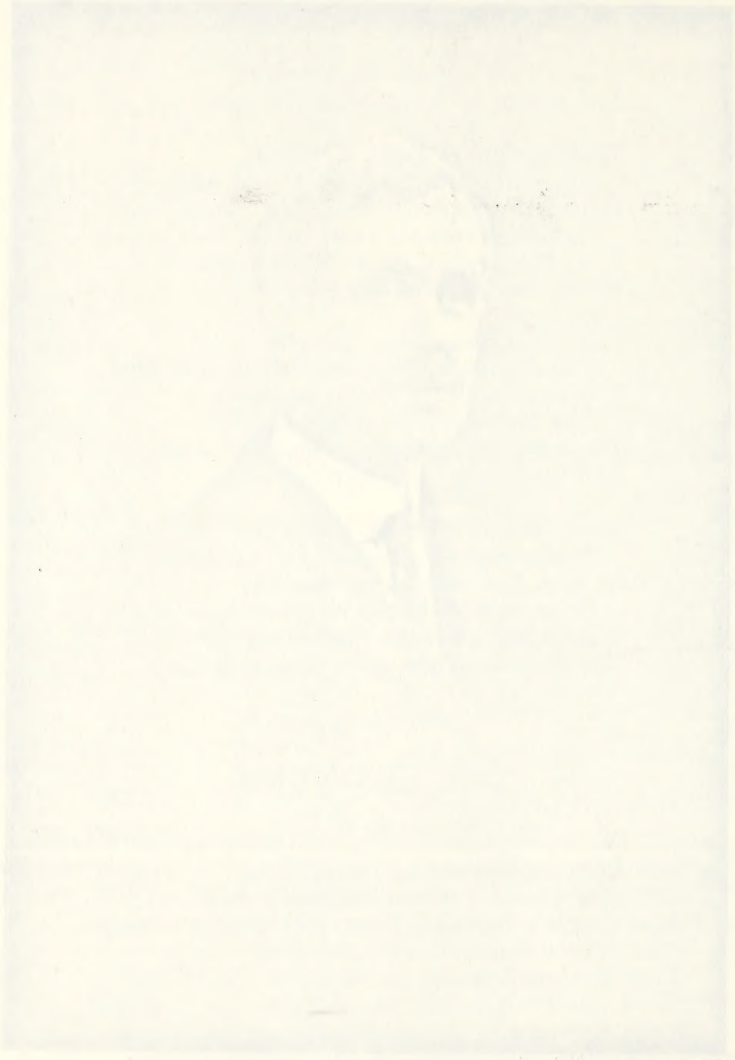
Low-lying Appledore, so lately kist
By blazing sun, it wraps in ghostly mist:
New Castle's frowning Fort from view it sweeps;
Past Jerry's Point it swift and silent creeps.
That floating fortress, anchored in the stream,
Close wreathed in fog, has vanished like a dream.
Swift currents by its stealthy fingers chilled
Grow gray and lifeless, all their beauty stilled.

Yon lazy gundalo, with tawny sail,
Grows faint in such embrace, and dim and pale.
One silent sea-gull sails across the blue—
Now, wings and silv'ry vapor blend in hue;
White birches close beside us ghostly gleam;
All blotted out the harbor, shore and stream.
Close, close about us, turn where e'er we list,
Sight cannot pierce the walls of filmy mist.



HON. HENRY C. MORRISON

State Superintendent of Public Instruction



A STEP FORWARD

Reorganization of the State's Educational Department

Fifty years ago it was generally claimed that New England surpassed all other sections of the country in the excellence of its school system. A generation later conditions had changed. The central west and northwest, and even the far western states had forged ahead in this regard, and New England had fallen far in the rear. A dozen years ago New Hampshire was well nigh the foot of the line of states in the matter of illiteracy, and its people were compelled to hang their heads in shame when the fact was held up for public consideration.

During the incumbency of Channing Folsom in the office of state superintendent of public instruction a campaign for improved conditions in the educational system of the State was inaugurated. A plan for State aid to schools in rural districts was initiated and put in operation on a modest scale; and a plan for more efficient supervision of the public schools, under which the State should coöperate with the towns in defraying the expense wherever the plan was adopted, was also devised, and a few supervisory districts so-called, established under its provisions, through the persistent efforts of Mr. Folsom, who found local prejudice almost everywhere standing in the way of real progress.

When, nine years ago next October, the present incumbent, Henry C. Morrison, then superintendent of the schools of Porstmouth, was named as Mr. Folsom's successor, if the "old fogies" thought, as some of them unquestionably did, that the march of progress would be halted and these plans abandoned, they "reckoned without their host." Through all these years Mr. Morrison, singlehanded and alone, has carried on the fight for the improvement of New Hampshire's educational status. Better training for teachers; more thorough supervision for the schools; more rigid child labor legislation and stricter enforcement of the law compelling school attendance; increased State aid for schools in the poorer towns, and increased provision for high school instruction elsewhere, for scholars in towns where no high schools are maintained—these are among the objects for which he has persistently and successfully labored till a vast improvement has been effected all along the line and, today, the schools of New Hampshire rank well along with the best, and the proportion of scholars pursuing the high school course is larger than in most other states and surpassed in none; while through his intelligent and persistent effort, and the marked results accomplished, Mr. Morrison has come to be generally regarded as the most efficient superintendent in the country, though there are others drawing more than double the increased salary which he is allowed under the recent act of the Legislature reorganizing the educational department.

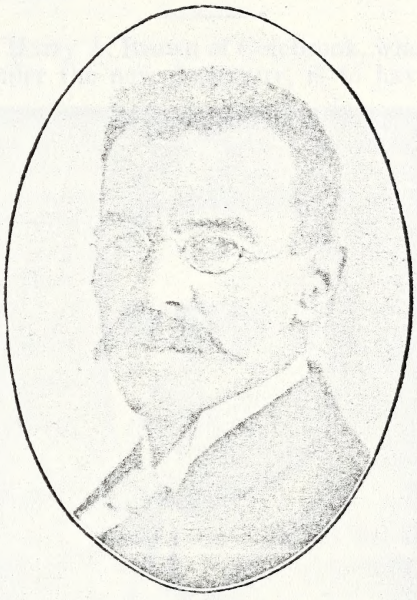
By the terms of the legislation referred to, which Mr. Morrison had long sought to secure, the introduction of technical or vocational instruction into the schools of the State, including agriculture, domestic science and manual training, is not only authorized, but is practically assured. Provision is made for three deputy superintendents, one of whom must be a woman, and all of whom have already been named. These are George H. Whitcher, superintendent of the schools of Berlin; H. A. Brown, supervisor of the schools of Colebrook and Errol, and Miss Harriet L. Huntress, for many years the efficient chief clerk in the office of the department in Concord. With the continued service of so able a superintendent, cheered by the

knowledge that his tireless efforts are at last in good measure appreciated, and aided by trained assistants of recognized capacity, there is no reason to doubt that the cause of public education in the State of New Hampshire will make rapid advance, and that there will be no farther occasion to compare our school system to its disadvantage, with that of any other state.

An extended biographical notice of Mr. Morrison was presented in the GRANITE MONTHLY for February, 1910, from which some leading facts may be repeated in this connection:

He is the son of the late John H. and Mary L. (Ham) Morrison of Oldtown, Me., born October 7, 1871. He graduated from the Oldtown high school in 1881, served two years as assistant teacher in that institution, entered Dartmouth College in 1891, and graduated in 1895 as the valedictorian of his class. In September following he became principal of the high school in the town of Milford, and continued in that position to the great satisfaction of the public till May 1899, when he resigned to accept the position of superintendent of schools for the city of Portsmouth, in which he served with signal ability until his appointment by the Governor and Council in the fall of 1904, as superintendent of public instruction, to succeed Channing Folsom, whose renomination by Governor Bachelder the Council refused to confirm, since when he has served the State with tireless zeal and energy, often in the face of opposition and discouragement, but never swerving for a moment from his fixed purpose to improve and uplift the school system of New Hampshire, with the success heretofore noted. He has been actively identified with the educational interests of the State and country, outside his official work. He is a prominent member, and has been president of the New Hampshire Teachers' Association, has been many years a director of the National Educational Association, and is also prominent in the work of the American Institute of Instruction of which he has been twice elected president. His reputation as a successful educator is nation-wide, and his services as a lecturer upon educational topics are largely sought. The New Hampshire State College conferred upon him the degree of Master of Science in 1906.

George H. Whitcher, deputy superintendent, who will have direction of



George H. Whitcher
Deputy Superintendent

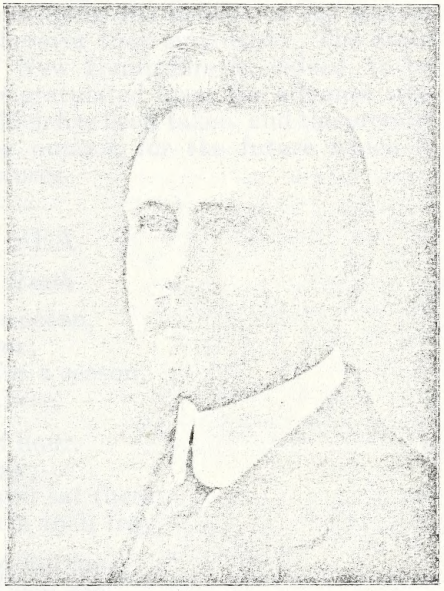
the work in agricultural, mechanic arts and domestic science courses in the schools throughout the State, is admirably adapted for the position to which he has been assigned. He is a native of the town of Strafford, was educated at Coe's Academy, Northwood, and in the department of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at Dartmouth where he graduated at the head of the class in 1881. He was for ten years professor of applied



science and agriculture in the State College and director of the New Hampshire Experiment Station, which latter was organized under his direction. In 1896 he became a member of the board of education of the town of Durham, and after the passage of the law authorizing the establishment of supervisory districts he became supervisor of schools in a district including the towns of Durham, Newmarket and Alton, where his work was so successful as to attract wide attention in the educational world, so that the board of education in the city of Berlin, where the office of superintendent of schools had just been created, in December, 1903, selected him to fill that office, in which position he has served till the present time. During these ten years he has effected marvelous results, and, despite some rather persistent opposition, has succeeded in placing the Berlin schools at the very front in the line of practical efficiency. The essential basis upon which his work rests is the firm belief that children develop, in mind as well as body, through "doing guided by thinking." Under the system he has adopted and put in successful operation the problem of vocational training has been thoroughly solved, and at the same time the course of instruction has been made so attractive that a larger proportion of the children avail themselves of high school privileges than anywhere else in the State. Boards of education from other cities and towns have been led to visit Berlin and to model their work after the plan adopted by Superintendent Whitcher.

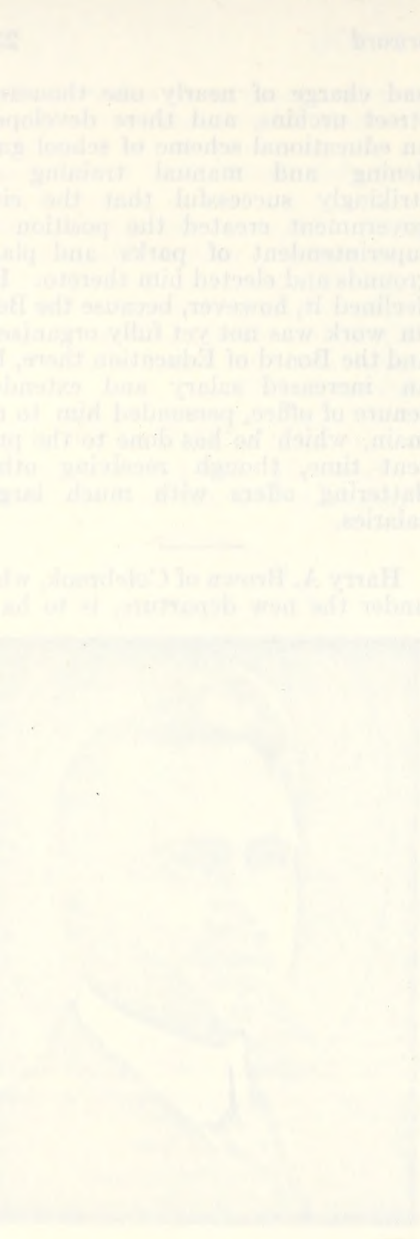
Mr. Whitcher has a wide reputation as a lecturer on educational topics, his work ranging from institute lectures to addresses before the National Educational Association, and, in summer school work, from single topics at local State summer school institutes to courses on psychology at the Dartmouth Summer School. For three summers at Pittsburgh, Pa., he had charge of nearly one thousand street urchins, and there developed an educational scheme of school gardening and manual training so strikingly successful that the city government created the position of superintendent of parks and playgrounds and elected him thereto. He declined it, however, because the Berlin work was not yet fully organized, and the Board of Education there, by an increased salary and extended tenure of office, persuaded him to remain, which he has done to the present time, though receiving other flattering offers with much larger salaries.

Harry A. Brown of Colebrook, who, under the new departure, is to have



Harry A. Brown
Deputy Superintendent

charge of school inspection, and the supervision of local systems throughout the State, although comparatively a young man, has accomplished remarkably successful results. He is a native of Liberty, Me., fitted for college in the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, from which he graduated



in 1899; studied two years at Bates College; engaged in teaching for several years; then, resuming his college work, was graduated A. B. from the College of Education in the University of Colorado, where he also completed about a year of graduate work.

His experience in teaching and supervision has been: teacher in Maine rural schools, 1899–1902; supervisory principal of schools, Liberty, Me., 1903–04; district superintendent of schools, Salem-Hudson, N. H., supervisory district, 1904–05; supervisory principal of schools, Glasgow, Montana, 1907–09; district superintendent of schools, Colebrook-Errol supervisory district, 1909–13; instructor in psychology and pedagogy, State Normal School, Plymouth, summer session, 1912.

It has been through his work at Colebrook, where, in the new high school building erected since his incumbency and specially adapted under his supervision to the work in hand, a most complete system of agricultural, domestic arts and manual training instruction has been established, and so successfully pursued as to command the admiration of friends of progressive education from far and near. This school has, indeed, been made a model for the country, and its work was the basis for a bulletin prepared by Mr. Brown and published by the United States Bureau of Education, entitled "The Readjustment of a Rural High School to the Needs of the Community."

With these two able assistants in the field, both of whom have accepted, and so experienced and efficient an assistant as Miss Huntress, whose acceptance is hoped for, in charge of the office work, Superintendent Morrison will be able to devote his energies to the work of general supervision, searching out the weak places and remedying the defects of the system wherever they may exist. The State of New Hampshire is, indeed, to be congratulated upon the advance step which has been taken, and the promising outlook for the future which it insures.

BY THE SEA

By Lucy H. Heath

They sat on the rocks by the ocean,
A woman and maiden fair;
They had left their work for a season,
To seek rest and quiet there.

The rosy hue of the sunset hour,
Merged into twilight gray;
The full moon rose, they still sat there
And watched the waves in their fray.

The maiden lifted a thoughtful face;
"Tell me," she said, "if you can,
Why it is that the restless ocean
Is restful to weary man?"

Again there was thought and silence, while
Waves dashed high at their feet;
"I think I can answer your question,"
The reply came, low and sweet.

When near to the heart of Nature, we
Are drawn toward God above;
He speaks through the waves of the ocean,
We rest in His arms of love.

in 1899; studied two years at Butler College; engaged in teaching for several years; then, resuming his college work, was graduated A. B. from the College of Education in the University of Colorado, where he also completed about a year of graduate work.

His experience in teaching and supervision has been: teacher in Maine rural schools, 1894–1897; supervisory principal of schools, Liberty, Me., 1903–04; district superintendent of schools, Salem-Hudson, N. H., supervisory district, 1904–05; supervisory principal of schools, Glasgow, Montana, 1907–09; district superintendent of schools, Colebrook-Errol supervisory district, 1909–13; instructor in psychology and pedagogy, State Normal School, Plymouth, summer session, 1912.

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THE SETTLEMENT OF WARREN

*Address by Frank C. Clement**

Allow me to say, in the outset, that all the historical data used at this celebration was gathered by our town historian, William Little, in his "History of Warren"—a work commenced at the age of sixteen and persistently followed, resulting in the most unique and attractive town history in the State.

Although Warren was spotted on the map in 1761, it was not legally born into the world until July 14, 1763. There seems to be a little discrepancy concerning the derivation of the name: some say His Excellency named it after a friend, Admiral Warren; others that it was named for a borough in England, while the popular belief is that it might have been so called because of the abundance of rabbits whose homes are oftentimes called warrens.

Its first charter was granted January 28, 1764, to John Page, Esq., and sixty-five others, Governor Wentworth reserving a lot of five hundred acres for himself, which included Wachipauka Pond, the face of Webster's Slide and Blueberry Mountain. There was also reserved one share for a society for spreading the Gospel to foreign nations, one for the church of England, and one for the benefit of a school to be established in the town. The terms of the charter were as follows: "Every grantee shall plant and cultivate 5 acres of land within 5 years; all pine trees shall be reserved; a lot of one acre shall be laid out in the center of the town for each grantee; for a period of ten years each grantee shall pay rent of one ear of corn annually and after that, one shilling for every 100 acres."

*This address by Mr. Clement was delivered during the exercises in celebration of the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Warren, at the site of the first house built in town, July 15, 1913.

When several months had elapsed, John Page and his associates, with Benjamin Leavitt as surveyor, made an expedition into this region and, after many adventures—some laughable, some tragic—succeeded in drawing the lines. In the spring of 1767, after nearly half of the specified time had expired, a road was put through and lots of eighty acres each were laid out. This road was the old original Indian trail and followed through the main part of this section, along the valley of the Asquamchumauke River. The plots were assigned by drawing lots, Thomas True getting the first, Ebenezer Stevens the second, etc.

All too soon the weeks flew into months and months into years, until the proprietors suddenly awoke to the realization that the beloved charter had been forfeited. Somewhat chagrined at their waste of time, and at a loss to know what would happen, they called a meeting and, in fear and trembling, chose Col. Jonathan Greeley and Hon. Josiah Bartlett to constitute a committee to confer with John Wentworth, nephew of Benning Wentworth, who was now governor of New Hampshire. He calmed their fears and told them to go on as if nothing had happened and, later in the year, he would grant them a new charter.

At a meeting of the proprietors in 1768 it was voted that the following resolutions be adopted:

"We will give 50 acres of land to each family up to 25 in number who will settle before October 1, 1768; the first settler shall take his first choice of the 50 acre lots, etc.; each settler shall receive 6 pounds."

Colonel Greeley and Phillips White were asked to interview the governor and treat for a new charter. This, however, was not issued until about a year later when White rode to

Portsmouth and paid seventy-eight pounds and 1 shilling for it, only to have it again forfeited at the end of four years. Had not the Revolutionary War occurred the result would probably have been the loss of the township entirely.

At first there were Indian wigwams in this peaceful valley, then camps of trappers and trampers, and, lastly, those of the surveyors and linesmen. Joseph Patch was the first real settler, coming in the autumn of 1767. He had a passion for hunting and, with a hunter's life in view, built him a camp beside Hurricane Brook. He was a young man, not 21 years of age, with brown hair, blue eyes, light complexion, and pleasing countenance. He was a strong athletic fellow weighing about 150 pounds and possessed good courage as you may judge from the following incident relating his experience with a catamount:

> It is told how he lay sleeping upon his bed of spruce boughs one dark night in his half-open camp, when the low growling of the dog at his side awoke him. The fire, which he had left burning when he went to sleep, had gone out, and all was black darkness in the woods. Only the rustle of the leaves overhead and the low murmur of the brook on the smooth-worn stones disturbed the silence. Looking cautiously out he could see nothing. His dog continuing to growl, he put his hands on the hound's back and found that the hair was as stiff as bristles. Again he looked out, and happening to raise his eyes he saw gleaming in the branches of a low maple tree what seemed to be two balls of fire. Only the eyes of a catamount could glow like that. He felt the cold sweat creeping over him but realizing his danger he recovered himself, coolly picked up his gun, took deliberate aim and fired. There was a wild howl, a dead fall, a terrible struggle for a moment, biting the earth and rending the bark from trees, and the ferocious animal was dead. The hunter's courage had saved his life. He built a fire for the night and in the morning skinned the largest catamount he ever saw.

Joseph was the son of Thomas Patch and was born in Hollis. He attended school but a few years of his life. Versed in practical knowledge, however, he realized his needs and the first week in October began clearing an acre of land just east of the schoolhouse and at the turn of the road; nearby he planted the first apple tree. Later in the year he dug a cellar upon this spot, stoned it and built over it a log shanty covered with spruce bark and tightened with moss. He also built a Dutch oven on top of an old growth pine stump still visible. Here, in his humble dwelling place, he spent his time, dressing the wild game that his days of hunting brought as booty.

In the pageant before you, representing a group of Kipmuck Indians with their chief, Waternomee, is vividly recalled the destruction of that tribe's village on the Connecticut by Colonel Baker and their pursuit of him down this valley and the tragic death of Waternomee near Bridgewater at the hands of Colonel Baker, as related in Little's history.

The first family, consisting of Mr. John Mills, his sister, his wife and several children, came on horseback from Portsmouth, and built a house on the ridge, opposite the railroad bridge. This they furnished with tables and chairs, roughly hewn out of the great trees, and fixed up beds with beams and boughs. The first thing Mr. Mills did in the way of clearing was to drain the pond and so secure grass land for his horse and cow. Then he made a garden, planting corn, turnips, beans and pumpkins, the seeds for which he purchased in Plymouth and Haverhill. Thus civilization began in this peaceful fertile valley of the Asquamchumauke.

And since that day and era the world has witnessed its most wonderful evolution and revolution—the complete change of its industrial and economic life. The world's work done by industrial organizations first known as factories, then as great combinations of factories called trusts. They claim that the work is here done with the greatest efficiency. Efficiency—mark that word *efficiency*. The greatest efficiency for what? *For what?* To exact usurious dividends from the

public or from the ultimate consumer of its products! The only remedy is the limitation of these dividends by law. This is the problem of our coming generations.

The apparent failure of our great railroad combination in New England is a significant and hopeful sign of this work of education. The great living Divine command of the future will be *Thou shalt not take usurious dividends.**

* "I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me, and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country."

"Corporations have been enthroned, an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working on the prejudices of the people until the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE PAST

By L. J. H. Frost

I dream today of the dear old past,
And my tears are falling thick and fast;
The days of my youth so far away,
I am living over again today.

I see again my childhood home,
Its woodland paths again I roam;
The wild birds song again I hear,
Telling his joy in cadence clear.

The babbling brook runs by my feet,
Bordered by lilies white and sweet;
While mid the tall trees standing nigh,
The wind plays a soft, sweet lullaby.

Oh days of the past, ye seem to me
Like green isles in some distant sea;
And, floating out across the main,
Sweet voices speak to me again.

Voices I loved, so full of cheer
That they dispelled all thoughts of fear;
While in my heart love's sweet refrain
Makes joy that's not akin to pain.

Farewell, dear past, the shadows fall
Across my path like a thick pall;
But voices echoing far away
Speak to my soul of deathless day.

THE SILVER LUSTRE SET

By Frances Healey

"Well, there's just one thing of Cyrus's I would like," said Mrs. Foster, shutting the picture album smartly, "just one thing and that I suppose I shan't get anyhow, although Aunt Sarah promised it to me because I looked so like Grandma—and that is the silver lustre tea set."

Mrs. Borden raised her eyes from the white wool sweater she was knitting.

"Aunt Sarah promised that to *you*, Henrietta? Why it wasn't even hers to promise. Grandma gave it to me long before she died, for my name. Cyrus told me it was in the Museum—just lent you know—and has been for years. The portraits, of course, will come back to the old house and the old furniture, and, of course, the tea set, too. I'm going to have it in the cupboard up here in the sitting room, just as it used to be, only I shall have glass doors put in so it can be seen. After I'm gone I want it divided so each one of the descendants can have a piece. That is the fairest way," And Mrs. Borden began to count stitches and knit to make up for lost time.

"That's all very well, Susannah, but I'd like to know where *I* come in?" The third sister stopped probing the fire and half turned toward the others.

"I think Grandpa had some right to say who should have that tea set, seeing that it was his wedding present to Grandma, and he always promised it to me. Just because I've no girls it is no reason my boys do not want any of the old family things." And Mrs. Carlton gave the fire one more poke before she hung up the tongs.

"Well, it's the least of my troubles. Susannah will probably get it and you and I, Adeline, may as well put it out of our heads. Goodness knows she's done enough for Cyrus anyway. Do you know if Cyrus left the things to the Carter family collectively or whether he gave us each a special relic, Susannah?"

"Um-m, in a minute. There, I had to finish this needle. Why, he didn't say. I suppose he would just say the things should come back. That's what Jerusha wants me to go down about. I think you might go too, Henrietta. You know Jerusha always liked you."

"Not I. If I don't get a thing I certainly do not intend to get mixed up in this matter of Cousin Cyrus Carter's old family trash. All I want is the tea set and that I shan't get, so what's the use? For gracious sake, Sue, you aren't going to finish that sweater off yet?"

Mrs. Borden spread the garment out on her knee. "Don't you think that's long enough?" she asked doubtfully.

"Why *no*, that will hardly come to Lou's waist and she wanted one of those long mannish ones."

And so the silver lustre tea set was temporarily eclipsed by the white wool sweater. But it was only temporarily for that set had grown with age, distance and prospective possession, from a handsome family relic to a mysteriously wonderful treasure, comparable to the rainbow's pot of gold or Aladdin's priceless lamp. Cyrus Carter had inherited it along with other heirlooms from his mother, and, having no children, it had been his wish that all the pictures and furniture and china should go back to the old family house in Brookside.

His cousins had really been fond of the old man with his quaint old-fashioned piety and his loyal devotion to the family. Jerusha was accepted and coolly loved for Cyrus's sake and because of their mutual happiness. It had been the regular program when

they went to see him at Hilton to kiss him at the beginning of the call, to discuss the family's health, religious convictions and temporal prosperity, then to pass to the hopes and dreams for the next world. When the family had been disposed of, Cyrus, from his sick bed, would direct the patient Jerusha to "show the darlings the beautiful old things that were soon to go back to Brookside." So when in the course of years Cyrus Carter had joyfully "passed on" and been gathered to his fathers, the family that was left awaited with considerable interest and speculation to learn what proportion of the things they should inherit and whether Jerusha's patience and gentleness would outlive her patient and gentle husband.

It was now a week after the funeral and Jerusha had written an affectionate and diffuse postal card asking "dear Susannah, Adeline and Henrietta" to come down and see about the old Carter things, but as usual the business of the family was put onto Mrs. Borden's strong shoulders.

The fact that responsibility had been shifted did not lessen in any way the interest of the other two sisters and as they left the house, just before tea time, Mrs. Carlton turned back to Mrs. Borden, standing in the stately old-fashioned front proch.

"If you are coming back on the 5.37 train Sue, Henrietta and I will come over to tea with you and we'll hear how you found Jerusha. Goodnight, and don't forget to give our love to her."

True to their promise, the sisters left their respective families the next evening to spend the night and to talk over the division of the "things" of which Sue was sure to have at least a list.

"Adeline, now be sure not to say a word to Susannah about that tea set till she speaks of it. She knows how I feel about it and I shall never mention it to her again."

"Nor I, Hetty. Do you suppose Jerusha will have all the things packed when Sue gets there? Cyrus was so particular about having them come back at once, and Jerusha always seemed so willing. She told me with tears in her eyes the last time I was there that after Cyrus went she wanted everything to come back here. But I would like to know just *what* he had of the Carter things—the clock and the table and chairs I've seen, but that's all."

"And the lustre tea set must have been at the Museum for years, so that will surely be safe. Very likely Susannah will bring it home with her tonight."

"It does seem kind of heartless to talk about the thing this way but Cyrus loved to feel he was going to benefit us after he was gone and so we have gotten into the way of it I suppose."

"Dear old man! You don't know how I miss him. With him passes the last of that old-fashioned pious generation we used to know as children. There's the door opening. I didn't realize Sue would be here so soon."

Just then the door opened and in came Mrs. Borden.

"Why Sue! How was it?"

"Don't speak to me, girls," she said. "Wait a minute till I've had time to count or think or something."

Very slowly she drew off her gloves, unfastened her cloak and took off her bonnet. Very slowly she sat down in a chair by her desk and began to write.

Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Carlton exchanged glances but did not speak—the silence was too impressive and expressive.

Suddenly Mrs. Borden raised her head. "Well, I saw Jerusha," she said.

"Did you see—"

"No, I didn't see anything but Jerusha. Girls, I *hope* I shall be given patience to love her. We *must* love her in spite of all. But I don't believe Cousin Cyrus made a will," and Mrs. Borden shook her head

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"If you are coming back on the
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True to their promise, the sisters
left their respective families the next
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"Adeline, now be sure not to say a
word to Susannah about tea as we
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I feel about it and I shall never men-
tion it to her again."

"Now I, Hetty. Do you suppose

"Well, what difference does that make? Jerusha *knew* Cyrus's wishes and agreed to them and 'tisn't likely that she'll go against them—unless—" and a shadow of doubt crossed Mrs. Carlton's smooth forehead, "unless they've nothing left to send back."

"Oh, I guess there's plenty to send back, but—well, I must say that Jerusha has disappointed me, although that should make no difference in our love for her. Girls, we *must* love her for our own sakes," and Mrs. Borden came from her desk to the low rocker before the fire. The two sisters exchanged glances.

"Do you mean to tell me that Jerusha is going to keep the clock and the table and the chairs and the portraits and wine glasses and, and—"

"And the lustre tea set is broken all but two pieces, she says," finished Mrs. Borden quietly, rocking slowly back and forth and gazing into the fire.

"Broken!" cried her sisters. "Broken! But Cyrus always said it was in the Museum at Portland," finished Mrs. Carlton.

"Well, Addie, all I know is what Jerusha told me. She said Cyrus gave two pieces, a teapot and a cup and saucer, to her sisters years ago and that she had used the rest every day and somehow it had broken all to bits."

"You needn't tell me Jerusha and her husband were so innocent as not to know the value of that set. And you say she isn't going to send back any of the things at all?"

Mrs. Borden shook her head. "I don't know. She was very indefinite and, and—" another significant shake finished the sentence.

"Well," Mrs. Foster came out of her calm with a bounce, "she's just a common, ordinary thief—that's all. She has no moral right to those things whatever and if *I* ever see her I shall tell her so."

"Now, Hetty, don't dear. That's not right; Jerusha may not realize."

"Well, perhaps Susannah Borden, if you would just tell us *what* that woman said we could talk it over more intelligently, to say the least," interrupted Mrs. Carlton with forced and aggravated distinctness.

"Well, I will. When I got to the station Jerusha met me with the old buggy and horse and a big crepe veil and a black-bordered handkerchief. She apologized for the old buggy because she said the traveling was so bad in the spring now. She cried—"

"Crocodile!" ejaculated Mrs. Foster, through shut teeth, her arms folded tight across her breast and her feet leaving the floor at each violent rock of her chair.

"Now I don't think that, Hetty. She *did* love Cyrus you know. Any way she cried pretty much all the way home. I remember thinking"—Mrs. Borden smiled a little—"it was a great pity she couldn't cry on the wheels and wash a little of the mud off. But anyway I couldn't get her to talk about the things much. She wanted to tell me about Cy's death and how he named us all by name."

"For gracious sake, Sue," cried Mrs. Carlton, picking up the tongs and poking the fire belligerently, "what did she say about the things? 'Cyrus is dead as he ever will be,' I suppose, to quote old Mr. Hopkins."

"I am coming to it, Addie. Then she said how Cy wanted all the old Carter things to come back here to Brookside, but that she was to keep them as long as she wanted them and she couldn't let them come yet. She hinted, at least I gathered that she might send them back later."

A sniff came from Mrs. Foster, whose handsome good-natured face wore a consciously sardonic sneer.

"Now girls, we should be just sorry for her instead of angry. Anger should find no place in our hearts. Finally, I asked her about the lustre tea set and told her that it really hadn't belonged to Cyrus at all because Grandma gave it to me before she died—for my name you know."

Mrs. Borden glanced uncertainly at her sisters but their expressionless eyes were watching the flare of the crackling fire and Mrs. Borden hurried on. "Well, Jerusha seemed surprised and said it was too bad, but that was all. Then I said we might drive right down to the trolleys and go into Portland and get it from the Museum where Cyrus always kept it. You know, Adeline, the last time we saw him he said it had been there for years. I even offered to pay Jerusha's car fare so she could not have any excuse. She hemmed and hawed a little and began to cry about 'poor dear Cy' and then she told me the set was all broken up. I *was* angry and told her I didn't believe it but she said Cyrus was so sentimental that he hated to use his mother's china, so they had used that lustre tea set and it was all broken but the two pieces he had given years ago to her sisters."

Mrs. Foster turned in her chair to face her sisters.

"Do you believe Cyrus and Jerusha were such *fools*, Susannah Borden, as to use that china every day and break it all up? Both of those old hypocrites knew the value of it well enough and I believe she has it." Mrs. Foster nodded vehemently.

"I don't know, Hetty. Cyrus thought it was all safe, I know, for whatever he was I do believe he was honest and loved us, but Jerusha," she shook her head, "I'm afraid she was over-tempted. For when I left the house I went into Portland myself and went to the Museum to ask about it. They said the lustre set (the best one they ever had lent them, by the way) had been there for several years but that two years ago last October Mrs. Carter had taken it out."

"Why"— began Mrs. Foster and stopped. Mrs. Borden nodded.

"But we never suspected, you know, that she would have sold any of the Carter things. She might at least have offered them to us first. I would have given her more than most people."

"Do you suppose she sold that set to pay the fine of that miserable drunken brother of hers?" cried Mrs. Carlton.

"Poor Jerusha! We all wondered where she and Cy got the money to do that. There are some lovable things about her, Addie."

"I'm glad you see them, Sue."

"Then I suppose she is going to keep all the other things. I don't care much—I shouldn't have had the lustre set anyway, but I do hate to lose faith in human nature this way."

Mrs. Foster got the cards and table. "I'm going to play a game of solitaire and go to bed."

"You can sit up and play all night, Hetty, if you like. I'm going to bed now. Come on Sue."

But Mrs. Borden was watching the game. "I've got to write a letter to go on the first mail tomorrow. There, Hetty, put your Jack on your Queen. You've done it. Go on up with Addie and I'll be up in a few minutes."

Mrs. Borden, rocking slowly and thoughtfully, sat watching the fire a few minutes after the sisters had gone upstairs, then she sighed and her eyes fell on the little cupboard by the chimney—the little old cupboard where the lustre tea set used to repose in state on the clean white shelves. She rose and opened the door and looked in.

"All broken—I can't believe it," she said and a big lump came into her throat. Then she went to her desk to write her letter:

"*Dear Mr. Thomson:*

You need not send a man over to put glass in the door of the chimney cupboard we looked at a week ago. I have decided to let the wooden panels remain.

Yours truly,
SUSANNAH BORDEN."

THE OLD CANNON ON GARRISON HILL

By Elizabeth P. Tapley.

There have been many interesting articles in this magazine about Dover and many of its old buildings and its historic events have been described; but there is one Dover landmark which no one has mentioned. I suppose it is not old enough to fascinate the antiquarian. Yet it has a life history of a hundred years; with half of that time, and a little more, passed in Dover; and the great event of that life has been a tragedy.

I have called it a landmark; but it is hardly that. It is just the old cannon that lies on the top of Garrison Hill.

Was there ever such a queer place for a cannon to lie, rusting its life out, as this—away up on the top of a high hill, on the very outskirts of the city, a hill thickly wooded and seldom visited by anyone?

You can but ask why anyone should have wished to put a cannon in this spot; or, having wished to do so, how in the world they dragged it up there, for the hill is very steep in places. How and why it came there is the story that I tell.

This is a particularly good time to revive the story: for this summer people will be visiting Garrison Hill more than they have done for several years, as there is now being built on the hill a fine new steel observatory, the gift to the city of the late Mrs. Joseph Sawyer; and Garrison Hill will probably become, again, as it used to be in the days of the old observatory, a popular place for excursions and picnics. There is a beautiful view from this observatory. On a clear day the hills of Strafford and Nottingham are beautiful, and the far sighted can distinguish Mt. Chocorua and Mt. Washington, while, in the opposite direction, can be seen the ocean and the Isles of Shoals.

It is a lovely spot; and, as people climb up the hill to the new observatory, they will wind along the old road, and will pass the cannon by the roadside, and they will remember its story of tragedy, or perchance, being new comers in Dover, they will wonder what the story is, and ask to have it told.

This is the story:

It began—as far, at least, as Dover is concerned—with a presidential election. When Buchanan was elected president, in 1856, the victorious Democrats planned to celebrate their great victory in a glorious manner. They planned a parade, fireworks and an oration in the City Hall; but even this was not enough—they needed a cannon which would fire a salute of one hundred guns. So a subscription paper was successfully circulated, and a committee set out for the Portsmouth Navy Yard to buy the desired gun. And the gun on Garrison Hill is the one they bought.

Arrived at the Navy Yard, the committee found two old guns for sale, just alike they looked, mounted on heavy gun carriages. They were British guns, captured in the War of 1812 by some American privateer vessel, and brought as spoils of war to the Navy Yard. Here they had lain idle all these intervening years. The committee bought one of them, and it would be interesting could we know what became of the other and what its after history has been: but in those days no record of gun sales was kept at the Navy Yard.

This gun of ours is marked, on one hub, "24 P," or what they call a 24 pounder; and on the other hub, "82481, Capron, 1814;" which means, so they say, that it was made in the year 1814, at the Capron Iron works in England. It was undoubtedly a gun being brought over here for

use in the coast defence, for it is larger and heavier than was used on board ship at that time, and it was mounted on a great carriage, as guns were mounted for land use.

So the committee bought it with joy, and Mr. Joseph Young brought it up the Cocheco River on his *gundalow* to the wharf on the Dover landing. It was destined for the top of Garrison Hill; but how to get it there puzzled even the enthusiastic Democrats. Mr. Jeff Kenney undertook its transportation, and accepted a wager that he could—with three yoke of oxen—drag the gun up the very steepest part of the hill. He won his wager, and as a prize therefor, a fourth yoke of oxen.

So the gun was established on the hill, but not in the same spot as now. Now it lies on the southerly side, pointing towards the City Hall itself; then it was placed towards the western side, pointing down towards the home of the late Joseph Sawyer.

It was ready for the salute of a hundred guns; and everywhere in the city was bustle and excitement and anticipation. It was a Democratic celebration; but the Republicans were eager to look on, and all the world loved a good torchlight parade.

But instead of joy, came sorrow, and the celebration was turned to mourning, for the gun had misbehaved, and had killed two of the gunners, George Clark and John Foss.

I quote at length from the Dover *Gazette* of that week. It says:

"It is our sad duty to record a most melancholy accident in connection with our celebration on Wednesday evening, in honor of the triumphant election of James Buchanan to the highest office in the gift of the American people. Every preparation had been made for a grand demonstration on an extensive scale. Torches were procured, with a plentiful supply of Roman candles, and, in fact, all the paraphernalia of a brilliant celebration. The old iron 24 pounder, which eventually proved to be a mischievous bull-dog, had been duly christened the Constitution, with the usual honors, and was posted on Garrison Hill, where any quantity of pitch pine wood had been carted, with numerous loads of tar barrels intended for a bonfire, after the style of old John Adams. Colonel George of Concord had been engaged to speak in the City Hall at the close of the ceremonies. At 6.12 o'clock, the Buchanan guards, turned out from City Hall, headed by Rothwell's brass band, playing 'Hail Columbia.' At the first stroke of the factory bell (7 o'clock), the big gun was discharged, making a loud and booming report. The party who had charge of the piece had express orders to fire in not less than four minutes, and the cartridges to be two minutes walk from the gun, which contained eight or ten pounds of powder. The committee had provided everything asked for by the gunners, and, up to the moment they left the gun, they were cautioned to be prudent and follow instructions to the very letter. From the most reliable information it appears that, immediately after the first discharge, without swabbing, the second cartridge was being rammed home, when the man thumbing the vent with a bare finger, finding it too hot to bear, took it off, and a premature discharge took place, blowing Foss and Clark down the hill a few rods."

Here follows an account of their injuries and death and the *Gazette* continues:

"It was not generally known in the procession that any accident had transpired until we arrived at Charles Wiggin's house, when the painful intelligence flashed through the line, throwing a sad gloom over everyone. How could we celebrate? The procession moved with slow pace through the prescribed route, with silent tears coursing down the cheeks of many. We broke up on Third Street; speaking was postponed in City Hall; the

use in the open defense, for it is larger and heavier than was used on board ship at that time, and it was mounted on a great carriage, as guns were mounted for land use.

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Buchanan guards marched to their armory and stacked their guns; the splendid supper at the American House was untouched, and at 11 o'clock our streets were deserted."

The much prized gun had brought only sorrow and disaster.

For years no one wished to touch it, and men looked at it with horror.

But as time went on people wished to hear it speak once more, and so on July 4, 1876, it was fired once more. This time it harmed no one, but it is a dangerous plaything at best, for it proved to be what is known as "a Kicker."

At this time Mr. John Goodwin—an expert gunner—had charge of the firing, and he altered the position of the gun somewhat. In '56, it had been not quite at the top of the hill, but now in 1876 it was hauled to the very top and fired once. Here, with no slope of the hill behind to hold it, it kicked back almost to its old position. It had been made to rest on a heavy iron carriage, and without that or some other restraint equally strong, it would kick dangerously. So now the men dragged it just over the brow of the hill and down a little on the other side to the spot where it now lies. The land now rises high and firm behind, so that it could not kick without first knocking off the whole top of the hill. Here Mr. Goodwin fired it for a second discharge on that same Fourth of July. This was a successful firing, and it has been its last. No one has ever wished to try again.

And there on the hill the gun lies in all its solitude. The young trees have grown large and strong all around it, and the grasses have grown up and choked its mouth. As children we used to visit Garrison Hill for an annual picnic, and we would play about the cannon and seat ourselves fearlessly on it, and never tire of listening to its story.

A SUMMER SHOWER

By Amy J. Dolloff

The rain cometh down with a musical sound
To water the famishing earth,
With its pitter and patter, its clitter and clatter,
And its ne'er-ceasing ripple of mirth.

The birds warble sweetly; they are happy completely;
Each flower lifts higher its head,
As if with new brightness and fresh airy lightness,
For thanks 'twould a new fragrance shed.

How the old earth rejoices! With myriad voices
All nature repeats the glad strain
Of thanksgiving and praise in the loftiest lays
For the blessings that come from the rain.

New Hampton, N. H.

"OLD HOME"

*By Emily Owen Powers**

Swift is the silent message that speeds on its earnest quest,
Away o'er the sea to the eastward and over the hills to the west;
Northward and south hie its heralds, thro' the boundless ether of thought,
Till each kindred soul, in tune with the whole,
Hears the call, with its mother-love fraught.

Piercing the heart of the mountain, whose pulse is the miner's drill;
Sweeping the prairie's circuit, heard o'er the hum of the mill;
Staying the sculptor's chisel, poising the author's pen;
And time and space are forgotten apace
As we hear the fond summons again.

"Come to me, wayfaring children! I stand at the Old Home door,
And I longingly look and listen for the trooping throng once more;
The children who stay are my comfort, yet I yearn for the children who roam;
Come back to me now, with each fresh laurel bough,
To heap up the Harvest—home."

All the air is electric and vibrant with the answering, sentient thrill;
"We are coming!" echoes the woodland; "Coming," re-echoes the hill.
Did you fancy the wild bee's droning was a meaningless, aimless hum?
'Twas the best he could do to interpret to you
Our message, "We come! we come!"

In the matin song of the redbreast, we challenge the world to share
Our joy; and the babbling brooklets are telling it everywhere.
No minor music can voice it, the gladness with which we come!
The pattering rain tried again and again,
Wept out its despair, and was dumb.

The clematis clambers higher to its lookout among the trees,
And our signal flashed by the fireweed, it forwards upon the breeze,
The golden rod lures with its treasure, a bribe not the best of us spurns,
While an escort of state, in uniform wait,
In the standing army of ferns.

The bobolink's rapturous greeting effervesces in bubbling zest,
As he soars to his carol's climax, then slides down the song to his nest.
Our day sings its gamut with Nature, then sinks on her comforting breast,
When the wild-wood thrush at the twilight hush
Chants his muezzin call to rest.

*This poem was written for the occasion by the late Mrs. Powers, wife of Hon. Wilbur H. Powers of Cambridge, Mass., a native of the town, and read by her at the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the granting of the charter of the town of Hanover, July 2, 1911, which was also observed as "Old Home Day." In sentiment and rythm it has never been surpassed by any production of the kind.

We bring thee allegiance, our Mother! enthroned on thy granite seat!
Thou art crowned with a mountain tiara, while the sea lieth low at thy feet.
On thy bosom fair Winnepesaukee—a pearl set in emerald green,
And the soft flowing folds of the woodlands and wolds
Are the velvety robe of our Queen.

We bring thee the filial tribute of thanks for the stern caress
That strengthened the sinews of being and made for the soul's success;
For the early lessons in living, transmuted to lives of worth;
For the strength from thy hills and the granite wills
That bend to no despot on earth.

We bring back the old-time legends, the songs and the stories quaint,
A page in our past made sacred, writ large by some household saint;
And the sunbonnet rapture of childhood, hand in hand with shy barefooted bliss,
Keeping step to the tune of perpetual June
And accenting each joy with a kiss.

We fill the old school on the hillside with the friends and the scenes of our youth,
And we work out our life problems backward, till we reach the old premise of Truth,
Integrity, loyalty, honor, we learned with the Rule of Three,
And they lead us back by a triple track
From the heights they have won us—to thee.

We render our reverent tribute to the brave pioneers of our town,
And to those whose immortal achievements have raised to the ranks of renown.
On our roll call to arms for the battles of peace and of war is the name
Of each hero of old, which we blazon in gold
On the walls of our own Hall of Fame.

We exult with the proud Alma Mater whose sons are the honored of earth;
Her name unites Old with New England, her fame crowns the place of her birth.
The priests of her temple of learning draw their fire from the altars of Truth
And send down the world, with banners unfurled,
An acolyte army of youth.

Bend over us, skies of New Hampshire! Thy smile is the mother's caress;
And whisper, O breath of the pine trees! Her parting our pathway to bless;
Guard, tenderly, green waving willow, the dust of our precious dead,
Thrice hallowed on earth is the place of our birth,
Our Old Home and their last lowly bed.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. ALBERT S. BATCHELLOR

Albert Stillman Batchellor, born in Bethlehem April 22, 1850, died in Littleton June 15, 1913.

Mr. Batchellor was the son of Stillman and Mary Jane (Smith) Batchellor, and was educated at Tilton Seminary and Dartmouth College, graduating from the former in 1868 and the latter in 1872. Upon the completion of his college course he entered upon the study of law in the office of Hon. Harry Bingham at Littleton, was admitted to the bar in 1875, and soon after became a member of the firm of Bingham, Mitchell & Batchellor, the late Hon. John M. Mitchell having previously been admitted in partnership by Mr. Bingham. This firm, to which the late Hon. William H. Mitchell was also admitted not long after, held high rank in northern New Hampshire, and throughout the State, and commanded an extensive practice, in which Mr. Batchellor performed his full share of service. After the death of Mr. Bingham, John M. Mitchell having previously removed to Concord, he continued in partnership with William H. Mitchell, until, recently, loss of sight and failing health precluded further professional service.

Mr. Batchellor was for a long time prominent in the political life of the State, taking his first active interest therein in 1872, when, though reared a Republican, he joined the Greeley movement and became allied with the Democratic party, with which he continued for many years but subsequently returned to the Republican ranks. In 1875 he was assistant clerk of the State senate, was chosen a representative from Littleton by the Democrats in 1877, and reëlected in 1878 and 1879, taking a prominent part in the work of each session. In 1880 he was elected solicitor of Grafton County, and in 1887 and 1888 represented the fifth district in the executive council. He had also served as a trustee of the State Library and a member of the public printing commission.

In 1890 he was appointed by the Governor and Council editor and compiler of the early province and State papers, which position he held until the time of his death, and in which he had rendered conspicuous service, his taste for historical research admirably qualifying him for that line of work.

He had received the degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth in 1875, and three years ago was honored by his alma mater with the degree of Litt. D., in recognition of his work as a historian. He was a member of the New Hampshire and American Bar Associations, the American Historical Society, the New Hamsphire Historical Society, and the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. In Masonry he was a member of St. Gerard Commandery, K. T., of Littleton and of the New Hampshire Consistory, 32, A. A. S. Rite.

August 5, 1880, at Weaver, Minn., he was united in marriage with Harriet A. Copeland, who died a few years since, leaving three children, by whom he is survived—Bertha C., Fred C. and Stillman.

HON. JOHN A. SPALDING

John Augustine Spalding, born in Wilton May 2, 1837, died at his home in Nashua May 21, 1913.

Mr. Spalding was the son of Moses and Anna H. (Kimball) Spalding, and was of the eighth generation from that Edward Spalden who came from Lincolnshire, England, and settled in Braintree, Mass., in 1630 or 1631. He was educated in the Wilton schools and at Crosby's Literary Institute in Nashua.

After finishing his studies, he engaged in the clothing business, at first as a clerk for his brother, William R., in Lawrence and later for himself in Nashua, continuing until his election as cashier of the First National Bank of Nashua, which position he held for thirty-two years, when he resigned and became vice-president, continuing till the consolidation of the bank with the Second National. Meanwhile he had been an extensive operator in real estate, and was active in the organization of two insurance companies, at the time of the withdrawal of foreign companies from the State.

He was active and prominent in Republican politics, serving in both branches of the Legislature and in the executive council. He was mayor of Nashua in 1885; chairman of the Nashua police commission from 1892 to 1895; chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1896, and a delegate to the National Republican Convention of that year. In 1898 he was appointed by President McKinley postmaster of Nashua, which office he held up to the time of his death. He was also a presidential elector on the Garfield and Arthur ticket in 1880.

In religion Mr. Spalding was a Congregationalist, and was active in the affairs of the First Congregational Church of Nashua, and chairman of the committee which had in charge the erection of its elegant new house of worship. He was prominent in both the Masonic and Odd Fellows organizations. He married October 15, 1859, Josephine Eastman of Rumney, who died in 1877, leaving one son—Col. William E., who survives. In November, 1878, he married Miss Anna Learned of Fall River, Mass., who also survives.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. ALBERT S. BATCHELLER

Albert Stillman Batcheller, born in Biddeford, Maine, April 25, 1850, died in Littleton June 16, 1913.

Mr. Batcheller was the son of Stillman and Mary Jane (Smith) Batcheller, and was educated at Tilton Seminary and Colby University, graduating from the latter institution in 1873 and the latter's law school in 1875. Upon the completion of his college course he entered upon the study of law in the office of Hon. Harry Bingham at Littleton, was admitted to the bar in 1876, and soon after became a member of the firm of Bingham, Mitchell & Batcheller, the late Hon. John M. Mitchell having previously been admitted to partnership by Mr. Bingham. This firm, to which the late Hon. Wilbur H. Mitchell was also admitted not long after, held high rank in northern New Hampshire, and throughout the State, and commanded an extensive practice, in which Mr. Batcheller performed his full share of service. After the death of Mr. Bingham, John M. Mitchell having previously removed to Concord, he continued in partnership with Wilbur H. Mitchell until, recently, loss of sight and failing health precluded further professional service.

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In 1890 he was appointed by the Governor and Council solicitor and reporter of the supreme court decisions and state papers, which position he held until the time of his death, and in which he had rendered conspicuous service, his work for business reasons attracting special thing him for this line of work.

He had received the degree of Master in Arts from Dartmouth in 1876, and three years ago was honored by his alma mater with the degree of Litt. D., in recognition of his work as a historian. He was a member of the New Hampshire and American Bar Associations, the American Historical Society, the New Hampshire Historical Society, and the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the

JULIEN C. EDGERLY

Julien C. Edgerly, a well-known newspaper man of Boston, died at the home of his wife's parents in Westville, N. H., June 2, 1913.

Mr. Edgerly was the son of the late Andrew J. Edgerly, at one time adjutant general of the State, born at North Haverhill, April 22, 1865. He graduated from Tufts College in 1887, and, the next year, joined the staff of the *Boston Globe*, serving three years, as reporter and news editor. Subsequently he was engaged in different capacities on various Boston and New York papers. He was for several years a reporter on the *New York Journal*, and when the *Boston American* was established in 1904, he was head of its copy desk. He was also, for a time night editor of the *Boston Herald*. Of late he had been connected with a Boston advertising agency, but had been unable to work for the last few months previous to his decease.

He was twice married, his first wife, whom he married in 1891, was Miss Clara F. Power, head of the department of Delsarte in the Boston School of Oratory. She died in a few years, and in 1900 he married Mrs. Eleanor Joslin Geisinger, who survives him, with three young children.

CAPT. LYMAN JACKMAN

Capt. Lyman Jackman, a prominent Civil War veteran, long a leading citizen of Concord, died at his home in that city, June 23, 1913.

He was born in Woodstock, August 15, 1837, the son of Royal and Lucretia Jackman, being the eleventh in a family of twelve children. He was engaged in farming and lumbering till the outbreak of the Civil War, when he enlisted in Company B, Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers, at Haverhill, September 1, 1861. He was mustered into service as first sergeant, and in May following was promoted to second lieutenant. He was wounded at the second battle of Bull Run, and sent to the hospital at Washington. Returning to service in 1863, he was detailed on the staff of the brigade commander with the rank of first lieutenant, serving through the Kentucky and Mississippi campaigns. He, later, served as inspector general in Kentucky, but in 1864 joined his regiment, and was in command of Company B at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and succeeding sharp conflicts. Later he was promoted to captain of Company C, and while in such command was captured with most of the brigade, and confined in Libby Prison, suffering severely in health from the hardships of such confinement. He was finally paroled, and was mustered out of service July 17, 1865.

For a time after the war he was variously employed, but located in Concord and took up life insurance in 1868, soon adding fire insurance and developing a prosperous business.

When, in 1885, the foreign insurance companies withdrew from the State, upon the enactment of the valued policy law, which, as a member of the insurance committee in the State Legislature, he had opposed, he was instrumental in the organization of four companies to meet the emergency—the Capital, the Underwriters, the Manufacturers and Merchants Mutual, and the Phenix Mutual—all of which he successfully established and ultimately commanded an immense volume of business.

Captain Jackman, was a Republican in politics, a Baptist in religion, a Mason, an Odd Fellow, a member of E. E. Sturtevant Post, G. A. R., and the Loyal Legion. He married December 25, 1866, Sarah T. Tilton who died August 8, 1903. He is survived by two sons, Charles L. and Freeman T., of Concord.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

During the week of July 15, two New Hampshire towns, in the same section of the state, celebrated their 150th anniversaries—Warren and Plymouth—the one near the headwaters of the Baker's river, and the other at its junction with the Pemigewasset. Historical pageants, now much in vogue, were leading features in the celebration programme.

"Old Home Week" in New Hampshire, now formally recognized by law, opens on Saturday, August 16, the third Saturday in August being definitely fixed as the opening day. Many towns are preparing to observe some one day during the week as "Old Home Day." It is to be regretted that any town should fail to do so.

It is the purpose of the publisher to issue the GRANITE MONTHLY for August and September in a double number about the middle of the latter month, an article on "Matters and Men of Acworth" being included therein.

ACWORTH ILLUSTRATED

L. XLV, Nos. 8 and 9 AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1913 New Series, Vol. VIII, Nos. 8 and 9

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

eyoted to History, Biography erature and State Progress

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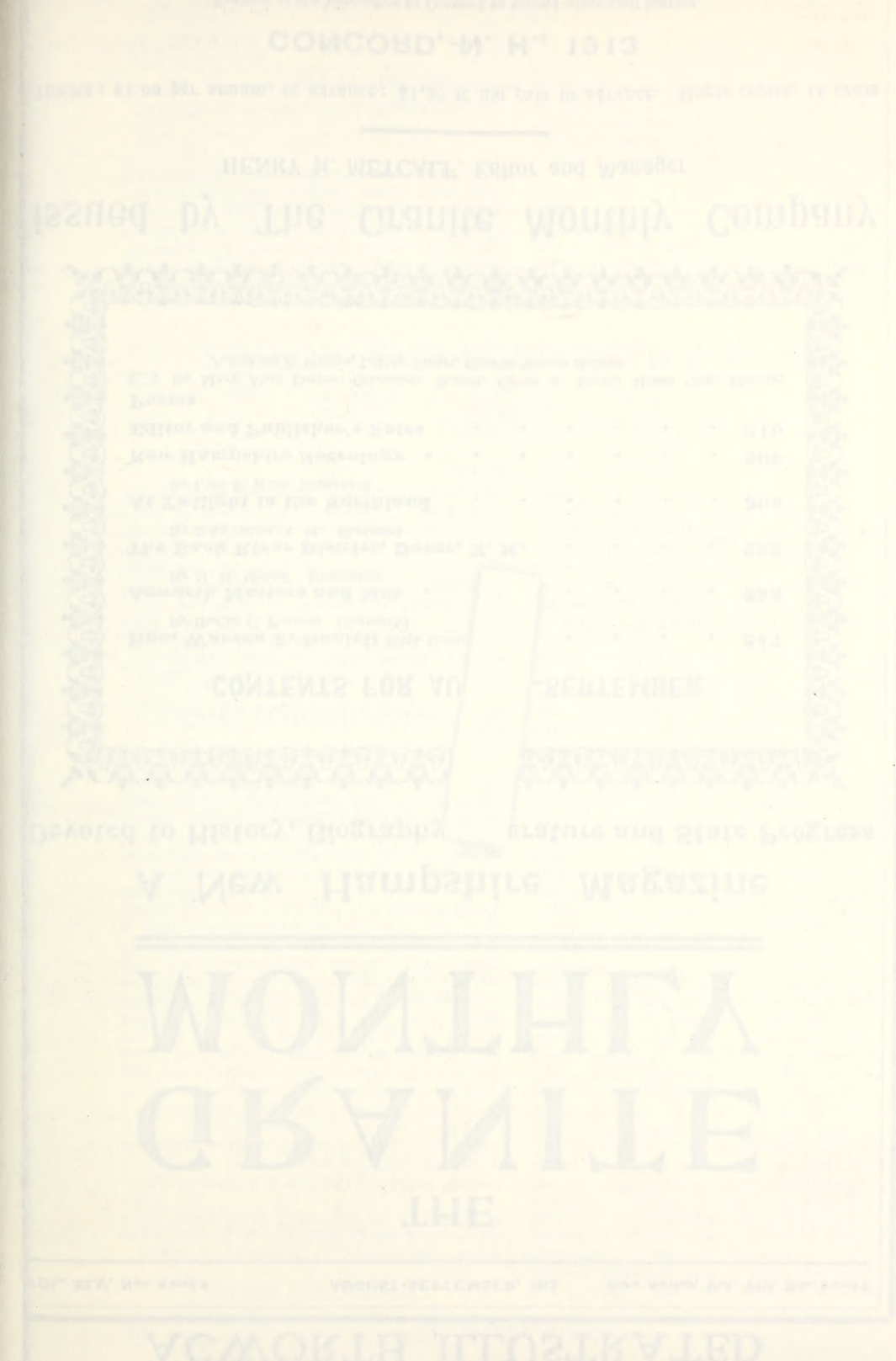
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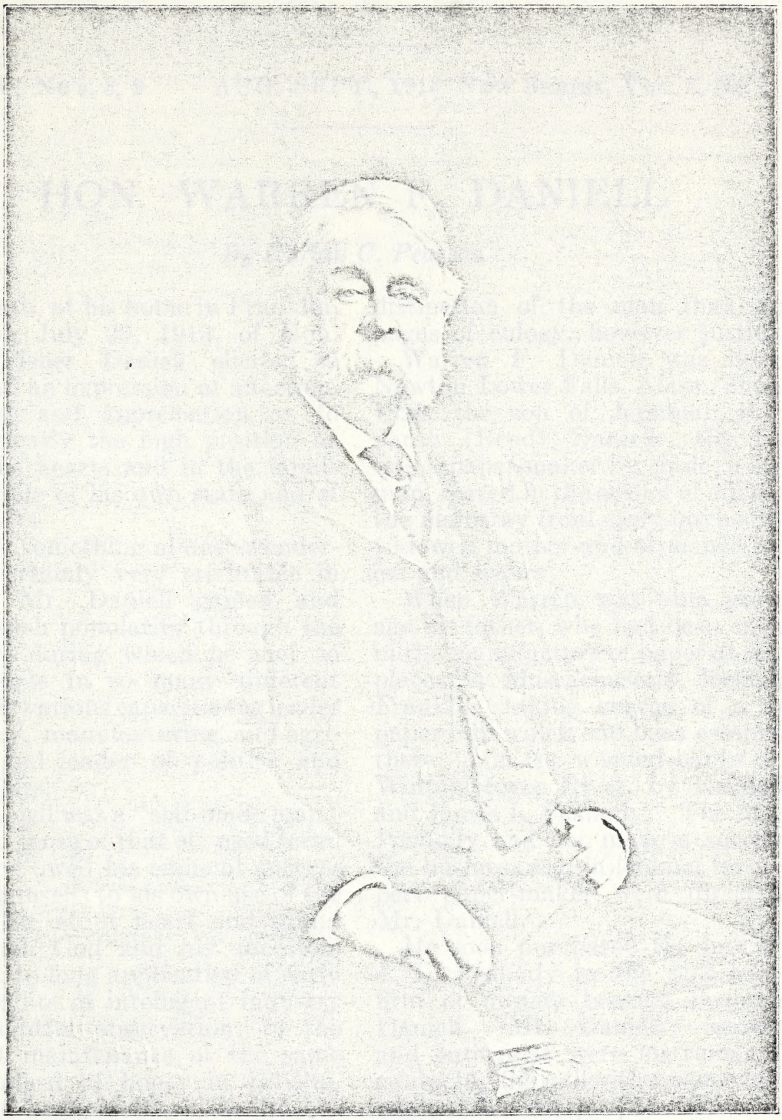
HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

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HON. WARREN F. DANIELL



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XLV, No's. 8, 9 AUG.–SEPT., 1913 NEW SERIES, VOL. 8, No's. 8, 9

HON. WARREN F. DANIELL

By Harlan C. Pearson

The death, at his home in Franklin, N. H., on July 29, 1913, of Hon. Warren Fisher Daniell elicited so widespread an expression of affection, admiration and appreciation as to indicate clearly the high position he held in the hearts and in the minds of the people of his own state and of many others.

There is something almost wonderful and certainly very creditable in the way Mr. Daniell gained and retained such popularity through the long years during which he met so many people in so many different ways in his various capacities as leader of industry, manufacturing and agricultural, and leader of politics and public affairs.

Mr. Daniell was a "self-made man" in the best sense of that oft-used term. That is, he owed his eminent success in life to himself; to his own use of the good health, stout heart and sound mind which God and his ancestors gave him; to long application of early formed habits of intelligent industry and thoughtful observation; to the consistent maintenance of the same high standard of honor in private, public and business life. He did not rise, and would not, by wronging, oppressing or defrauding his fellows. On the other hand he was ever ready with kind words, helpful deeds, wise counsel, all modestly hidden from the public view.

But a brief and simple outline of Mr. Daniell's career will make more plain to the reader the excellence and distinction of the man than would pages of eulogy, however justifiable.

Warren F. Daniell was born in Newton Lower Falls, Mass., June 26, 1826, the son of Jeremiah F. and Sarah (Reed) Daniell. His father was a paper-maker by trade; a strong man, reared in the school of adversity, the mainstay from early boyhood of a widowed mother and orphaned brothers and sisters.

When Warren was nine years of age his father, who had been engaged in the manufacture of paper at several places in Massachusetts, located at Franklin, taking charge of a small paper mill which had been established there, upon the wooded banks of the Winnipiseogee River, by Kendall G. and James L. Peabody. The Messrs. Peabody had not made a success of the business and in looking for an expert paper-maker were directed to Mr. Daniell.

He soon purchased the interest of J. L. Peabody in the mill and the firm of owners became Peabody & Daniell. Mr. Daniell's knowledge and enterprise were instrumental in equipping the mill with new machinery, hauled for the purpose from South Windham, Conn., the journey requiring three weeks' time. One of the first Fourdrinier machines in this country was included in the improvements.

Upon this little mill, it is only fair to say, the fortunes of the present city of Franklin, prosperous and promising, were founded.

A historian says: "The machinery was scarcely in position when a fire destroyed the factory and its contents, leaving the owners, in the midst of the hard times of 1837, bankrupt in nearly everything but courage, reputation and a determination to succeed, which enabled them, after many struggles, to rebuild and proceed in a small way with their business. The erection of the cotton mills at Manchester soon after gave them an opportunity to purchase large amounts of paper stock at low prices, and from that time they were moderately prosperous."

Meanwhile the youthful Warren, who had attended a few terms of school in Massachusetts before the removal of the family to New Hampshire, was sent to Concord to get a little more book learning in the intervals of earning his board and clothes by work upon a farm. But even this pursuit of knowledge under difficulties was soon shut off and at the age of fourteen he closed his school books, as it turned out, forever. At one time he planned to enter the academy at Tilton, but an accident to his father prevented the carrying out of his dlan.

So that the remainder of his youth was devoted to hard work; a fact, however, which did not embitter him with life, but on the contrary seemed to develop in him an optimism which continued one of his chief characteristics to the last.

Mr. Daniell entered his father's paper mill at the age of fourteen years, as has been said, as an apprentice, and he remained there until he was twenty-five, learning all there was then to know about the business. To which may be added that throughout his subsequent active career he was careful to keep always abreast of the times in the great developments of manufacture and industry, being in this as in other respects a leader and not a follower.

In those days the highest wage he received as a journeyman was one dollar and twenty-five cents a day and it is another characteristic of the man that he made this amount suffice for his needs even when to his own support was added that of his young wife and little child. As in his later years he showed that he well knew how to enjoy wealth and use it wisely, so in those younger days when fate was trying his metal he displayed prudence, self-denial and fortitude to an extraordinary degree.

But to these qualities he added ambition, and in 1852 he left Franklin for Waterville, Maine, where, under contract, he erected and put in operation a paper mill. Then he managed a similar mill at Pepperell, Mass., for a year.

In 1854 his father bought his partner's interest in the mill at Franklin and asked Warren to come into the business, which he did, returning to Franklin as the junior member of the firm of J. F. Daniell & Son. This partnership continued and prospered for a decade until in 1864 the elder Daniell retired and the son became sole proprietor.

He continued in that relation to the business until 1870, building up both the mills themselves and their reputation for excellence of product until there were few other industries in the state so well and widely known.

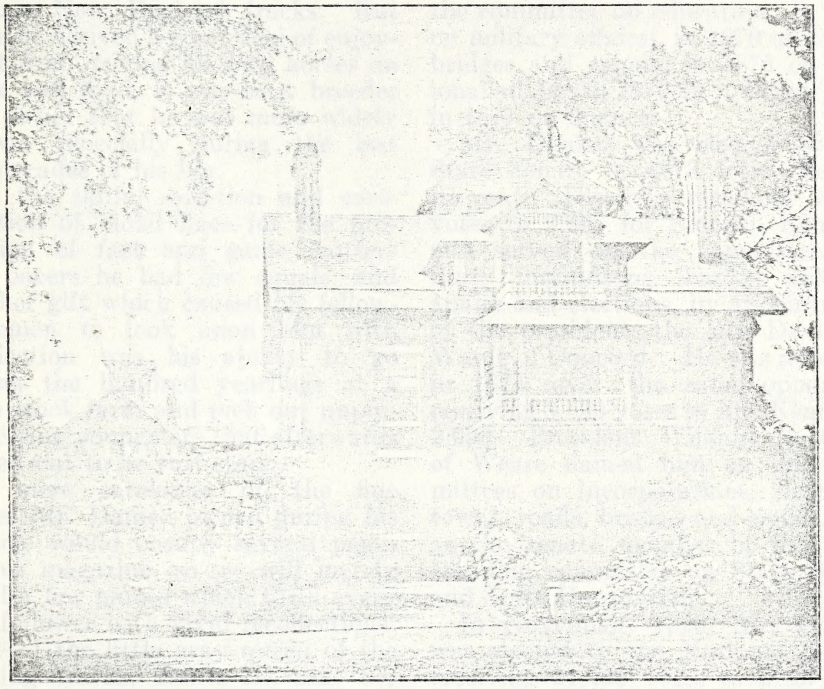
In 1870 Massachusetts capitalists organized the Winnipiseogee Paper Company and bought the plant from Mr. Daniell, who located in Boston, forming a connection with a leading paper house there. But he found himself longing for his New Hampshire home and soon returned there, buying a large interest in the company to which he had sold and becoming its resident agent and manager; later, its president.

In these positions he continued with uninterrupted success until the trend of the times in industry brought about the consolidation of the Winnipeseogee Paper Company with the International Paper Company as one of the latter's constituent plants, a relation which still exists.

As a manufacturer Mr. Daniell was scrupulous in his insistence upon the square deal in his relations with his employees and his customers, alike. And he had the absolute confidence of both these classes, not only on this account but also because he was recognized as master of the business in every one of its steps.

Mr. Daniell's life work was that of a manufacturer, but he did not allow it to absorb all of his time and attention. On the contrary it would be hard to find a man of equal prominence in business who had so many other lines in which he was interested and upon which he was an authority.

A lover of country life, he always was interested in the prosperity of New Hampshire as an agricultural as well as a manufacturing state, and for many years he showed his interest by maintaining a model farm of large extent within the limits of the city of Franklin. Here was blooded stock of all kinds, including as fine a herd of Jersey cattle as the state could show, swine, poultry, etc. On his farm as in his mill Mr. Daniell sought the newest and best machinery, the latest ideas in crops and fertilizers, in order to get the best results. He belonged to and generously supported various state and county agricultural societies and throughout his life was one of the most familiar figures at our principal fairs.



Residence of Warren F. Daniell—Front View

An ardent sportsman, it used to be said of him that the man who wished to buy a really good dog without being cheated in the process would have the best success if he got Warren Daniell to make the purchase for him.

But it is in connection with another branch of sport and of farm life, the breeding and racing of horses, that Mr. Daniell's fame was the greatest and most widespread. At the Grand Circuit race meetings and at those with which the season annually cul-



minates at Lexington, Ky., at the great New York sales and shows; at the principal stock farms of the country; there were few more regular attendants than Mr. Daniell and not one who surpassed him in the number of friends by whom he was recognized and honored.

Forty years ago Mr. Daniell took a more active part in the fun and the old-timers delight to tell of seeing him drive Sorrel Dan, Bristol Bill, Belle Dean and others in races on various New England tracks. But while he derived a great deal of enjoyment from driving his own horses on track and road, it was as a breeder and owner that he was more widely known, especially during the last few decades of his life.

In the skilful selection and combination of blood lines for the production of fast and game trotters and pacers he had few equals, and another gift which caused his fellow-horsemen to look upon him with admiration was his ability to go among the hundred yearlings at a large stock farm and pick out unprepossessing youngsters that afterwards turned out to be turf stars.

A mere catalogue of the fine horses Mr. Daniell owned during his lifetime would occupy several pages of this magazine, so we will merely recall a few names which thrill every turf follower with vivid recollections; those of the little gray queen of the trotting tracks, Edith H., and her handsome daughter, Fanny Rice; Muchado and his son, Barnard; Ben Como and his son, Ben Como, Jr.; Birchleaf, Clayton and Franklin.

Mr. Daniell's preferences were not for political life, but it was inevitable that a man of his prominence should be considered by his fellows in connection with public office, and that, being so considered, his disinclination should be overcome by the call of duty.

Although a Democrat by party affiliation in the midst of a then strongly Republican region, Mr. Daniell was six times elected to the State House of Representatives, twice to the State Senate and once to the Congress of the United States, in all these bodies performing his appointed duties with diligence, discretion and an eye single to the public good. This was shown in his very first term in the State House of Representatives when he refused to join in the opposition of his party to the million dollar defense bill.

At this session, 1861, he served on the committee on education; in 1862 on military affairs; in 1870 on roads, bridges and canals; in 1875 on national affairs; in 1876 on judiciary; and in 1877 on finance.

Mr. Daniell was elected to the State Senate of 1873 from the old Eleventh District, receiving 3,419 votes to 2,967 for Stephen Kenrick, and served on the committees on State institutions, banks, military affairs and elections, by appointment of the president, the late David A. Warde of Concord. He was reëlected in 1874 over the same opponent, receiving 3,630 votes to Mr. Kenrick's 2,993. President William H. Gove of Weare named him on the committees on incorporations, elections, towns, roads, bridges and canals, and as the senate member of the joint standing committee on State House and State House yard.

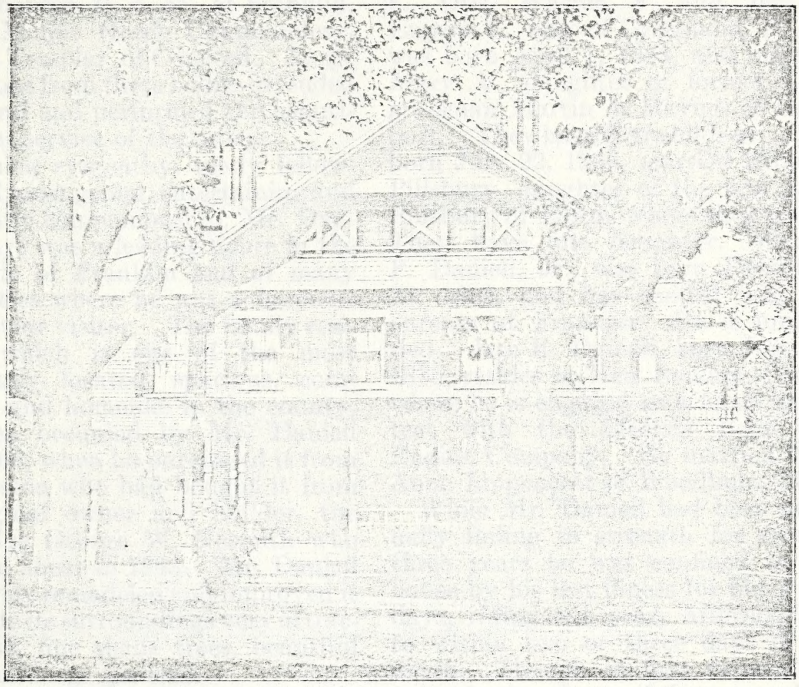
In November, 1890, Mr. Daniell was elected to the National House, receiving 21,426 votes to 21,077 for Orren C. Moore of Nashua, and on March 4, 1911, took his seat as a member of the Fifty-second Congress of which Charles F. Crisp of Georgia was speaker. He appointed Mr. Daniell a member of the committee on naval affairs, of which Hilary A. Herbert of Alabama, afterwards secretary of the navy, was chairman, and of the committee on expenditures in the war department, of which Alexander D. Montgomery of Kentucky was chairman.

Among other members of this House were William J. Bryan of

Nebraska, William Bourke Cochran of New York, Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa, Tom L. Johnson of Ohio, John Lind of Minnesota, Benton McMillin of Tennessee, Sereno E. Payne of New York, Isidor Rayner of Maryland, Benjamin F. Shively of Indiana, William M. Springer of Illinois, Henry St. George Tucker of Virginia, Joseph Wheeler of Alabama and George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, all of whom have since been a delegate from New Hampshire to the National Democratic Convention.

During the Civil War he was a sincere supporter of the Union cause and did much to assist in raising troops in New Hampshire and in caring for the soldiers and their families during and after the great conflict.

Mr. Daniell was one of the founders and original trustees of the First



Warren F. Daniell Residence—South West View

become famous in one way or another. The late Senator Dolliver was one of Mr. Daniell's associates on the naval affairs committee.

Congressman Daniell was very popular in Washington and probably no new member ever made more friends during one term than did he. But as has been said politics was not among his favorite pursuits and after his return from the national capital he refused further opportunities for political preferment. In 1872 he had

Unitarian Church in Franklin and a liberal contributor to its support. Other religious causes and those of benevolence, charity and public improvement never called upon him in vain, while his private good deeds, of which few knew, were of even greater amount.

Mr. Daniell was a director of the Franklin National Bank and a trustee of the Franklin Savings Bank.

Naturally interested in the Grange because of his liking for agriculture,



Mr. Daniell belonged to the subordinate Grange in Franklin and to the Merrimack County Pomona. Though not often able to attend the meetings he rendered material assistance in generous manner, whenever called upon, to promote the work of the order. He was also an Odd Fellow and the last charter member to survive of Merrimack Lodge, No. 28, of Franklin.

In Masonry Mr. Daniell was a member of Meridian Lodge and St. Omer Chapter, R. A. M., of Franklin, and of Mount Horeb Commandery, Knights Templar, of Concord. Large delegations from these bodies attended his funeral and performed the beautiful burial service of the order.

Of quick sympathy, ready fellowship and most genial, entertaining and democratic companionship, Mr. Daniell always was a leading figure in the social life of Franklin and of many other cities where he was a frequent and popular visitor. The family residence, which is one of the most delightfully located, spacious, comfortable and homelike in the county, had been occupied by Mr. Daniell since 1866, when he purchased it from Mr. Closson who had bought it from the original owner and builder, the late Judge George. W. Nesmith who built the house in 1843. Mr. Daniell extensively remodeled and improved it and made its surroundings very attractive with fine shade trees, beautiful lawns and large gardens.

An interesting feature of the residence is the large and valuable collection of antique china and furniture which Mr. Daniell had made with expert discrimination and which he took great delight in showing to his friends. He attended auctions of household goods through a wide stretch of country, wherever ancient articles were likely to be sold, and rarely failed to find some worthwhile addition to his collection. His "Colonial Room," furnished entirely with old colonial pieces and ornaments, was one of the results of these pilgrimages.

Mr. Daniell married December 31, 1850, Elizabeth D. Rundlett of Stratham who died in 1854. Former Mayor Harry W. Daniell of Franklin, born June 3, 1853, now agent of the Lake Company at Lakeport, is their son. On October 19, 1860, Mr. Daniell married Abbie A. Sanger of Concord, and their more than a half century of married life was one of ideal happiness. To them four sons were born, Eugene S., Otis, Warren F. and Jere R. Eugene S., now of Greenland, N. H., was born April 7, 1863, and married Mary A., daughter of former Congressman Martin A. Haynes of Lakeport. They have four children. Otis, born July 22, 1866, married Ethel J. Pillsbury, daughter of the late A. J. Pillsbury of Tilton, where they reside. They have one daughter. Warren F. Daniell, Jr., was born December 25, 1869, and has resided with his parents at Franklin. He is unmarried. Jere R. Daniell, born June 21, 1875, resides at New London, Conn., where he is engaged as a naval architect with the Electric Boat and Engine Company. He married Miss Anna Lippencott of Woodbury, N. J.

While Mr. Daniell had been gradually failing in strength for two or three years he was confined to the house by his last illness for but a few days, riding out every afternoon up to within two or three days of his death. Though at first deprecating strongly the advent of the automobile, he took much pleasure finally in his motor car rides, especially when accompanied by friends, and no better proof could be given of his wide acquaintance and universal popularity in his elder as well as his younger days, than the many hands that were waved to him in kindly greeting as his car rolled over the roads of this and adjoining states.

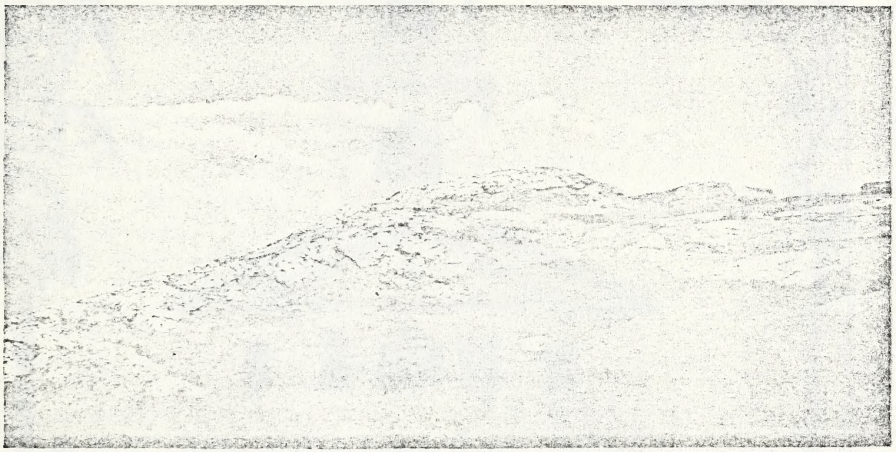
Warren Daniell lived long upon this earth; but much longer will his kind and useful memory live after him.

ACWORTH MATTERS AND MEN

People and Affairs of a New Hampshire Hill Town

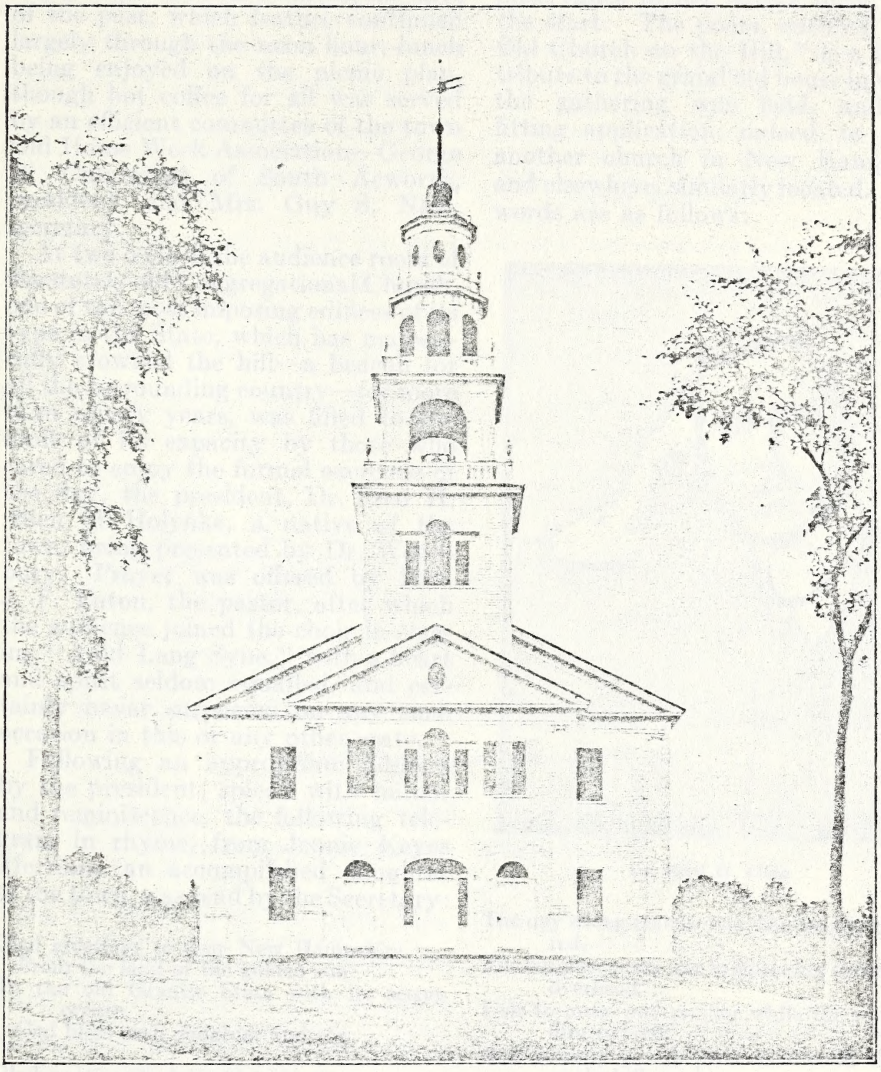
By H. H. Metcalf

During the third week in August, in accordance with established custom initiated by Governor Frank W. Rollins and carried into practical effect through the earnest and devoted efforts of Nahum J. Bachelder, who, as Master of the State Grange, Secretary of the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture and Commissioner of Immigration, had at his command the necessary machinery for the furtherance of such object, the absent sons and daughters of many of our New Hampshire towns returned to the places of their nativity, or former residence, in response to the invitation of those now there residing, to view, again, the scenes of their childhood and meet and greet the surviving friends of former years.



Crest of Gates Mountain

In four towns, at least, in "little Sullivan" County, "Old Home Day" was formally observed during the week in question—Croydon, Cornish, Acworth and Lempster. The former two had observed "Old People's Day," when a reunion of all the people of the town, at home or abroad, over sixty years of age, was held, in the first, once in three years, and in the other annually, for a quarter of a century before the "Old Home Day" proposition was launched, and then simply substituted the one for the other. Lempster has held an "Old Home Day" gathering every year since the start in 1899, while in Acworth, where reunions of the "Slader Family," claiming kindred with a goodly portion of the town, had previously been held, and which had substantially developed into town gatherings, there have been occasional observances of the day—in 1904 and 1905, in 1907 and again in 1909—quite elaborate preparations having been made in each instance, an especially excellent feature being the superior music provided for the occasion under the direction of that loyal son of the town, Dr. Charles E. Woodbury. Again this year this good old town among the hills sent out the call to the wanderers, who returned in goodly



"Old Church on the Hill"—Acworth, N. H.



numbers, and the occasion was made decidedly pleasant and profitable.

The forenoon hours were spent in sociability, the people gathering in family, neighborhood, or old school-day groups and thus recalling the days of the past, which feature continued largely through the noon hour, lunch being enjoyed on the picnic plan, though hot coffee for all was served by an efficient committee of the town Old Home Week Association—George R. Cummings of South Acworth, president, and Mrs. Guy S. Neal, secretary.

At two o'clock the audience room of the stately old Congregational Church, one of the most imposing edifices of its type in the State, which has majestically crowned the hill—a beacon for all the surrounding country—for more than ninety years, was filled to the limit of its capacity by those who cared to enjoy the formal exercises of the day, the president, Dr. Fred H. Allen of Holyoke, a native of the town, being presented by Dr. Woodbury. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. F. Eaton, the pastor, after which the audience joined the choir in singing "Auld Lang Syne," with a heart and spirit seldom equalled, and certainly never surpassed on any such occasion in this or any other state.

Following an appropriate address by the president, spiced with humor and reminiscence, the following telegram in rhyme, from Jennie Keyes Merriam, an accomplished daughter of the town, was read by the Secretary:

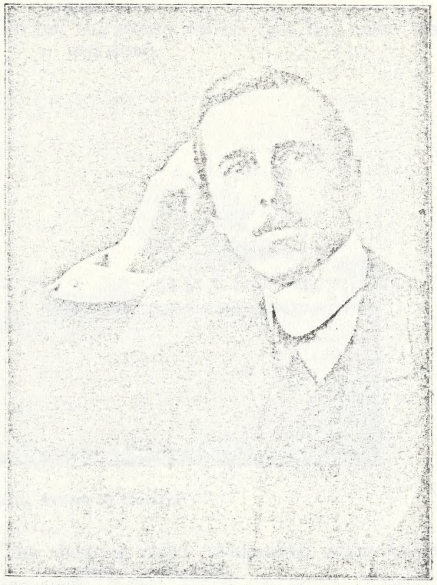
Glad greetings to dear New Hampshire
From the land of the golden sun;
To the old Granite State with its scenes ornate,
God bless each daughter and son.

Glad greetings to dear old Acworth
From the land of the Golden West;
To the rock-ribbed hills, its valleys and rills,
God bless each dear native guest.

Glad greetings to dear old Acworth
From the land of the azure skies;
Fond memories true are speeding to you
Today, from Jennie Keyes.

(Signed) JENNIE KEYES MERRIAM.

This was followed by the reading of the occasional poem, written by Mrs. Carrie White Osgood of Claremont, who has furnished a similar production for each "Old Home Day" observance in her native town, from the start. The poem, entitled "The Old Church on the Hill," is a fitting tribute to the grand old house in which the gathering was held, and has fitting application, indeed, to many another church in New Hampshire and elsewhere, similarly located. The words are as follows:



Dr. Fred H. Allen

The day's long task is over, the west is faintly red,
The summer stars are brightening in clusters overhead.
I sit to muse and ponder while the world is dim and still,
And memory gently pictures the old church on the hill.

Like a bishop in his vestments, seated high above the town,
On the labor and the laughter calmly ever it looked down;
With a silence and a blessing, as to guard from fear and ill
Every quiet home below it, watched the old church on the hill.

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Green the hillside spread around it, blue the sky above it beamed,
Like a golden bird of Paradise the vane upon it gleamed;
Lofty-windowed, many-storied, clothed in white from spire to sill,
A beacon widely shining was the old church on the hill.

Ran the little lads and lassies, from weary school let out,
They broke its weekday stillness with merry call and shout;
The blue-eyed grass glanced brightly, the strawberry glowed to fill
The eager brown hands gleaning by the old church on the hill.

In quietness and beauty dawned the day of peace and rest,
All the world was newly vestured, as the Sabbath were a guest;
We marked the shadow climb the wall, the drowsy palm-leaf sway,
We nodded—of a sudden said the preacher "Let us pray."
Then we rose to face the singers, how they sang with tune and trill,
"Antioch," and "Loving Kindness," in the old church on the hill!

In changing years to what a throng its doors have opened wide!
The white-haired saint, the toddling child, the widow and the bride!
When through all the stricken village ran that cold and awful thrill,
Men wept for Martyred Lincoln in the old church on the hill.

It set its bell a-swinging against the noonday sun
To tell the weary toilers that half their task was done.



View Across the Common, Acworth Center

Into rills of golden sunshine summer seemed to overspill,
When its bell rang invitation to the old church on the hill.

Came the parson in his broadcloth, somewhat stately, and yet kind;
Came the deacon, riding staidly his old white horse behind;
Came the maiden and the matron, each to each with grave good will
Giving smile and friendly handclasp at the old church on the hill.

We, the children, sat demurely, bribed by dill or peppermint,
Governing our acts unseemly at the lifted eyebrow's hint;
Smoothing down with careful fingertips the Sunday ruff and frill,
While the ponderous sermon sounded through the old church on the hill.

The sleeping child awakening when wintry winds were shrill
Heard the curfew faintly ringing from the old church on the hill.

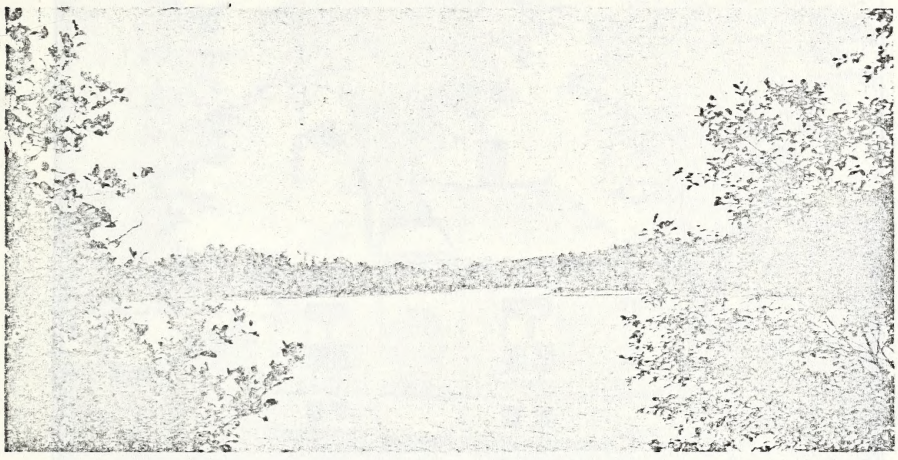
Like a bishop in his vestments, seated high above the town,
On the labor and the laughter ever calmly it looks down,
Through the spring time's filmy greenness, through the autumn's frosty chill,
As it looked when we remember the old church on the hill.

Green the hillside spreads around it, blue the sky above it beams,
Though we part and though we wander, so we see it in our dreams.
It shall follow us with blessing down the path of life until
We need no more the memory of the old church on the hill.

Following the poem, and the singing of "Hurrah for Old New England" by the choir, with spirit and enthusiasm, the Rev. William C. Prentiss, pastor of the Grand Avenue Congregational Church, of New Haven, Conn., most of whose boyhood and youth were apent in Acworth, was happily introduced as the orator of the day, and delivered an address of great power and elequence, in which he paid strong and earnest tribute to the worthy lives and wholesome example of the men and women of Acworth, of a generation ago, among whom and from whom, the first lasting impressions of life and duty made upon his mind were derived; and emphasized the "Call of the Hills" today, for men and women of the same earnest purpose and loyal devotion which then characterized the citizenship of the town. It was a fine production, creditable alike to the speaker and the occasion.

The exercises closed with the singing of "America" by choir and congregation; but the people lingered in large numbers for words of greeting, and of farewell till another "Old Home Day" comes around, when, perchance, not a few of those then assembled will have been "called hence to be here no more forever."

It is well for Acworth—well for every other New Hampshire and New England town—to indulge in these "Old Home Day" gatherings and the observances connected therewith, not merely for the pleasurable emotions (tinged with sadness though they often are) awakened in the minds of those participating, but for the resultant beneficial effects upon the future of the town itself. Out from these hill towns of New England have gone, in large measure, the brain and the brawn that have developed the possibilities of the country at large, and made the nation great and powerful. Back to these same towns, drained as they have been of their strength and power, must eventually be returned some measure of the strength and virility essential to their rejuvenation, and there are no more effective means for securing such result than those which revive and perpetuate the interest of natives and former residents in their old home towns, among which these periodical gatherings are most potent and effective.



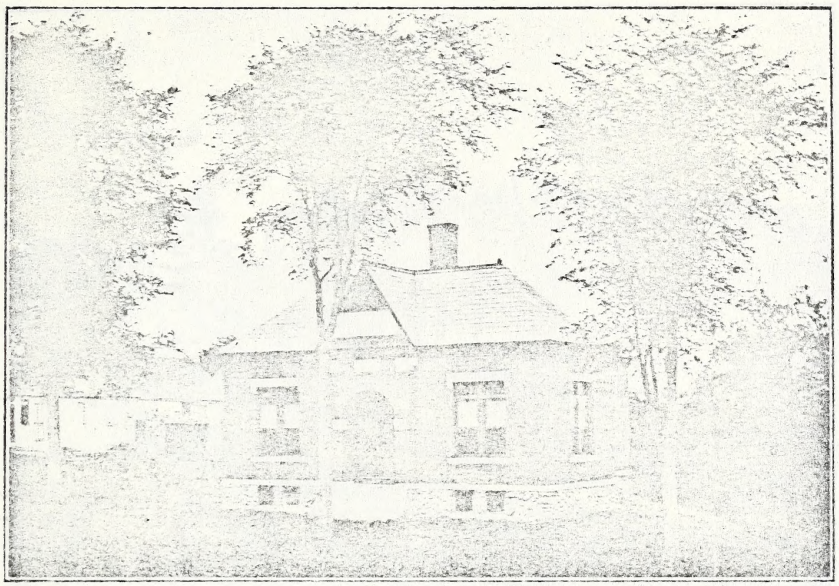
Cold Pond—Crescent Lake

It is not claimed for the town of Acworth that it surpasses all or most other towns in the State in its natural attractions, its material resources, or its contribution to the development

and progress of the nation at large. It is justly claimed, however, that it ranks among the first in the former regard, that its resources are above the average, and that it has done its full share in contributing to the upbuilding of the nation.

While it is not to be supposed that the pioneers in the settlement of the town, who made their way from Connecticut and from Londonderry in the years immediately preceding the Revolution, and settled upon and by the craggy heights of Gates and Beryl Mountains, looking down upon the romantic Cold River Valley, and a wealth of fertile hill land undulating in the midst.

And here it may be said that there are few towns in the state offering ideal conditions for the summer homeseeker, or for him who looks for a desirable permanent residence in the country, in more abundant measure than Acworth, the elevation of whose main village above the sea level is

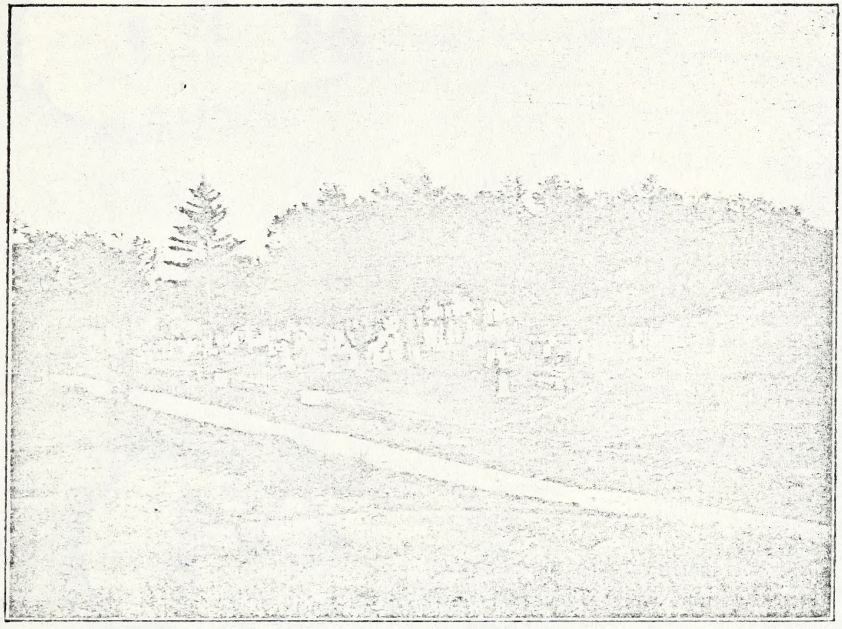


Silsby Free Library

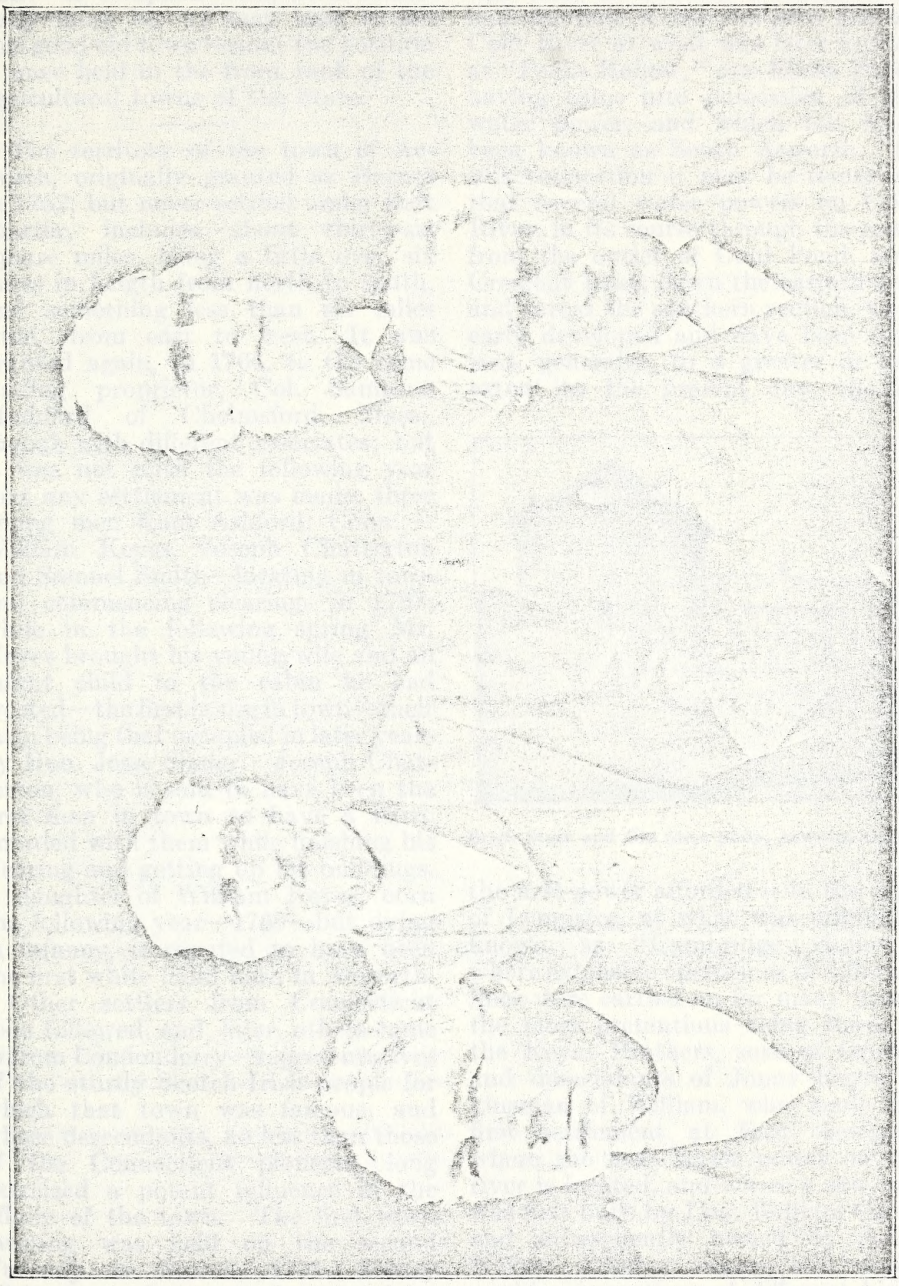
among the Acworth hills, chose their location with any reference to its scenic charms, it is a fact, nevertheless, conceded by all who appreciate the beauties of nature, and are familiar with the same as presented in different localities, that there are few towns more charmingly located or commanding a greater variety of beautiful scenery than this same town of Acworth, bordered on the north by the forest-clad shores of Crescent Lake (or Cold Pond as it was wont to be called) with Coffin Mountain rising in the foreground, and on the south exceeded by that of only three towns in the State, and only slightly by either, and whose scenic charms and pure health-giving air compare favorably, on the whole, with anything that Dublin, Bethlehem or Jefferson have to offer in the same line. It is only necessary that Acworth, and its advantages as a summer home locality, or as the seat of profitable agricultural operations, be properly advertised to the world to insure it a place among the most prosperous towns in the state within a few years, at the farthest. Nor is it too much to hope

that the completion of the projected cross-state highway, or boulevard, from the Connecticut to the sea, which is scheduled to pass up the Cold River Valley from Walpole, through the southern section of the town, and which will be met at South Acworth in due time, without doubt, by a stretch of equally good highway from the center village, or Acworth "Town," as it is generally known, will operate most effectively in familiarizing the world at large with the attractions and advantages in various directions that the town has to offer. The automobile and the good highway over which it can pass readily and safely, are to be the agencies through which the public at large, in the years to come, are to familiarize themselves with the characteristics of different towns and sections, and it is well for the people of all towns, not excepting Acworth, to remember that good roads no less than good schools, are essential to prosperity, and will be more so in the future than ever in the past.

Acworth was preëminently an agricultural town, in the years of the past, ranking among the best in the county in this regard. There is very little river or intervale land within its limits, it being mostly "hill country," but the soil is generally strong and productive, and responds to proper cultivation with abundant crops. The "Derry Hill" and "Grout Hill" regions in the western and central southern sections of the town were long noted for their fine farms, and in the earlier days great stocks of cattle and sheep, and big crops of hay, oats, potatoes, corn and even wheat were produced, not only in these regions, but generally throughout the town. Fine orchards also were a leading feature on most farms, and maple sugar was produced more abundantly than in most other towns. In fact only Sandwich in Carroll County and Warren in Grafton vied with Acworth in the amount of this product. When the "call of the hills" is finally heeded, and the already



The Cemetery—Acworth Center



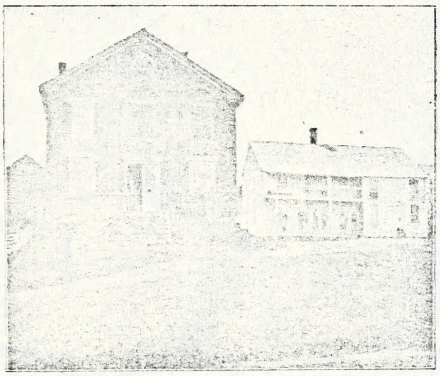
SOME LAST CENTURY RESIDENTS

J. Harvey Dickey, Philbrick D. Cram, John Graham, William Hayward

insistent command, "Back to the Soil!" is complied with, as it eventually must be, we may look to see this good old town resume the position it once held in the front rank of the agricultural towns of the State.

The territory of the town of Acworth, originally granted as Burnet in 1752, but never settled under that charter, includes about thirty-six square miles, being a little over six miles in length from north to south, and something less than six miles wide, from east to west. It was granted again, in 1766, to the same leading proprietor, Col. Sampson Stoddard of Chelmsford, Mass., though with different associates; but it was not until the following year that any settlement was made, three young men from Ashford, Conn.,—William Keyes, Joseph Chatterton and Samuel Smith—locating in town and commencing clearings in 1767; while in the following spring Mr. Keyes brought his young wife and an infant child to the cabin he had erected—the first house in town—their farm being that occupied in later years by Hon. Jesse Slader. Joseph Chatterton, who is said to have been the first man in town to have a barn, boarded with them while finishing his clearing and getting up his buildings. A daughter of William Keyes, born the following year—1769—but dying in infancy, is reputed to have been the first white child born in Acworth.

Other settlers from Connecticut soon followed, and, later, others came in from Londonderry—representatives of the sturdy Scotch-Irish people for which that town was famous, and whose descendants, no less than those of the Connecticut pioneers, long exercised a potent influence in the affairs of the town. The first town meeting was held on the second Tuesday in March, 1771. Henry Silsby was chosen moderator, John Rogers town clerk, and Henry Silsby, Samuel Harper and William Keyes selectmen. In 1772 there were thirteen dwellings in town, among which was that of Thomas Putnam, who had also built a saw and grist mill on Cold River at what was later known as "Parks Hollow," one Elisha Parks having come into possession of the water power, and which has since been known as South Acworth. In this connection it may be remarked that several water powers on Cold River, in its course through the town from the outlet of Cold Pond, now Crescent Lake, down the eastern side and across the southern section, were early developed and have been utilized, generally, to a greater or less extent to the present day, though



Brick Store and Old Shoe Shop, Acworth Center

the first power afforded is in the edge of Lempster, at what was originally known as "Cambridge Hollow," where extensive operations in different lines were carried on for many years, the most pretentious being those of the Keyes Brothers, sons of Orison, and descendants of Jonas Keyes, a kinsman of William, who made the first settlement at East Acworth, where the next water power on the river is located, and where a saw mill was first built by Dea. William Carey and subsequently owned by Jonas Keyes. Lumber sawing and woodworking operations of different kinds have been carried on at this point from that time to the present. A mile below East Acworth and just

above the confluence of Dodge Brook or the east branch with the main stream of Cold River, was another water power and mill site, occupied by different parties for many years, but now out of commission. Midway between that and South Acworth, at the foot of Grout Hill, is another mill privilege, where for a hundred years there has been something doing in the lumber line, under successive pro-



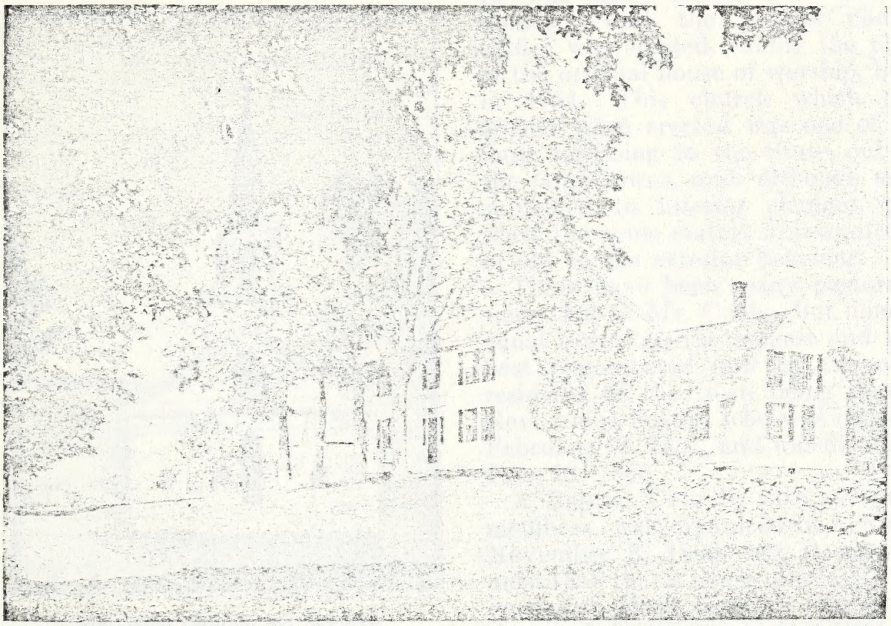
Cold River's Stony Bed

prietorships, the Clark Brothers being the first operators and Hemphills the last.

When the first Federal census was taken, in 1790, there was a total population of 704 in Acworth, and 117 heads of families, not a few of which have representatives still living in town, though many are absolutely forgotten while other names have taken their place on the list. These 117 names are as follows: Joseph Albree, Jabez Alexander, Thomas Archibald, Amos Atwood, Christopher Ayers, Josiah Barker, Aaron Blanchard, Edmund Blood, Phineas Blood, William Brigham, Alexander Brown, Daniel Campbell, James Campbell, Dean Carleton, Samuel Chaffin, Joseph Chatterton, Elijah Clark, John Clark, Thomas Clark, William Clark, Asa Coben, David Coffin, Henry Coffin, Moses Coffin, Phineas Copeland, John Davidson, Thomas Dodge, Isaac Duncan, John Duncan, Joseph Finley, Samuel Finley, Isaac Foster, Abner Gage, Isaac Gates, Luther Gates, John Gregg, Joseph Gregg, Andrew Grout, Daniel Grout, Daniel Grout, Jr., Ebenezer Grout, William Grout, Jacob Haywood, Peter Hewins, Robert Hill, Thomas Hill, Jonathan Holmes, Alexander Houston, Abel Humphrey, Walter Hymes, Amos Ingalls, Amos Kenney, Amos Keyes, Edward Keyes, Ephraim Keyes, Jonas Keyes, Wil-

liam Keyes, George Kinnerson, Moses Lancaster, James McClure, Robert McClure, Thomas McClure, Joseph McFarling, Hugh McKeen, John McKeen, James McLaughlin, Joseph Markham, William Markham, Charles Matthewson, Isacher Mayo, Nathaniel Merrill, James Miller, William Mitchel, Thaddeus Nott, John Nowland, Nathan Orcutt, William Orcutt, Johnson Prouty, John Reed, Supply Reed, John Robb, James Rogers, Jane Rogers, Jonathan Rogers, William Woodbury, Zachariah Woodbury, Zachariah Woodbury, Jr.

In Acworth as in most New England towns, the church was established early in the town's history, the Congregationalists being the first in the field, though there was a strong admixture of Presbyterianism for some years, resulting from the Londonderry element in the population. The present Congregational Church was organized March 12, 1773, with

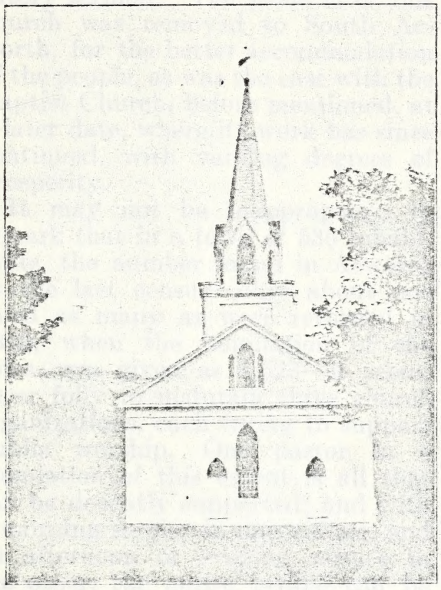


The Barnet C. Finlay House

Rogers, Nathaniel Sawyer, Eliphaz Silsby, Eusebius Silsby, Jonathan Silsby, Lasel Silsby, Samuel Silsby, Woodward Augustus Silsby, Mehitable Slader, Thomas Slader, Edward Smith, Eli Smith, Hezekiah Smith, Jedediah Smith, Mahumin Stebbins, Alladuren Stowell, Stephen Thornton, Owen Tracy, Joel Turner, James Wallace, John Wallace, Matthew Wallace, Moses Warren, Abram Watson, Sprague West, Nathaniel Whitney, John Williams, John Wilson John Wilson, Jr., Henry Woodbury, eight members—Henry Silsby, Thomas Putnam, Samuel Silsby, Dean Carleton, Bethia Silsby, Rachel Putnam, Elizabeth Silsby, and Anna Cross. The first preacher called was George Gilmore, but he was never settled and there was really no settled pastor till Rev. Thomas Archibald was ordained and installed, November 11, 1789, though the church had grown to a membership of 58. Mr. Archibald continued less than four years, being dismissed in June, 1794. Three years later Rev. John Kimball became



the pastor and continued till May 4, 1813. Of the preaching of this clergyman the church historian—himself rigidly "orthodox"—is led to remark: "It was more distinctly practical than doctrinal, and tending more to the proper regulation of the outward life than to a deep and thorough sense of the utter depravity of the heart, and of the need of sovereign grace, as the only ground of acceptance with God"—from which it is to be judged that he was many years in advance of his time. He failed to



Methodist Church, So. Acworth

command the full sympathy of his more rigid hearers, but his labors were conceded to have been productive of good. In July following Mr. Kimball's dismissal Rev. Phineas Cooke came among the people as a candidate, and in September of the following year was ordained and installed, about 2,500 people, it is stated, having been present at the services which were holden out of doors, a platform having been erected outside the church. This is supposed to have been the greatest public occasion in the history of the town until the celebration of the centennial anniversary in 1868. Mr. Cooke continued in the pastorate until March, 1829, when he removed to Lebanon. Two great revivals occurred during Mr. Cooke's ministry, the first and most powerful in the earlier years, and the other near the close, with the result that the church membership had risen from about 70 to more than 250. There was no lack of strict orthodoxy in "Priest" Cooke's preaching—no substitution of the merely practical for the severely doctrinal. It was also during Mr. Cooke's ministry that the present church edifice was erected, taking the place of the original house of worship, built in 1784. This church which cost $6,000 when erected was one of the most imposing in the State, outside the large towns, and, although since subjected to interior changes, presents the same stately appearance as of old to the exterior beholder.

There have been many pastorates since that of Mr. Cooke, but none of equal duration; the longest and that best remembered now by the older residents of the town being that of Rev. Amos Foster, who was installed February 18, 1857, and was dismissed June 13, 1866.

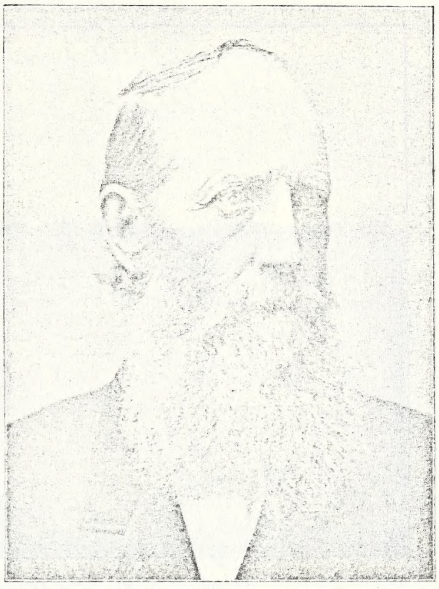
A Baptist Church, with seventeen members, was organized in Acworth, November 8, 1809, but it was not until 1818 that a house of worship was erected, a short distance east of the center of the town, which in 1844 was removed to a location near the Congregational Church and enlarged and improved. The pastorates of this church were usually short, with many interregnums, the longest and best remembered being that of Rev. David Gage, from 1855 to 1862. In 1868, for the better accommodation of the people, the church edifice was removed to South Acworth.

A movement in the interest of Methodism was started in town in 1834, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Dorcas Campbell, wife of Isaac Campbell, a Grout Hill farmer, and

the first Methodist sermon preached in town is said to have been preached in the school house in that district—old "No. 8"—on a weekday evening in that year by Rev. J. L. Smith of Marlow. There was occasional preaching in town for some time and ultimately classes were formed at South Acworth, the Center and East Acworth, but it was not until 1844 that a church edifice was erected, the same being located at the Center, and dedicated in October of that year, Rev. Elihu Scott preaching the dedicatory sermon. Ten years later this church was removed to South Acworth, for the better accommodation of the people, as was the case with the Baptist Church, before mentioned, at a later date, where its work has since continued, with varying degrees of prosperity.

It may not be inappropriate to remark that in a town of 536 inhabitants, the number found in Acworth at the last census—only about one third as many as were returned in 1810, when the population of the town was given as 1,523—it seems sheer folly to maintain three church organizations, each trying to support public worship. One pastor in a population of this extent is all that can be decently supported; and with a morning service in one village, and an afternoon or evening service in the other, the entire people can be amply accommodated.

Schools were established in Acworth even before the church, and before 1778 a school house had been built on the "common," in which the town meetings were also held. This "common," by the way, was a gift to the town by three men—John Keyes, Henry Silsby and Ephraim Keyes—each giving a separate parcel, but all adjacent, the two first in 1773, and the latter some years later. In 1790 the town was divided into nine districts for school purposes, which number was ultimately increased to thirteen; but since the adoption of the town system, and the marked decrease in population schools have been maintained in no more than half of them. The old district schools of Acworth, however, had a wide reputation for excellence, and turned out first-class scholars, many of whom became superior teachers whose services were sought at home and abroad. Among the later of the successful Acworth "school-masters" whom the writer calls to mind were Charles J. Davis and Hiram N. Hayward, both good farmers and substantial citizens



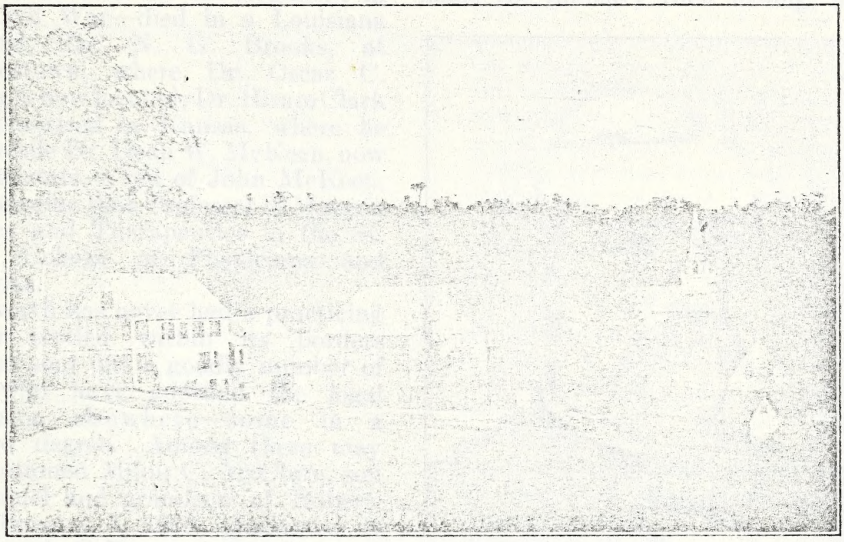
Charles J. Davis
Born Jan. 5, 1829. Died April 20, 1909

in their day—the one a Democrat and the other a Republican, but both influential members of the Congregational Church, active in its affairs, and in the affairs of the town, and beloved and respected by all the people. Both have been called to their reward within a few years.

While there has never been an academy maintained in the town, select schools, so-called, were maintained for many years, either at South Acworth or the Center, during the autumn season, and not infrequently in both villages at the same time.

These schools were generally conducted by competent teachers and attended by scholars from abroad as well as those in town. In connection with these schools "lyceums" were generally held once a week, in the evening, in which the general public were allowed to participate, and much interest was developed in the debates and other exercises. The writer vividly recalls those in the autumns of 1858, 1859, and 1860, the Rev. A. C. Field being the teacher in the former year, and George R. Brown, later a lawyer in Newport, in the latter two. There were warm and lively debates in the lyceums those years, but those who took part therein have mostly "passed on." Prominent among them were Joseph S. Bowers, James A. Wood, Orvil Slader and William F. Whitman, all long since deceased. Edward M. Smith now of Alstead, and Ezra M. of Peterborough were among the debaters in 1859.

William F. Whitman, whom the writer remembers as a cherished friend, although some years older than himself, was a most kindly and lovable man, who married Clara D., daughter of Joel Porter of South Acworth, and was for some time in charge of the grist mill in that place. He enlisted in the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, in the Civil War, and was killed in the assault on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863. His widow subsequently married George F. Reed, and after his death studied medicine, graduating from the Boston University Medical School, and practiced, first in Bellows Falls and later for many years in Newton, Mass. Mr. Whitman, who was a native of Stoddard, was one of a round one hundred men, all told, who went out from Acworth to fight for the maintenance of the Union, bravely doing their duty, as had the men of Acworth in goodly numbers in the war of the Revolution and the contest of 1812.



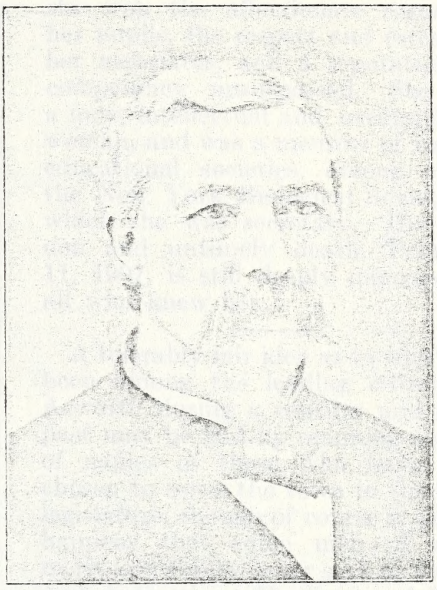
Post Office Store and Grange Hall, South Acworth

Reference being made to the practice of medicine, it may be said that Acworth has seldom been without a reliable physician within its borders, for a century past, those of the longest practice in town being Dr. B. C. Parker, from 1808 till 1856; Dr. Lyman Brooks 1823 to 1865, and Dr. Carl A. Allen

(now of Holyoke, Mass.) 1874 to 1890. The town has also sent out a large corps of young men who have practiced elsewhere, among them being Dr. Milton Parker, son of the first named, who became eminent in the profession in Chicago; Dr. Jonathan Silsby at Cazenovia N. Y.; Drs. John H. Hemphill, William Grout and Milton P. Hayward in Ohio; Drs. Nedom L. Angier and Joseph Woodbury in Georgia; Dr. Alvah R. Cummings in Claremont; Dr. Sylvester Campbell, Surgeon in 16th N. H. Regiment in the Civil War—died in a Louisiana hospital; Dr. N. G. Brooks, at Charlestown, where Dr. Oscar C. Young is now located; Dr. Hiram Clark who practiced in Kansas, where he died, while Dr. Dean W. McKeen, now in that state, a son of John McKeen, was for some time Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Acworth has never had a practicing lawyer settled within its borders but has sent out a goodly number of men who have adorned the legal profession elsewhere—some in a marked degree. Among these may be mentioned Milon C. McClure, son of Samuel and grandson of Robert, born January 7, 1819, graduated at Dartmouth College, studied law and practiced at Claremont till his death in 1860, gaining high rank at the bar and serving in the legislature and the executive council; Shepard L. Bowers, son of James of South Acworth, born December 13, 1827, practiced in Newport from 1856 till his death in 1894, serving as representative in the legislature, state senator, register of probate and county solicitor; Lyman J. and George B. Brooks, sons of Dr. Lyman Brooks, the former practicing for a time in Claremont and Newport, and later serving several years as Clerk of the Court for Sullivan County, and the latter practicing at Saginaw, Mich.; George R. Brown, son of Aaron and Eadey (Watts) Brown, born March 4, 1834, a graduate of Tufts College and long time successful teacher, who studied law and settled in practice in Newport in 1868, where he still remains, having served as superintending school committee and Register of Probate for Sullivan County from 1871 to 1876; also Adson Dean Keyes, Herbert D. Ryder, and George W. Anderson, of whom further mention will be made hereafter.

No attempt will be made to enumerate the Acworth men who have made the ministry their calling, but



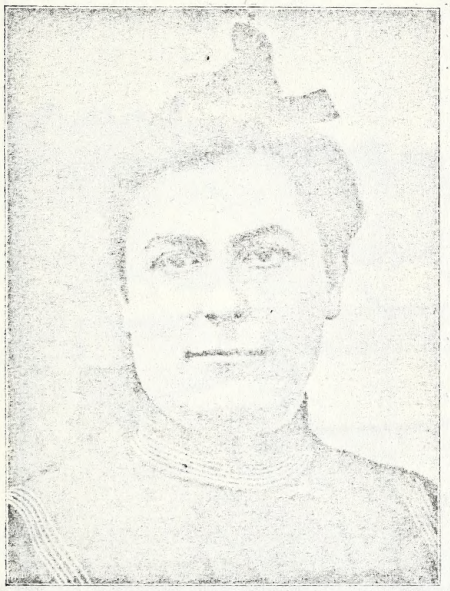
George R. Brown

among those going out from the town during the first half of the last century, who became prominent in that service, were Rev. Daniel Lancaster, many years pastor at Gilmanton and long Secretary of the New Hampshire Bible Society; Rev. John Orcutt, D. D., who preached in different states, and was many years Secretary of the American Colonization Society; Rev. Alexander Houston and Rev. Giles Bailey the former, like the two preceding, a Congregationalist, and the latter a Universalist, both being settled in Maine.



Hiram Orcutt, a brother of Rev. John Orcutt, above named, was an eminent educator, a graduate of Dartmouth of the class of 1842, and successively principal of Hebron and Thetford, Vermont, Academies, and the Ladies' Seminary at North Granville, N. Y., Glenwood Seminary at Brattleboro, Vt., and Tilden Ladies' Seminary at West Lebanon.

While no other Acworth born men have attained the eminence as teachers won by Professor Orcutt, many of them have been creditably and



Myra S. Chatterton

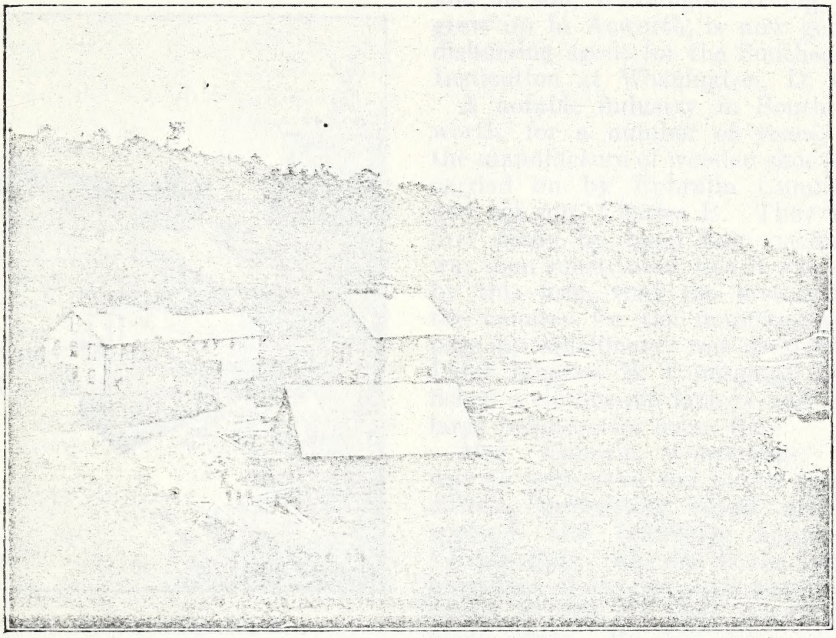
successfully engaged in the occupation for longer or shorter periods, though generally later turning their attention to other professions. And a multitude, almost, of Acworth young women have "taught the young idea how to shoot" to excellent advantage, at home and abroad. The name of one among them stands out conspicuously, like "a bright particular star"—that of Myra S. Chatterton. She was a daughter of Edwin S. and Sarah (Wilcox) Chatterton, born September 28, 1865, being a descendant in the fourth generation from Joseph Chatterton, one of the town's first settlers. She was the favorite in an attractive family of four daughters and a son, the others—Minnie Estelle, Esther Richardson, Gertrude May (wife of Erving C. Davis) and Alonzo B. all surviving, and Esther R. being a present member of the town board of education. She was educated at the famous Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., and taught successfully in this state and Maryland, and for fifteen years in a Brooklyn, N. Y., high school where she won the affectionate regard of her pupils, the respect and esteem of her associates, and a reputation for competency unsurpassed. She was a most intellectual and accomplished woman, and was a member of various educational societies, among others the New York Biological Society, of which she was secretary. Her sudden and untimely death, February 11, 1907, is still deeply mourned by all who knew her.

A tolerably fair idea as to who have been among the leading citizens of Acworth during a century and more past may be had by scanning the list of names of those who have been chosen to serve the town in the state legislature, though of course it always happens that some men of equal merit and ability never seek or receive such distinction. The list is as follows, dating from the time when the town first enjoyed separate representation, it having been classed with Lempster till 1794:

1794 to 1801, inclusive, William Grout; 1803, Thomas Slader; 1804–6, Gawin Gilmore; 1807–8, William Grout; 1809, Thomas Slader; 1810, Gawin Gilmore; 1811–13, Ebenezer Grout; 1814, William Grout; 1815–16, Edward Slader; 1817–20, Ithiel Silsby; 1821–2, Elisha Parks; 1823–4, James M. Warner; 1825–6, David Blanchard; 1827–8, Daniel Robinson; 1829–30, Stephen Carleton, 1831–2, Jonathan Gove; 1833–4, Eliphalet

Bailey; 1835–6, Joel Tracy; 1837, David Montgomery; 1838, Samuel McClure; 1839, David Montgomery; 1840–41, Joseph G. Silsby; 1842–3, Edward Woodbury; 1844–5, Joel Tracy; 1846–7 William Warner; 1848–9, Granville Gilmore; 1850–51, James Wallace; 1852–3, Joseph G. Silsby; 1854–5, Jonathan H. Dickey; 1856–7–8, Adna Keyes; 1859–60, Daniel J. Warner; 1861–2, Zenas Slader; 1863, Charles M. Woodbury; 1864–5–6, Levi Prentiss; 1867–8, William Hayward; 1869–70, Chapin K. Brooks; 1871–2, Barnet C. Finlay; 1873–4, John F. Murdough; 1875, James A. Wood; 1876, William Brooks; 1877, James A. Wood; 1878–9, Samuel Slader; 1881–2 Hiram N. Hayward; 1883–4, William Brooks; 1885–6, William L. Woodbury; 1887–8, Oliver Chapin; 1889–90, Hiram R. Neal; 1891–2, Charles E. Murdough; 1893–4, John H. Clark; 1895–6, George W. Buss; 1897–8, George P. Dickey; 1899–1900, Hiram N. Hayward; 1901–2, Fred C. Parker; 1903–4, Henry A. Clark; 1905–6, Martin V. B. Peck; 1907–8, George J. Rackliffe; 1909–10, Henry A. Clark; 1911–12, Guy S. Neal, 1913, Weston O. Kemp.

Acworth men who have served in the state senate include Gawin Gilmore, in 1823; John Robb, in 1848 and 1849 and Jesse Slader in 1859 and 1860, besides Sheperd L. Bowers, of Newport, Acworth born, who served as before mentioned. One man, Jonathan Gove, long a leading citizen, was a member of the executive council in 1835 and 1836, as was Milon C. McClure of Claremont, an Acworth native, later.



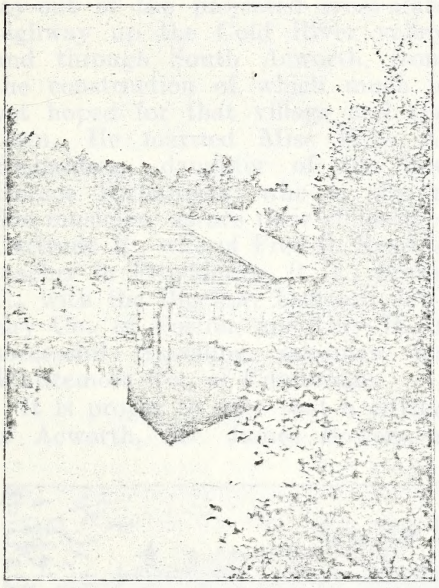
View at East Acworth

Jonathan H. Dickey, or J. Harvey Dickey, as he was more generally known, served for a time as Judge of Probate for Sullivan County, by appointment of Governor Weston in the early "seventies." Judge Dickey, though not a lawyer, was a clear-sighted, level-headed, well-informed and thoroughly upright man, who enjoyed the confidence of all, and was the trusted adviser of many who



sought his counsel in matters of law and business. He was long one of the leaders of the Democratic party in Sullivan County.

Among Acworth born men, who have gained success and distinction abroad, are Hon. Urban A. Woodbury of Burlington, Vt., who has been mayor of his city and governor of the state, Dr. Nedom L. Angier, who was active in public life in reconstruction times in Georgia, serving in the Convention that drafted the new constitution, and as treasurer of the state;



The Old Cummings Peg Shop

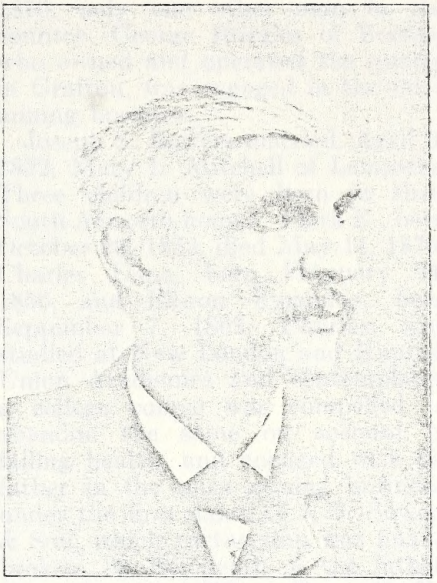
Maj. Gen. Thomas J. Cram of the U. S. Army; Capt. Edward H. Savage, once Chief of Police of the City of Boston, and Prof. John Graham Brooks, of Cambridge, Mass., the noted student, author and lecturer on Sociology, a son of Chapin K. Brooks, long active in business and public affairs in Acworth, who has, perhaps, a wider reputation than any other native of the town.

While Acworth has always been essentially an agricultural town, there has been, from the earliest days, more or less manufacturing carried on within its limits, mainly on Cold River and more than anywhere else at South Acworth, where Thomas Putnam first established a saw and grist mill and where, later, Elisha Parks built and operated a small woolen mill. Nathan Adams, who, came to Acworth from the town of Washington in 1858, manufactured cassimere here to the extent of 6,000 yards per annum, for a dozen years or more. He was an estimable citizen, and his son, Washington Irving, who grew up in Acworth, is now general disbursing agent for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C.

A notable industry in South Acworth, for a number of years, was the manufacture of wooden shoe pegs, carried on by Ephraim Cummings and his son, Charles B. They were first made by hand but machinery was soon substituted, and it was here, by this firm, that the first mill in the country for the manufacture of pegs by machinery, was established. Later Charles B. Cummings established a clothes-pin factory and did a large business for some time.

Maj. Ephraim Cummings, who was an influential and public spirited citizen, universally loved and respected, and familiarly known as "Uncle Eph," was one of the famous musicians of his day, and served as a bugler at the old time musters for many years. He was also a master of the cornet and clarinet. He organized, trained and led the South Acworth brass band, an organization that was maintained for a number of years during the last century. His son Charles B., who was also a public spirited man and did much to promote the welfare of South Acworth, among other things being a moving spirit in securing the erection of Union Hall for public gathering purposes, inherited much of his father's musical talent, and was also a member of the band, as was, later, his son, George R., who occupies the old

homestead, and is today the one wide-awake, hustling citizen in this part of the town, has been instrumental in bringing in the telephone, in the organization of a board of trade; is president of the Acworth Old Home Day Association, was the leading spirit in town in furthering the movement to secure the extension of the Grand Trunk railroad across the state from White River Junction to Boston—a movement which though betrayed is not yet dead—and was mainly instrumental in securing the lay-out of the projected cross-state highway up the Cold River valley and through South Acworth, from the construction of which much is yet hoped for that village and the town. He married Miss Eliza A. Richardson, daughter of the late Horace Richardson, who is also a fine musician, as are their children—Gertrude R., wife of Fred R. Read, a teacher in Providence, R. I.; Frank C., with the Bigelow, Kennard Jewelry Co., of Boston, and Guy H., a successful travelling salesman for Whittemore Co., of Cambridge.



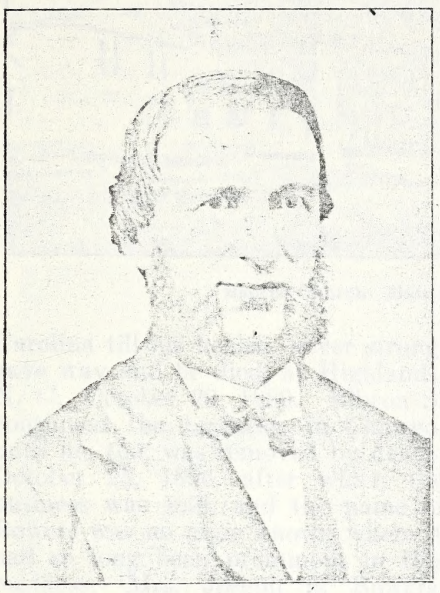
Charles B. Cummings

It is proper to note that a citizen of Acworth, Mr. James Bowers, a native of Hancock, who settled in South Acworth in 1821, was one of the pioneers in this country in the business of mica mining which he commenced in North Carolina as early as 1830. With him his son, Joseph Symonds, born November 3,



The Cummings Homestead and School St. View, So. Acworth

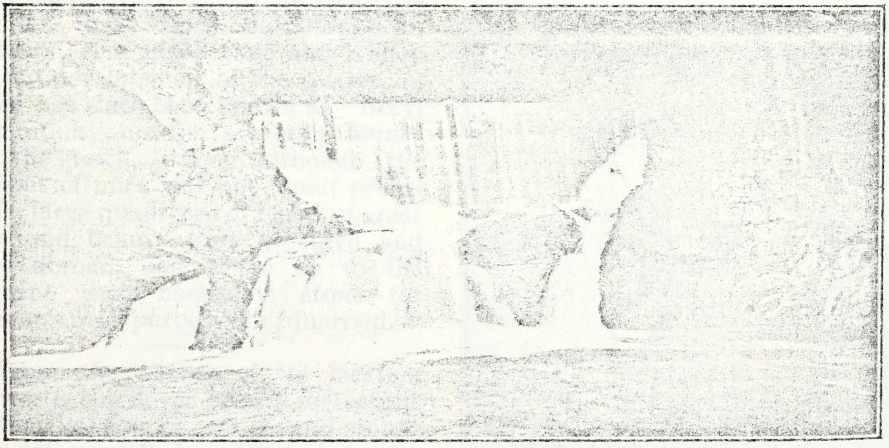
1825, (named for his maternal grandfather, Joseph Symonds of Hancock) who had become deeply interested in the work in youth, was associated



Joseph Symonds Bowers

when coming of age, under the firm name of J. & J. S. Bowers. After a number of years the father retired and Joseph S., continued the business alone. During all this time, up to 1870, only one other man in the country, George Ruggles of Boston, who owned and operated the quarry in Grafton, was engaged in the mica mining business.

Joseph S. Bowers married, April 6, 1852, Mary L. Mitchell of Lempster. Three children were born in their South Acworth home. Flora E., born October 26, 1853, died May 14, 1876; Charles Dana, born February 24, 1856, and Elbron Symonds, born September 7, 1862. Charles, who studied at New London and Kimball Union Academies and contemplated a college course was compelled to abandon the same on account of failing health, and engaged with his father in the mica mining business, under the firm name of J. S. Bowers & Son, which partnership was finally broken, by the death of the father, December 25, 1879, in Troy, N. Y., on the way home from North Carolina. Elbron S. Bowers, who graduated from Vermont Academy at Saxton's River in 1882, and had also contemplated a college course, was induced to go into partnership with his brother, and the firm of Bowers Bros., enlarged the business and established a sales office in Chicago, with E. S. in charge, while Charles D. superintended the work in North



The Old Deep Hole Below the Grist Mill, South Acworth



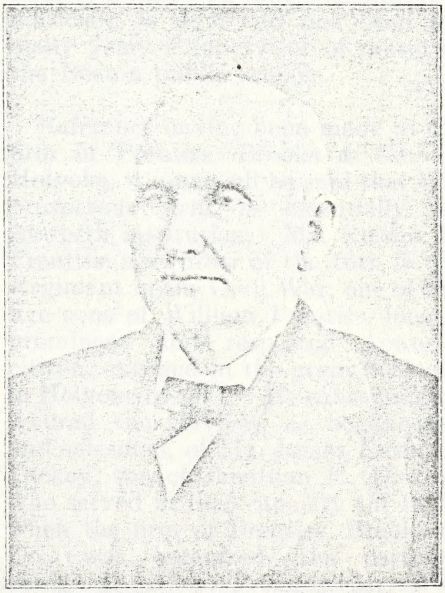
Baptist Church—Main St., So. Acworth—Union Hall

Carolina till his health, never strong, gave way and he died, at Highlands, N. C., October 20, 1889. Elbron S. continued the business, in Chicago, until he, too, was removed by death, October 25, 1896, after which the business was sold, and the name of Bowers was no more known where it had so long been prominent in this business. Mrs. Joseph S. Bowers, now in her 83d year, the only remaining member of the family, now resides in Bellows Falls, Vt., but retains a strong interest in Acworth, where husband and children were born and reared, and where the former was long a prominent and respected citizen.

It should be remarked in this connection that James and Joseph S. Bowers spent much time and money in the development of the quarry on what has since been known as "Beryl Mountain" on the southern border of the town, where, although the output of mica was not found profitable, large quantities of beryl, of great size and beauty were procured and sold abroad, and where up to the present time handsome stone for monumental purposes is quarried.

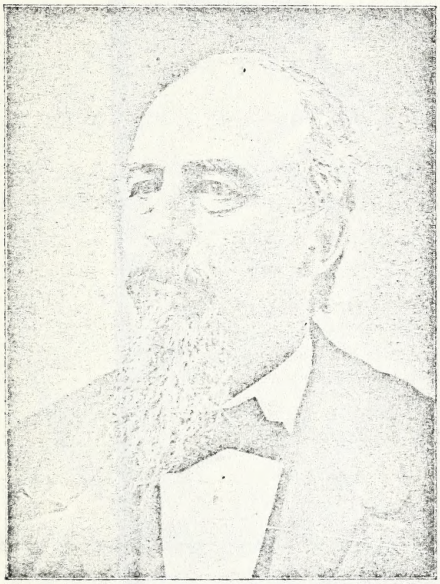
From the nature of its location Acworth has never been a mercantile center, but one or two general stores, and other small shops, have generally been maintained at both the Center and South Acworth. The most popular merchant ever doing business in the latter place was Jacob B. Richardson, usually known as "Uncle Jake," who removed there from Lempster in 1857, and was in trade for some fifteen years, till his death, at first in company with his son, J. Foster, and later alone.

Several different merchants have been in general trade at the Center, including, during the latter half of the



Jacob B. Richardson

last century, the Warners, Charles M. Woodbury, the Brookses and Fred C. Parker, son of Hiram Parker of Lempster, now a travelling salesman and resident of Concord. Of these the best known in town was Capt. Charles Milon Woodbury, a son of Capt. Edward and Dorcas (Thornton) Woodbury, born December 26, 1816. He was educated in the common schools and academies, taught school in youth, and served as a clerk in the village store. Later he was for a time in the blacksmithing business,



Charles M. Woodbury

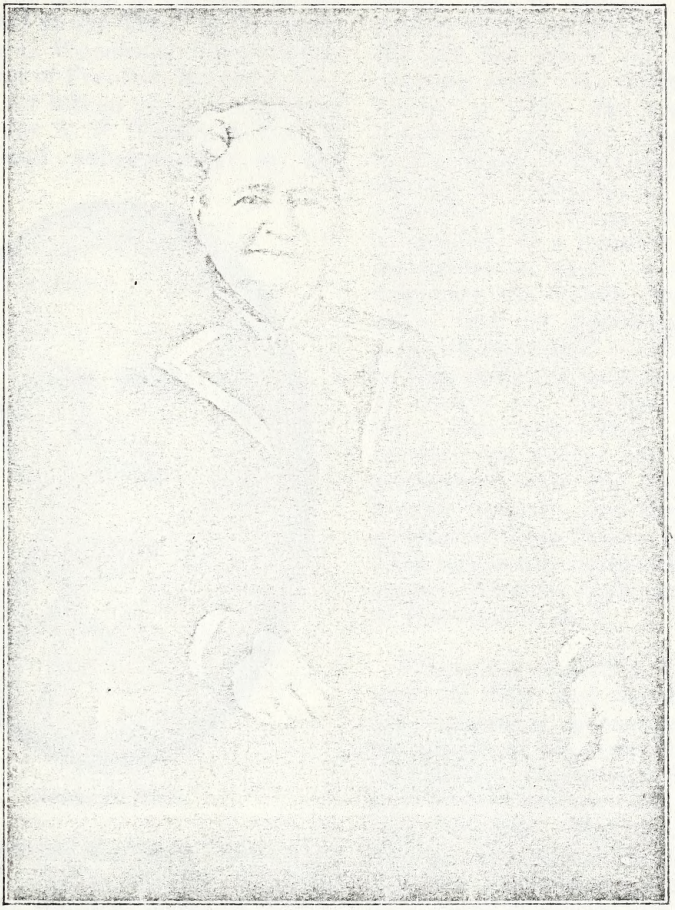
and then for a number of years in trade as a member of the firm of Warner, Woodbury & Archer. Subsequently he engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes, under the firm name of Blanchard & Woodbury, successors to the Acworth Boot & Shoe Co., and was afterward for a number of years general agent for the company which succeeded his firm. He died, after a brief illness, July 17, 1887. He was a leading Democrat and was long active in public life, serving his town as a representative, as town clerk for ten years, and as postmaster for nine years, resigning with the advent of the first Republican administration in 1861. A man of the highest honor and integrity, he was esteemed by all, and his genial manner toward them as boys is now recalled by many of the older citizens. His last work was as a member of a committee to reconstruct the interior of the beautiful old church which his father had helped to build in 1821, to which he devoted time and money freely.

He married, in 1842, Louisa Graham Currier, daughter of Joseph and Sally (Davis) Currier, who was born on the same day with himself, and is still living, at the old homestead, in her 97th year—the oldest member of the church and the oldest resident of the town. She is remarkably well, and keenly intelligent, a great reader, well informed as to all current events; while her sewing is the admiration of the younger generation. Of their three children Charles E. is a physician; William Lloyd, who married Jennie S. Finlay, is a member of the mercantile firm of Prentiss, Brooks & Co., of Holyoke, Mass., and Nellie Louise, a talented and accomplished musician, is now and has been for many years a supervisor of music in the Boston public schools.

Reference having been made to the firm of Prentiss, Brooks & Co., of Holyoke, it may well be said that this prosperous firm is essentially an Acworth institution. Mr. Robert T. Prentiss, a member of the 16th N. H. Regiment in the Civil War, one of the five sons of William Prentiss, long a prominent and respected Acworth citizen, engaged in the grain business in Holyoke in 1871. He subsequently secured the services, as bookkeeper and salesman, of Mr. James Freeman Dickey, son of Jonathan H. Dickey, who served in that capacity till 1885, when the firm of Prentiss, Brooks & Co., was organized, the partners being Mr. R. T. Prentiss, Mr. William Brooks, a son of Chapin K.

Brooks, who had conducted the old brick store in Acworth a number of years and, following his father, been active in public affairs, serving as representative and postmaster, and Mr. J. F. Dickey, which partnership continued until June, 1899, when Mr. Prentiss retired and Mr. William L. Woodbury, before mentioned, was admitted to the firm. Mr. William I. Morse of Springfield, Mass., was admitted in 1909, and in the following year Mr. Dickey died. The firm conducts a large general hay, grain and flour business, and also deals in masons' supplies, and has branch stores at Westfield, Easthampton and South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Mr. Dickey, whose death was a great loss to the firm, and to the community, in which he was widely esteemed, married Mary E. Anderson of Acworth, who survives him, with one daughter, Miss Christine A. Dickey.

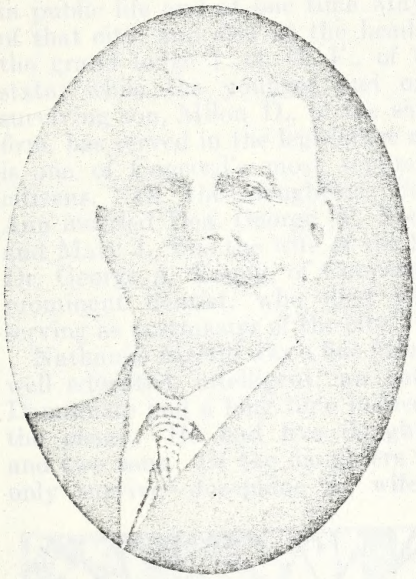


Louisa G. Woodbury.

Two other sons of William Prentiss were in business in Holyoke, Marden W. and Charles H., the former with

Geo. W. Prentiss & Co., wire manufacturers, and the latter in the tailoring business, and quite successful for many years, until his death. The eldest son, D. Brainerd, also removed to Holyoke about 1883. His oldest son is the Rev. William C. Prentiss, who was the orator of the day at this year's "Old Home Day" in Acworth.

William L. Woodbury, before entering the firm of Prentiss, Brooks & Co., had been for fifteen years a travelling salesman for A. P. Tapley & Co., of Boston, and subsequently in the



George W. Buss

grain business at Westfield, Mass., with Hiland H. Smith, another Acworth man, under the firm name of Woodbury & Smith.

Considerable business in the lumber and wood-working line have been done at East Acworth, or Keyes and Buss Hollow, as it has been called at different times, where two mill privileges have been utilized. Rodney Buss and James M. Reed were the principal operators there half a century ago, and George W. Buss, son of the former has been the active man of the place and a leading citizen of the town for many years past.

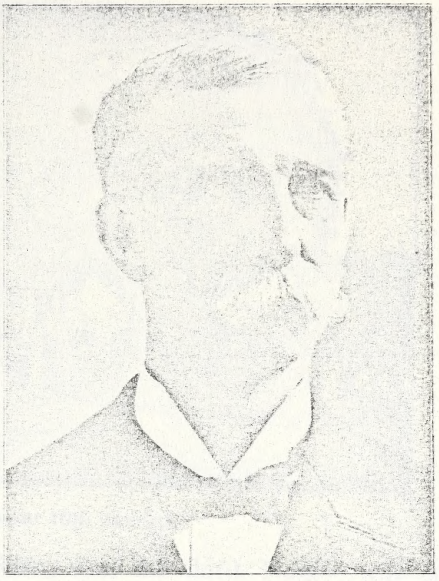
George W. Buss, son of Rodney and Almira (Huntley) Buss was born in Acworth, February 22, 1856. He was educated in the public schools and has always resided on the old homestead. He is engaged in farming and in the manufacture of lumber on the old site where the first mill for dressing cloth was built, by Daniel Foster, in 1800. He is a Republican politically and has been prominent in the affairs of his town and county, serving as a member of the board of education, selectman, tax collector, moderator, as a member of the state legislature in 1895, as county commissioner six years, from 1905 to 1911, and as postmaster at East Acworth from 1887 to 1896. In 1878 he was united in marriage with Flora E. Bailey of Claremont, and they have two sons—Roy H., who is married and resides near home, being associated with his father in the lumber business, and Raymond, who graduated from Brown University in 1909, and is now cashier for the Narragansett Electric Light & Power Co., of Providence, R. I.

The writer resided in Acworth from 1857 till 1862, and recalls the names and something of the personality of the people of the town of that day—the Dickeys, Woodburys, Sladers, Warners, Silsbys, Andersons, Tracys, Mitchells, Thayers, Haywards, Davises, Finlays, Prentisses, Brookses, Crams, Lincolns, Perhams, Osgoods, McKeens, and scores of others, but his recollection is naturally keener concerning the residents of South Acworth, and of the Grout Hill district where was his home. Dea. Alvah Cummings, Freeland Hemphill, Nathaniel Merrill, Isaac and Horace Campbell and their families were his near neighbors. This was a fine farming region and these men were all good farmers and substantial citizens.

Alvah Cummings was an active member and long time deacon of the

Baptist Church, a staunch Democrat, a good citizen, and reared a large family of children, some of whom made their mark in the world. The oldest son, Alvah R. was long a leading physician in Claremont; Ebenezer G., was the first New Hampshire graduate from the Philadelphia Dental College, and practiced dentistry with great success in Concord for many years. George A., who was the head of the well-known firm of Cummings Bros., marble and granite workers of Concord was prominent in public life and at one time Mayor of that city, and also at the head of the grand lodge I. O. O. F., of the state; while the younger and only surviving son, Milon D., of the same firm, has served in the legislature and is one of Concord's most reputable citizens. Of the daughters, Sally Ann married Dea. George W. Young and Mary J., was the wife of the late Dr. George A. Young, of Concord, a prominent dentist, who died while serving as postmaster of the city.

Nathaniel Merrill was a fine farmer, well educated, intelligent, an active Democrate and a long time justice of the peace. He had five daughters and two sons. Of the daughters two only survive—Josephine S., wife of



Milon D. Cummings

Manley W. Gassett, who lives on the old place, and Helen M. Both sons, Nathaniel P., and Edwin W., are deceased. Nathaniel P., who was a graduate of the Ann Arbor law school, left a daughter, Fannie, now a popular teacher in Utica, N. Y.

Horace Campbell, who was also a



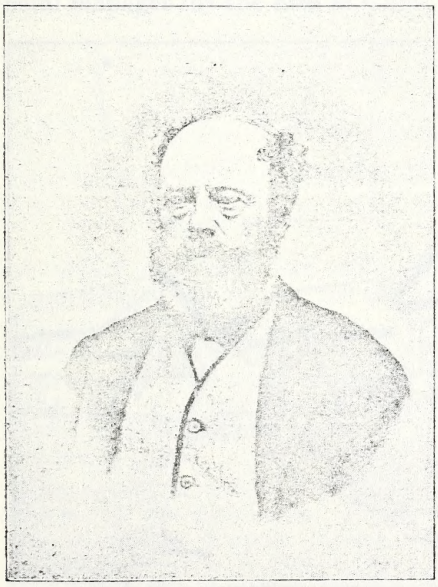
Dea. Horace Campbell Place—Grout Hill





Hemphill Homestead, Grout Hill, Acworth

Baptist deacon, a good citizen, and a brother-in-law of Dea. Alvah Cummings, they having married sisters (Polly and Sally Grout) also reared quite a family, three daughters and three sons. The eldest daughter, Mary G., married Charles B. Cummings, heretofore mentioned; the second, Sarah H., was the wife of Henry Silsby and the third, Nancy, wife of Rev. Chester Dingman. The sons were Freeman H., Sylvester, a civil war surgeon who died in the service, and Ebenezer Grout, also a physician and surgeon.

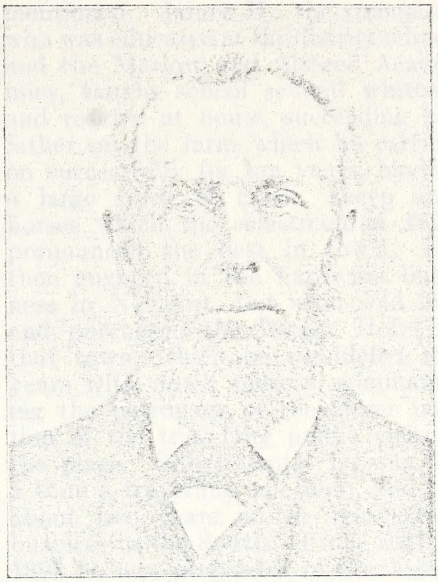


Freland Hemphill

Freeland Hemphill had a large farm and managed it well. He was the tenth of twelve children of Joseph Hemphill of Windham who settled in Acworth, on this farm, near the beginning of the last century. One son, John H., was a physician, before mentioned. Another, Joseph, was a Universalist clergyman. Freeland was born August 29, 1812. He married first, Lydia McKeen of Acworth, November 2, 1844, who died June 20, 1855; second, Henrietta Snow of Somerset, Vt., who died October 8, 1904. By his first wife he had three children who reached maturity—Kathleen, who married Watson M. Pettingill, had five children and died May 14, 1891; Eugene F., who resided in Keene and died November 23, 1912, leaving a wife and three children, and Ashton Erastus now of Holyoke, Mass., of whom we shall speak later.

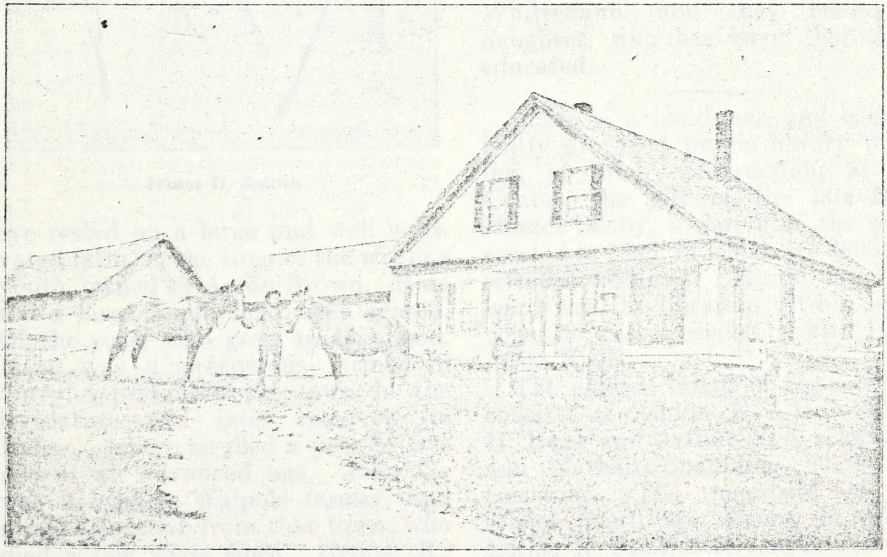
Mr. Hemphill died January 4, 1873, and his death was a great loss to the neighborhood and town. He was a

man of strong intellect and firm convictions, a deep thinker, sharp reasoner and a controversialist who held his own in debate with any man. He was a Republican in politics, of Free Soil antecedents, but was always averse to office holding. He was, however, a member of the board of selectmen, with Chapin K. Brooks and Theron Duncan, in 1861, the opening year of the Civil War, when responsibilities were great and the labor was arduous.



Dea. George W. Young

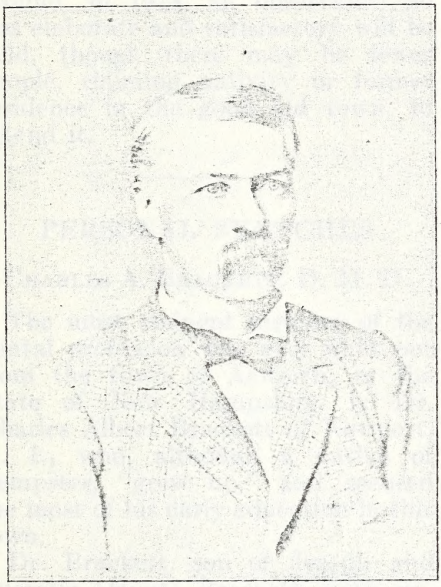
George W. Young, a native of Acworth, was the ninth child of James Young of Salisbury, who settled in town in 1813. He was born Jan. 7 1827, married Sally Ann Cummings March 23, 1858, and some six years later purchased of Joseph P. Metcalf the fine farm on the southern slope of Grout Hill, which the latter had bought of Lemuel Morse in 1857, which had previously been known as the Copeland place and earlier as the Clark farm. Here he lived for many years, and here his three sons were born and reared. These sons are Arthur G., of Concord, salesman and general manager for the firm of Cummings Bros.; Oscar C., a physician of Charlestown, and Lyman A., now on the home farm, which his father turned over to him a few years before his death, himself removing to the Deacon Cummings place, his wife's old home, near by. He, also, was a deacon of the



Geo. W. Young Place, Grout Hill, Acworth

Baptist church in whose work he took strong interest. He was a good citizen, but took no active part in political affairs, devoting himself closely to the care and cultivation of his farm, which he made one of the best in town, producing excellent crops and raising superior stock for which he had a wide reputation. He died July 21, 1901. His widow now resides in South Acworth, but retains her old home on the hill.

Looking over the Cold River valley, to the southeast, from Grout Hill, the



James H. Brown

eye rested on a large and well cultivated farm, in the time of the writer's youth, owned by Aaron Brown. Here too a large family had been reared. Of the sons, who grew to manhood, Isaac was a prosperous farmer in Surry, represented the town in the legislature and later removed to Indiana, where he died a year or two ago at an advanced age. John C., was a leading Walpole farmer, and a representative from that town, who died a few years since. George R., a Newport lawyer, has been previously mentioned. James H., the youngest, who was educated at the district school and the Marlow and Alstead Academies, taught school several winters, and resided at home, succeeding his father on the farm which he carried on successfully for ten years, having a large stock of cattle, sheep and horses which the selectmen in 1868 pronounced the best in town. He then engaged in the hardware business in Newport, but soon sold out and purchased the Phenix Hotel in that town, which he conducted ten years with much success, commanding the patronage of the larger portion of the travelling public visiting the place. Subsequently he was for a time a travelling salesman, and for about two years in the real estate business in the South. From 1891 to 1897 he was proprietor of the Valley Hotel at Hillsboro, disposing of the same in the latter year. In the meantime he had built several houses in the village and bought a small farm a mile outside, to the cultivation of which, and the care of the village property he has since devoted himself. He married a Miss Whittemore, a successful teacher, of Hillsboro, sister of the late Col. J. B. Whittemore, and they have one daughter, who has been thoroughly educated.

There is a handsome and conveniently arranged public library building, of brick construction, at the Center, the gift of the late Ithiel Homer Silsby, a native of the town, erected in 1892, in which are 2800 well selected volumes. Hiram N. Hayward was the librarian till his death, when he was succeeded by Mrs. Helen Anita Neal.

The present board of town officers consists of Almon E. Clark, Elmer H. Rugg and Arthur Nye, selectmen, and Nathan Spaulding, clerk and treasurer. The members of the school board are Almon E. Clark, Esther R. Chatterton and Rev. James F. Eaton.

Acworth celebrated the 100th anniversary of its settlement with elaborate exercises, for which extensive preparation had been made, September 13, 1868, Rev. Amos Foster presided and Rev. Giles Bailey was the orator of the day. A great multitude of people were fed, numerous after dinner speeches were made by returning sons of the town, letters of regret and congratulation from others were read, and a most pleasurable reunion of the sons and daughters of the town enjoyed. It is hoped that when the 150th anniversary comes around, in 1918, an observance no less elaborate and satisfactory will be held, though there may be fewer people, claiming nativity or former residence in the good old town, to attend it.

PERSONAL SKETCHES

Charles A. Brackett, D. M. D.

The most eminent member of the dental profession who ever went out from the town of Acworth, or the State of New Hampshire, is Dr. Charles Albert Brackett of Newport, R. I., who, although a native of Lempster, "grew up," and secured the most of his early education in this town.

Dr. Brackett, son of Joseph and Lucretia (Hunt) Brackett, both natives of Peterboro, was born on a farm in the "Dodge Hollow" district of Lempster, January 2, 1850. Joseph Brackett, a descendant of Capt. Richard Brackett, a native of Scotland and a member of the Massachusetts Bay Company, who immigrated in 1629, and had land allotted him in Braintree and Quincy, Mass., was the son of parents in limited circumstances, with a large family, and, like the rest, he had his own way to make in the world by industry, economy and the associated qualities essential to success, the importance of which was duly impressed upon the minds of his children. In 1857, the Lempster farm was sold, and during the next two years or more the family resided temporarily in Newport and in District No. 7 in Lempster, removing in the spring of 1860 to the Derry Hill district in Acworth, where Mr. Brackett purchased and occupied the Allen Hayward farm, which he carried on for seven years, when he sold to John S. Osgood. Subsequently he purchased the Orville L. Slader farm, about a mile northwesterly from South Acworth. He was a thorough and successful farmer, intelligent and well read, and a model citizen.

Charles A. secured his education in the district schools where he resided, and at the select schools at the Center and in South Acworth, and credits the "South Acworth Lyceum," of which he was a member in the later years of his boyhood, with no small influence in promoting his intellectual development. For three successive winters, beginning at sixteen, he taught school—the first two winters in the "Black North" and the last in the "County" district. In the fall of 1870 he entered the office of Dr. L., C. Taylor, then of Holyoke, Mass. now of Hartford, Conn., as a student in dentistry, continuing three years, meanwhile pursuing the course of study in the dental department of Harvard University, from which he was graduated in 1873 with the degree of Doctor of Dental Medicine. In the same year he located in Newport, R. I., where he still continues in the busy practice of his profession, after more than forty years.

Dr. Brackett has membership in a long list of New England Dental Societies, and in nearly all of them he has been president. For nine years he was president of the Rhode Island State Board of Registration in Dentistry. He is a member of the First District Dental Society of New York. He was a member of the International Dental Congress in London in 1881 and in Washington in 1887, and of the World's Colum-



CHARLES A. BRACKETT, D. M. D.



bian Dental Congress in Chicago in 1893. A year after his graduation from the Harvard Dental School he went back there as a teacher and his service there has been continuous since. He was instructor in dental therapeutics from 1874 to 1880; assistant professor of dental therapeutics, 1880–83; professor of dental pathology and therapeutics, 1883–90, and has been professor of dental pathology to the present time.

The community in which Dr. Brackett has made his home has honored him with many places of trust and responsibility. He was for years a director in the First National Bank of Newport and in the Coddington Savings Bank, and was influential in having both those institutions merged with others. He is now a director in the Aquidneck National Bank, the Newport Trust Company, and the Newport and Fall River Street Railroad Company. He is a trustee of the People's Free Public Library and trustee and consulting dental surgeon of the Newport Hospital. In religion Dr. Brackett is a Unitarian, connected with the Channing Memorial Church, of which he has been a trustee nine years. He is a vice-president of the Newport Improvement Association and president of the Citizens Municipal Association. A number of years ago he was chairman of a committee which prepared for the city a new and unique charter which has been largely successful in accomplishing the transaction of the city's business on business principles, and in the elimination of party politics from municipal affairs. Under that charter he is in the seventh year of his service as a member of the Representative Council.

Dr. Brackett was married February 3, 1886, to Miss Mary Irish Spencer, of Newport. They have no children.

Dr. Brackett had one sister, Laura Louisa ("Louie") Brackett, who was born April 1, 1854, and died May 8, 1877. In addition to her education in the local schools she had a course in the State Normal School at Plymouth. Those who were familiar with the schools of Acworth and Alstead, forty and fifty years ago, will remember her as a bright and diligent pupil and a conscientious and hard working teacher. Her early death appears to have been due in large measure to her earnestness in trying to do all her part in life faithfully.

Dr. Brackett is always proud to claim New Hampshire as his birthplace. To his early life there as a farm boy he ascribes much of his strong constitution, his continuous good health and his ability to work hard and constantly. Lempster and Acworth, the old associations and the old friends, are very dear to him, and he is more sorry than he can say that through these many years he has been able to see so little of them.

Hon. George W. Anderson

No native of Acworth has been more prominently in the public eye for the last few years than George W. Anderson, a successful lawyer of Boston, Mass., recently appointed upon the newly created board of Public Service Commissioners for the state of Massachusetts, having substantially the same powers and duties as the New Hampshire board of the same name.

George W. Anderson was born on the Anderson farm, about three fourths of a mile north of Acworth Center, September 1, 1861, the son of David Campbell and Martha (Brigham) Anderson. His father was a man of sterling character and untiring industry, who labored devotedly to bring up and educate an ambitious family, under the adverse conditions then prevailing in our country communities. His grandfather, Samuel, who setted in Acworth in 1795, married Jane, daughter of David Campbell of Litchfield, and was a descendant in the fifth generation from James



HON. GEORGE W. ANDERSON

Anderson, one of the first sixteen settlers in Londonderry in 1719.

He received his early training on the farm and at the Acworth village school. In the winter of 1878, when seventeen years of age, he began teaching. His first school was that at the south end on Lempster Street. His pay was $4 a week and he "boarded around." The next fall he entered Kimball Union Academy at Meriden. During that winter he taught again, "boarding around," in the French district, in Plainfield. In the fall of 1880 he entered Cushing Academy at Ashburnham, graduating therefrom at the head of his class in 1882, having taught in Rutland, Mass., and in Marlborough, N. H., three terms of school in that time. He graduated from Williams College in 1886 with honors; was principal of the Springfield High School for one year and of the Mt. Pleasant Grammar School in Nashua, N. H., for two years. He graduated from the Boston University Law School in 1890 with honors. For six years he was a partner of George Fred Williams, then in Congress and active in politics, and because of Mr. Williams' absence was plunged immediately into the trial of important cases. In 1893 he was of counsel for the City of Boston in the Bay State gas investigation, which marked the beginning of a long and varied experience in connection with public service corporations and proper and just rates therefor. He served on the Boston School Committee from 1895 to 1900; has been counsel at various times for the cities of Boston, New Bedford, Salem, Haverhill and Beverly, and has been an active member of the Public Franchise League for many years. He took a prominent part in putting through the Legislature the Sliding-scale Bill under which peace has been established between the Boston Consolidated Gas Company and its users, the company being permitted to pay higher dividends, as by efficient management it gives the public lower gas rates. In 1911 and 1912 he was a candidate for attorney general on the Democratic state ticket and received a large vote. He was appointed by Governor Foss one of the two new members of the Public Service Commission provided for at the recent session of the Massachusetts Legislature. This commission takes the place of the former Railroad Commission, with greatly increased powers and two additional members, and has jurisdiction, not only over railroads, railways, and steamships, but telephones and telegraphs, together with any incidental transportation facilities. This commission has broad and inclusive powers to regulate and control public utilities, and is certain to be an important factor in the development and control of the railroads in New England.

Mr. Anderson has been married twice. His first wife was Minnie E. Mitchell of Mason, N. H., a daughter of Levi W. Mitchell who was a native of Acworth. She died in 1906, leaving three children, a daughter now 15 years of age, and two sons, 13 and 11 years respectively. Subsequently Mr. Anderson was married to Mrs. Addie E. Kenerson, the widow of one of his most intimate friends, Austin E. Kenerson of Ginn & Company.

Hon. Herbert D. Ryder

Among the most prominent sons of Acworth now engaged in professional life, or in public service is Herbert Daniel Ryder, of Bellows Falls, Vt., who was born in Acworth, November 12, 1850, the son of Daniel Anderson and Elizabeth (Brigham) Ryder. His father was a substantial farmer, a native of Croydon, born at the "Ryder Corner" in the southeast part of that town, who had settled in Acworth not long before his birth, his mother being a member of the Brigham family of that town, and a descendant of Thomas Brigham a Puritan who settled in Marlboro, Mass., in 1635.



HON. HERBERT D. RYDER

His great grandfather, of the same name, was a soldier of the Revolution His mother also traces her descent from a Scotch-Irish family named Duncan, whose ancestors participated in the siege of Londonderry in 1688. There is also a strain of Scotch-Irish blood on his father's side.

Mr. Ryder attended the district schools in Acworth, fitted for college at Oberlin, Ohio, and New London, N. H., and graduated from Dartmouth in 1876. He served for three years as principal of the high school at Springfield, Vt., when, having decided to take up the profession of law, he pursued the study thereof in the offices of Judge David Cross, and Hon. Henry E. Burnham (later U. S Senator) of Manchester, and of J. W Pierce of Springfield, Vt. He was admitted to the bar in 1880, and commenced practice in Springfield, but a year later removed to Bellows Falls, where he became principal of the high school, continuing till 1887, when he became a member of the manufacturing firm of Derby & Ball, of which he has been the manager for some years past; but in 1890 resumed the practice of law, which he has also continued to the present time, with marked success.

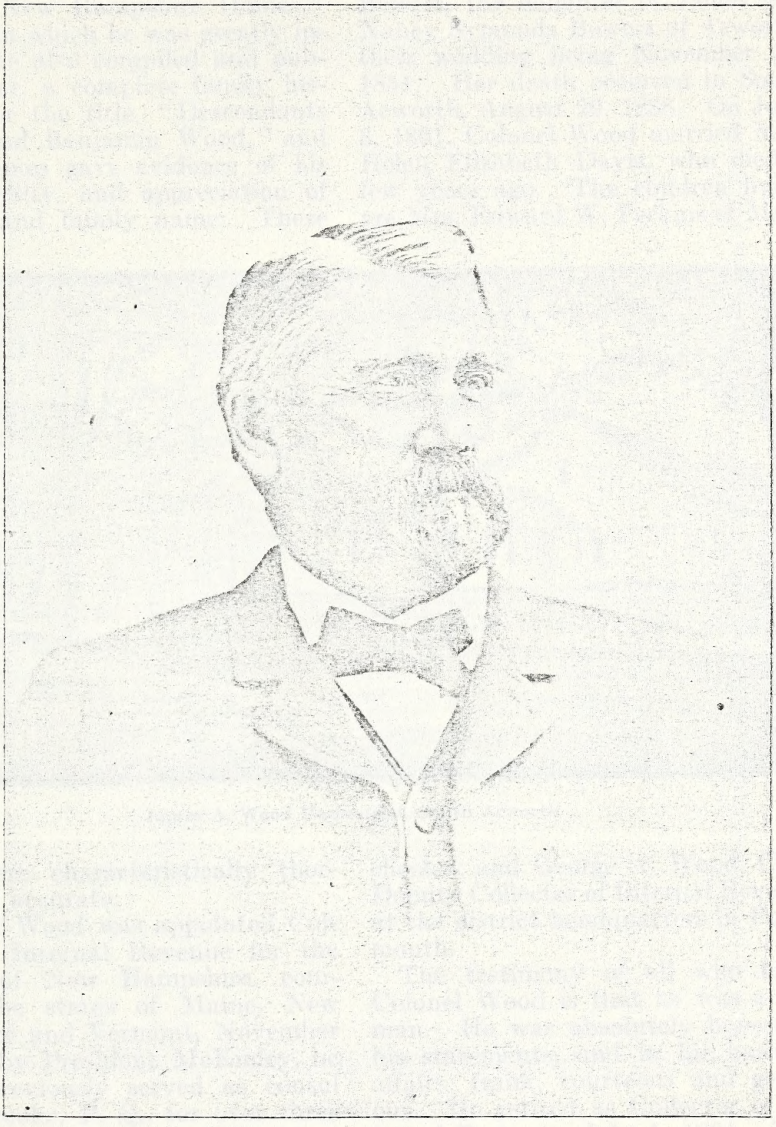
A Republican in politics, he has been active and prominent in public affairs. He was chairman of the Bellows Falls board of bailiffs from 1893 to 1895; deputy collector of internal revenue from 1897 to 1904, States Attorney for Windham County, 1904–6, and presidential elector in 1908. He is a member of the Vermont legislature, was chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, and floor leader at the last session, taking a conspicuous part in the work of that body. He has also been active and interested in educational affairs. He has been examiner of schools for Windham County for over twenty years; was superintendent of schools in Bellows Falls from 1890 to 1897, and has been chairman of the school board of the town of Rockingham since 1889. He is now a member of the Vermont State Board of Education—a board established under a reformatory law which he was instrumental in having passed at the last session of the legislature, of which he is also secretary and treasurer. He is a Congregationalist in religion, a Mason, Odd Fellow, Patron of Husbandry, and a member of the Westminster and Bonheur Clubs.

Col. James A. Wood

Among the leading citizens of Acworth, for many years, and one of the most widely known men in the State, was James Amasa Wood, who was born on the old homestead in East Alstead, May 24, 1832, and died at his summer home in Hancock, May 19, 1905. He was the fifth child of Amasa and Polly Miller (Huntley) Wood, and his early life was passed on a farm, from which he reaped excellent health, and though his work was hard, and opportunities in the country few in those days, he secured a good education, and fitted himself for a useful career.

He was best known throughout the state among the people in general by his connection with the Republican Press Association of Concord, as general agent for the *Concord Daily Monitor* and the weekly *Independent Statesman*, which continued eighteen years. This work took him into all sections and brought him into contact with almost everybody in the state.

He was an assistant marshal in the taking of the census of 1870 in Acworth, Lempster and Washington. In 1875 he was appointed aid-de-camp with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Governor Cheney, and the same year was elected representative in the state legislature from Acworth, and again two years later. He was moderator of his town meetings for eighteen years, and was also a selectman, and postmaster at South Ac-



COL. JAMES A. WOOD



worth for eleven years. He continued his legal residence in Acworth, and the old home at South Acworth still remains in the family possession.

He compiled and published a book entitled "New Hampshire Homes," a subject in which he was greatly interested; he also compiled and published, later, a complete family history, under the title, "Descendants of John and Benjamin Wood," and these volumes gave evidence of his literary ability, and appreciation of his state and family name. These



James A. Wood Homestead, South Acworth

works were characteristically thorough and accurate.

Colonel Wood was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the District of New Hampshire, comprising the states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, November 8, 1897, by President McKinley, he having previously served as consul at Sherbrooke, P. Q., for over three years, by appointment of President Harrison, March 14, 1890. He was messenger to carry the presidential vote of New Hampshire to Washington in 1884; was alternate delegate in the republican convention, Chicago, in 1880, and a delegate-at-large in the republican national convention in St. Louis in 1896.

Colonel Wood was twice married. His first wife was May Elizabeth Bowers, the daughter of James and Nancy Symonds Bowers of Acworth, their wedding being November 30, 1854. Her death occurred in South Acworth, August 20, 1888. On June 3, 1891, Colonel Wood married Mrs. Helen Elizabeth Davis, who died a few years ago. The children living are Mrs. Edward W. Perkins of Manchester; and George A. Wood, Chief Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue at the district headquarters in Portsmouth.

The testimony of all who knew Colonel Wood is that he was a fine man. He was absolutely honest in his statements, and in his business affairs; frank, courteous and generous. He retired as Collector of Internal Revenue, July 1, 1904. This was his last public service.

George A. Wood

George A. Wood son of Col. James A. and May E. (Bowers) Wood, was



GEORGE A. WOOD



born in South Acworth, August 24, 1862. When about fifteen years of age, he suffered an attack of spinal meningitis, and during the long convalescence and while he was deprived of the many sports common to boys of that age, his father purchased a small printing press in order that he might be employed in some pleasant occupation. In this work he took great interest and with pride and delight printed handbills, notices and circulars, not alone for his own pleasure, but in the benefit of church fairs and the village generally. This experience was of great value to him in later years, when called to a position in which a knowledge of printing proved most advantageous.

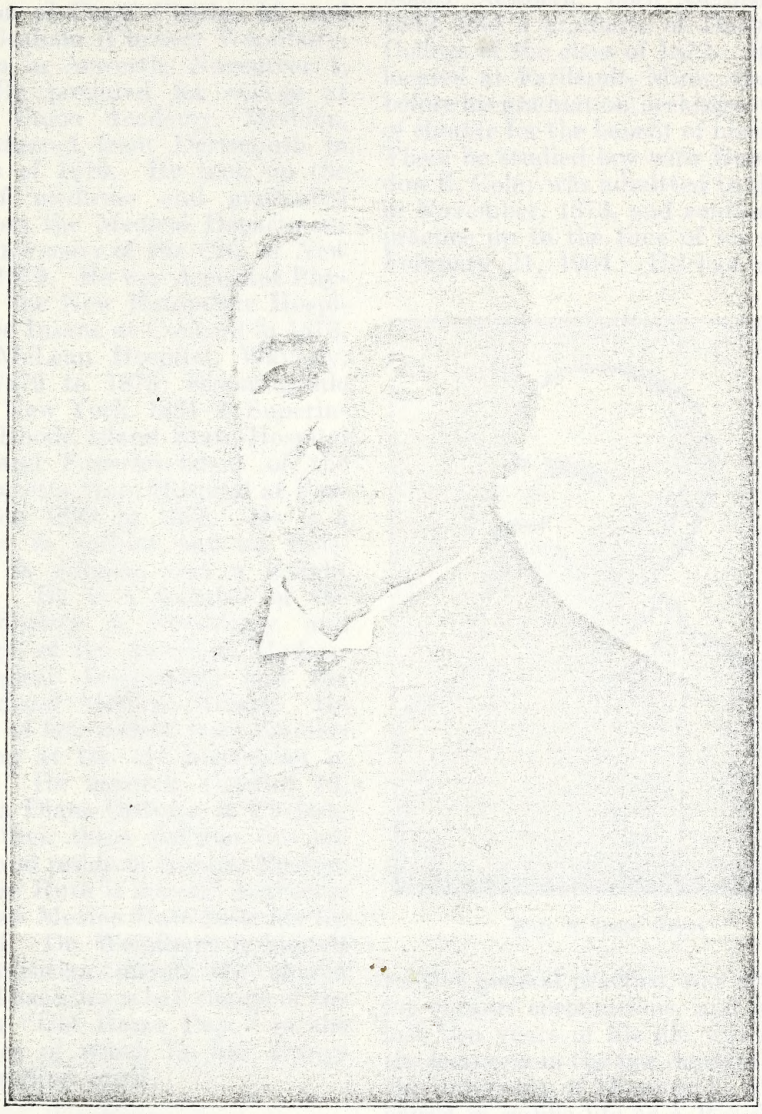
After his recovery he finished the courses at the local high school and went to Vermont Academy, which was then in its most prosperous days, and had such men as Horace Mann Miller, D. W. Abercrombie and Charles Lazell in the teaching force. Subsequently he attended a business college, and afterward, in 1883, received an appointment in the Railway Mail Service, in which he continued, enjoying several promotions, until 1898, when he entered the Internal Revenue service as Chief Deputy Collector, for the District of New Hampshire, comprising the states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.

In 1896, Mr. Wood was elected president of the First Division of the National Association of Railway Postal Clerks, an organization of postal employees, and as such represented his division at the national convention. The following year he was elected National Secretary of the organization, and immediately begun to organize a mutual accident insurance department. This proved to be most successful and was incorporated in New Hampshire, where it has, under Mr. Wood's direction, grown to include a very large percentage of all the clerks in the service comprizing not only those doing road duty, but also the office forces. In connection with this office, Mr. Wood was also for many years editor of the official magazine, which was considered a model of its kind. For several years, after the United States Government insisted upon bonds from the men in the Railway Mail Service, the entire work, of bonding the men was operated from Mr. Wood's office.

During the present year, Mr. Wood finds himself interested in other matters and has relinquished connection with the Association, and the insurance department, which he had built up, practically unaided, and left to his successor one of the best organized and best managed businesses in the state. He remains Chief Deputy Collector for the New Hampshire Internal Revenue District, and has served in the voluntary association of internal revenue employees as director and vice-president.

In early life Mr. Wood was married to Mary I. Stevens, and of this union four children were born: Helen Margaret, who was married in February, 1909, to Mr. Gordon M. Campbell, superintendent of the Western Electric Works at Hawthorne, Ill.; Albert James, engaged in the administrative department of the Western Electric Company at Chicago; Mary Elizabeth, at present teaching in a Massachusetts high school; and Keith Ainsworth, a member of the class of 1913, Dartmouth.

In the cities where Mr. Wood has lived he has occupied many positions of confidence and honor. He has been president and secretary, respectively of the Sagamore Club in Medford, Mass.; of the Unitarian Club, the Warwick Club, the Paul Jones Club, the Portsmouth Improvement Society, the Associates Land Company, etc., of Portsmouth, and has served as an alderman in the Portsmouth City government.



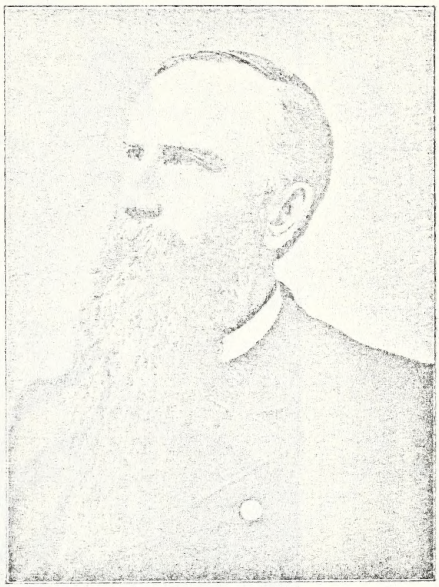
Chas. E. Woodbury.

Dr. Charles E. Woodbury

Charles Edward Woodbury, M.D., eldest son of Capt. Charles M. and Louisa Graham (Currier) Woodbury, was born in Acworth, November 1, 1895. He prepared for college at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1870. He took up the study of medicine and graduated M.D. from the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York in 1873. He was Assistant Physician at the New Hampshire Hospital for the Insane at Concord in 1873, at the McLean Hospital, Waverly, Mass., 1879 to 1878; Bloomingdale Asylum, New York, 1881–2; Superintendent Rhode Island State Hospital 1891–9 and Superintendent of the Massachusetts State Hospital at Foxboro, from 1899 to 1908. He is a Democrat in politics and an Episcopalian in religion, and a Knight Templar. He is a member of the Boston Society of Psychiatry and Neurology, of the American Medico-Psychological Association, and the Rhode Island Medical Society. He has been of late retired from practice and living at the old homestead in Acworth. He married, October 13, 1880, Ella Diana Ordway, at Chelsea, Vt. Of their three children two are married and reside in Greater Boston, while Miss Ruth is musical instructor in the New Mexico State Institute for the Blind. Dr. Woodbury is himself a fine musician, directs the church choir and has always had charge of the music on "Old Home Day," in the observance of which he has always been a leading spirit.

Hon. A. Dean Keyes

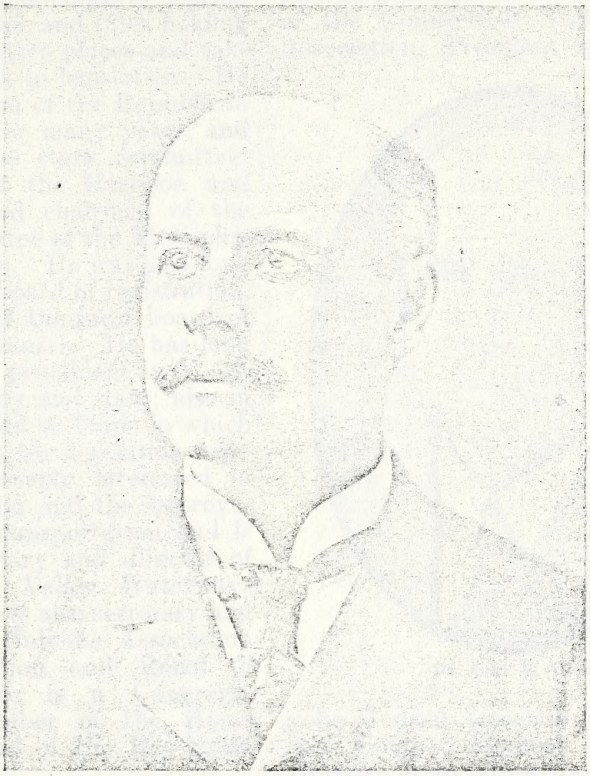
Among the many men furnished by New Hampshire to the great northwest, who have won success and distinction in the legal profession was Adson Dean Keyes, a native of Acworth, son of Adna Keyes, long a leading farmer on the eastern border of the town, near "Keyes Hollow," and later a resident of the village of South Acworth, born October 22, 1842, and a graduate of Dartmouth College of the class of 1872. He had located at Faribault, Minn., the year before his graduation, seeking a change of climate for the benefit of his health. There he studied law with Hon. Gordon E. Cole; was admitted to the bar in November, 1873, and continued in practice up to the time of his death, February 21, 1904. He had an extensive general practice, was attorney for various corporations, and for the last two years of his life was one of the lecturers in the law department of the University of Minnesota. He was active in public life as a Republican, serving in the Minnesota legislature in 1887 and 1888. He also served one term as mayor of Faribault, was for a time city solicitor and also prosecuting attorney for Rice County. He was also, for ten years, a member of the board of education, and a member of the board of directors of the public library.



Hon. A. Dean Keyes

He was a Congregationalist and a Master and Royal Arch Mason, Knight Templar and Shriner. His funeral was under Masonic auspices, Faribault Commandery, K. T., performing escort duty, and business places generally throughout the city being closed during the funeral hour.

Shortly before his death he established a $4,000 scholarship in the Shattuck School, a military academy at Faribault; and by his will he also provided for scholarships at Dartmouth College and Carleton College, at Northfield, Minn., each to aid indigent worthy students intending to make the practice of law their profession—the interest, when once used and returned, to be added to the principal and become a part of the fund. These were given in the name of his wife, who died October 15, 1901.



Ashton E. Hemphill

ASHTON E. HEMPHILL, PH. G.

A prominent member of the Acworth colony in the enterprising city of Holyoke, Mass., is Ashton Erastus Hemphill, second son of Freeland and Lydia (McKeen) Hemphill, born September 17, 1849. He comes of Scotch-Irish ancestry on both sides, his mother's emigrant ancestor being one of the first settlers of Londonderry. His time in boyhood was divided between farm work and the district school. Later he attended select school in Acworth and the Walpole Academy. Shortly after coming of age, in April, 1871, he went to Holyoke to learn the drug business, where he was employed till the autumn of 1875, when he went to Boston where he was connected for two years with prominent drug houses, and during such time he pursued a course

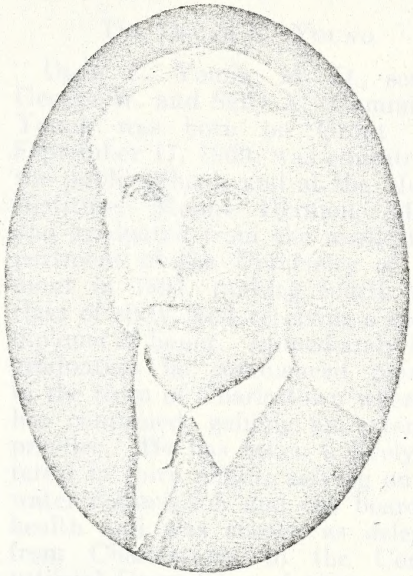


in the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, where he was graduated in 1876. Returning to Holyoke he was employed as a pharmacist by leading firms till 1882, when he engaged in the storage warehouse business, in which he has continued, and is also a stockholder in various corporations.

Mr. Hemphill has been active in Republican politics, and served three years in the Massachusetts legislature—in 1881, 1885, and 1898, holding important committee places and taking an active part in legislation. He has been chairman of the Republican city committee for many years, and a member of the state committee; was secretary of the Harrison and Morton Club and chairman of the executive committee of the McKinley and Hobart Club. He was also long chairman of the board of registration, and a member of the local board of civil service examiners. He has long been active and prominent in Y. M. C. A. work, in city and state; also in the Holyoke Board of Trade in which he is chairman of the legislation committee. He is deeply interested in forest preservation and the improvement of water transportation and is at present secretary and director of the Connecticut Valley Waterways Association. He is also secretary and director of the Holyoke Association for the Prevention and Relief of Tuberculosis. He is a Congregationalist, a member of the Home Market Club and of the Bay State Club of Holyoke.

Dr. Carl A. Allen

Carl A. Allen, M. D., who practiced medicine in Acworth from 1874 till 1890, and was for ten years superintendent of schools in that town and held a high place in popular esteem is a native of the town of Lempster a son of Stephen and descendant of James Allen, who came from England and settled in Medfield, Mass., in 1646. He was educated at Marlow, Tubbs Union (Washington) and Kimball Union Academies, the Bowdoin College Medical School and the Long Island College Hospital, graduating from the latter in 1874 and immediately commencing practice in Acworth. He removed to Holyoke, Mass., in 1890, where he has continued in practice with eminent success. He is a member of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts Medical Societies of the Connecticut Valley Medical Association, President of the Hol-

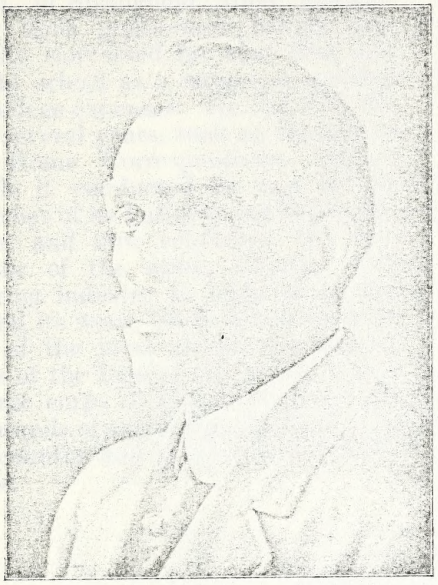


Dr. Carl A. Allen

yoke Medical Association, the Hampden County Medical Society, the Holyoke Association for the Prevention and Relief of Tuberculosis, and a member of the staff of the Holyoke City hospital. He married, first, Sophia E. Stearns of Lebanon, who died, leaving three sons and a daughter, the sons well established in life and the daughter a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College. His present wife, by whom he has two sons, was Hattie M. Murdough of Acworth.

While pursuing his studies Dr. Allen taught school a number of terms, and was for two years superintendent of schools in his native town,

for which, as well as Acworth, he cherishes a strong affection. Years ago he established a summer home "Camp Echo" on the shore of Echo



Dr. Oscar C. Young

Lake, near the place of his birth, where his yearly vacations are passed.

Dr. Fred H. Allen

Fred Harold Allen, M. D., who presided at the recent "Old Home Day" celebration in Acworth, was born in that town, April 4, 1880, and received his early education in the Acworth schools.

At ten years of age he moved to Holyoke, Mass., with his parents and took the usual studies in the Holyoke grammar and high school, graduating from the latter in 1898. He entered Amherst College the same year, taking his degree of B. A. from that college in 1902. While in college he won first prize in English literature.

After graduating from Amherst, he spent a year in Germany; and then entered Howard Medical College, from which he received his degree of M. D. in 1907. After a two years' course in Boston City Hospital and three summers spent on the Boston Floating Hospital, he settled in Holyoke, in company with his father, Dr. C. A. Allen.

In June, 1910, he married Harriett F. Ives of Lowell, Mass. They have one son, Fred Harold, Jr.

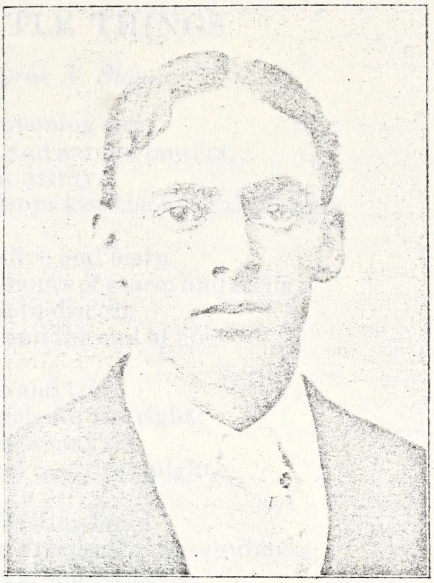
Dr. Oscar C. Young.

Oscar C. Young, M. D., son of George W. and Sally A. (Cummings) Young was born on Gront Hill, September 17, 1869; was educated in the public schools and at the Moody Institute, Mount Hermon, Mass., and graduated from the medical department of the University of Vermont in 1894, ranking fourth in a class of sixty, and receiving a special diploma of honor. Immediately after graduation he commenced practice in the town of Charlestown where he has continued, gaining an extended practice. He has taken a lively interest in town affairs, serving on the water commission and the board of health and was chosen as delegate from Charlestown to the Constitutional Convention of 1912, though a Democrat while the town is ordinarily Republican, and took a prominent part in the work of the Convention. He is a Unitarian in religion, a Patron of Husbandry and an active member of the County and State Medical societies. He married, first, Lola E. Smith of Charlestown, who died in 1908, leaving one son now 14 years of age; second, in 1911, Blanche L. Eggleston.

Frank Arthur Metcalf.

Frank Arthur Metcalf, son of Frank M. and Emma (Mitchell) Met-

calf, a native of Acworth and a graduate of Dartmouth College of the class of 1900, entered the employ of the publishing house of King, Richardson & Co., of Springfield, Mass., immediately upon graduation, having previously canvassed for that firm and taught school as a means of meeting his college expenses. He was with the firm several years, took an interest in the Home Correspondence School, which it conducted as one of the branches of its business and finally became, and now continues, the proprietor of the same, laboring with untiring industry to build it up and extend its work, till it has come to be one of the most prosperous institutions of the kind in the country, with a large corps of able instructors and thousands of enrolled students all over the country and in all quarters of the globe.



Frank Arthur Metcalf

MID SUMMER

By Mary Alice Dwyre

The grasshopper chirps in the meadow,
And the bobolink trills on the hill;
The season's too late for the cowslip
And the airy daffodil;
But the jewel-weed flaunts its colors
From, the brookside, at its will,
And here and there, a daisy
Holds its golden color still.
The fields are stripped of their hay-crops,
And sheaves of golden grain
Rise and fall with the breezes light,
And bow their heads again,
As the darkening clouds, far overhead,
Foretell the approach of rain.

AS YEARS GO ON

By Georgiana Rogers

As the years increase so does your curiosity;
As time grows less so does your generosity.
We attend to our affairs with less regularity.
Then comes—with no impossibility—immortality.

A FEW LITTLE THINGS

By Cyrus A. Stone

A little waking with the opening day,
  A little walk in groves and garden bowers,
A little idle wandering far astray,
  Where sparkling dewdrops kiss the wayside flowers.

A little heartfelt wish to live and learn,
  To find sweet peace in hours of storm and strife;
A little wealth of wisdom to discern
  The aim, the meaning and the end of life.

A little purpose to be just and true,
  In every pending struggle for the right;
To do whatever loyal hands may do,
  With calm devotion and resistless might.

Perhaps a little dream of lasting fame
  Won by brave deeds in Freedom's cause sublime;
The bright effulgence of a stainless name,
  Undimmed by the corroding years of time.

A little shadow creeping o'er the lawn,
  A little day grown sombre sad and chill,
A coming night that knows no earthly morn.
  A little flower-strown grave on yonder hill.

A little spirit, safe beyond the bars
  That mark the boundary of the world to be,
Still faring onward, lighted by the stars
  Up to the gateway of eternity.

A little bitter mourning for the lost,
  A fleeting vision of the unknown land,
A cheering hope, when time's dark surge is crossed,
  Of a glad greeting on the golden strand.

What more than this in any human creed—
  What more could thought devise or tongue foretell?
Life's little journey ends with every need
  Supplied by One who doeth all things well.

CHARITY

By Moses Gage Shirley

The cloak of Charity should fall
  On every one we know,
As softly as to earth comes down
  The newly fallen snow.

THE BACK RIVER DISTRICT, DOVER, N. H.

The Drew Garrison

By John Scales, A. M.

Hilton's Point, now known as Dover Point, was settled in the spring of 1623; Dover Neck began to be settled in the fall of 1633; Back River District in 1642. Hilton's Point is about a mile below the mouth of Back River, at Royal's Cove. Dover Neck is on the eastern side of Back River and the western side of Fore River (Newichawannick is the Indian name). The Back River District is one of the best farm land sections of the town or the State, and the dwellers therein have always been among the best citizens of the town. And their sons and daughters who emigrated from there have made good records, near and far.

The Drew garrison house is at the west end of a 20-acre lot, which, in turn, is at the west end of 20-acre lot number 14. These lots are 40 rods wide and 80 rods long. I will now explain the history of the 20-acre lots.

The oldest record of the town of Dover, now in existence, was recorded by the town clerk, William Walderne, on a piece of paper, in 1642, and that paper was copied into the earliest record book now extant, by William Pomfrett, who was chosen clerk in 1647, and served nearly a quarter of a century. There were record books before this one, which is marked on the cover "No. 7," but they have all been lost. Perhaps someone destroyed them to prevent their being used in the land lawsuits which the Mason heirs brought against the large land owners in Dover. Town Clerk Pomfrett was a party interested in having the contents of that piece of paper preserved, hence he recorded it in the first book he kept. It reads and spells as follows:



The Drew Garrison, Dover, N. H.

The west sied of ye Back Reuer or ouer ye Back Riuer

A Record of ye 20 Ackes loets as theay

waer in order given and layed out to ye inhabetance hoes names are here under menshened with the nomber of the loet to each pertickler man. As it was fowned Recorded by William Walden in a Pec of paper in ye yeir (16)42, wich lots ar in Breadth at ye water sied 40 poell and in lenketh 80 poll up into ye woods.

Names

Thomas Roberts, 1	Richard Roggers, 2
Henry Tebbets, 3	Mr. Larkham, 4
Edward Colcord, 5	George Webe, 6
John Tuttle, 7	William Story, 8
Barthey Smeg, 9	John Ugrove, 10

John Dam, 11

William Pomfrett, 12. This 12th lott is exchanged with Dea. Dam for ye 17th lott.

Wm. Hilton, Sr., 13 Edward Starback, 14

Samewell Haynes, 15. This 15th lott was Resined to John Hill, and by him sold unto Wm. ffollett as was acknowledged.

Robert Huggins, 16

John Crosse, 17. This 17th Lott is Exchanged by John Dam with Lt Pomfret for ye 12th Lott.

Thomas Layton, 18	John Hall, 19
Hatabell Nutter, 20	Henry Beck, 21
John Westell, 22	No name, 23

Richard Pinkham, 24

Bear in mind these on the river bank were 40 rods in width and 80 rods in depth; as there were 24 lots, the distance from Royal's Cove, at the mouth of Back River was three miles to lot No. 24, close to the head of tide water where Back River begins and Bellamy River ends, or empties into it.

Soon after the grants were awarded the owners began trading and exchanging. Deacon John Dam (who was not deacon until 30 years later), who drew No. 11, soon received No. 12 from his father-in-law, William Pomfret, the town clerk. And in 1656 Deacon Dam bought lot No. 13, so he then owned Nos. 11, 12 and 13 and he settled his son, William Dam, on the land, when he became of suitable age; his other son, John, was located on the east shore of Little Bay, which to this day bears the name, Dame's Point.

William Dam was born 14 October, 1653; his wife was Martha Nute, also born in 1653. She was daughter of James, who owned the lots next south of Deacon John Dam's. They were married about 1679. He probably had been living on his father's land there three or four years before marriage and had built a garrison house, as the Indians were getting to be troublesome. Anyhow he had a garrison, as the Provincial records show. It stood where the Daniel Twombly house now stands, now owned by James Wiggin, half way between the Nute and the Rounds places. It was built before this Drew garrison and was contemporary with it. It was in that garrison that William Dam's six children were born, the eldest, Pomfret, 4 March, 1681, and the youngest, Lear, 17 March, 1695. The fourth child was Samuel, born 21 March, 1689. When a young man he settled in the District of Maine, and his descendants to this day preserve the ancient spelling of the name—Dam. The Nute and Dam families have a common burying ground on the bank of Back River, where I have seen three headstones with inscriptions, and others without name. These are the graves of James Nute, founder of the Nute family in America, Martha Dam and her husband, William Dam.

It was before 1648 that James Nute bought lots No. 9 and 10 from the grantees, John Ugrove and Barthey Smeg. And much, if not all, of that land is now owned by the Nute family, his descendants, having remained in the name 265 years; the present owner is Thomas Herbert Nute.

In Volume 17 of the Provincial Papers are the following references to the Dam garrison. From 7 January to 6 February, 1695, it says John Cross served as one of the guards, at Will. Dam's garrison; from 12 May to 8 June, 1695, John Bickford was watchman; from 4 November to 5 December, 1695, John Tucker and John Miller were guardsmen; from 5 December, 1695 to 7 January, 1696, Ephraim Jackson was the special soldier on duty. That period was very perilous, and no man or crew of men dared to go to the fields or the woods to work without carrying their

loaded guns for use in defending their lives, in case the Indians should make a sudden attack on them from an ambush in the woods.

So much for the Dam garrison. I will now take up the consideration of the Drew garrison and show to you that, beyond reasonable doubt, it was built by John Drew, Sr., in 1698, and stands on the west end of a 20-acre lot, which is west of 20-acre lot No. 14, which is north of the Dam lot No. 13, which I have been talking about. I will first give you the evidence by quoting the deeds of land purchases made by John Drew, Sr., between 1680 and 1702.

THE DREW GARRISON, DEEDS

1680, June 25. "William ffollett and Elizabeth his wife, for and in consideration of a valuable sum of money to us well and truly paid by the hand of our beloved son, John Drew & for other causes us thereunto moving, have given, granted and sold," etc., "a certain tract or Parcell of Land containing Twentie Akers Scituate on ye West Side of ye back Riuer, being ye fifteenth Lott in ye Number of ye Lotts as it doth appear by Douer Records," etc.—Recorded February 2, 1719.

1696, May 11. "I William Brackston of ye Towne of Douer in ye Prouince of New Hampshire, Planter sendeth Greeting" . . . "for Twentie two Pounds of currant and lawful money," etc. . . . "delivered by ye hand of John Drew of ye Town and Prouince aforesaid, Cooper," etc. . . "give, grant, sell," etc. . . . "a certain tract or Parcell of land containing twentie Acres wth ye Appurtenances belonging to it, Scituate lying and being on ye West Side of ye Back Riuer in ye Town of Douer, and is ye fourteenth Lott in ye Number of ye Twentie Acre Lotts, and is thirty eight rods wide by ye water side and four score and four rods West North West into ye woods, bounded on ye south side by Joseph Tibbetts, on ye East by ye River, on ye North on ye high way, on ye West on ye Commons," etc.

his
"WILLIAM X BRACKSTON
mark

her
"ABIGAIL X BRACKSTON"
mark

Recorded December 28, 1699.

1697, August 16. "Zachariah Pitman" sold to "John Drew" twenty acres granted to him by the town of Dover in 1694 "lying and being in ye Dry Pines between Jno. Knight's and Zachariah ffield's land." This was in the neighborhood of Field's garrison.—Recorded December 29, 1699.

1698, May 6. Thomas Austin sold to John Drew, both of Dover, "a certain Tract or Parcell of Land containing Twentie Acres, lying & being on ye West Side of ye Back Riuer, as it was laid out *above* ye Lott of land granted to Elder Starbuck, which Twentie Acre Lott is ye fourteenth in Number of Lotts all of wch Twentie Acres of land as it was laid out and bounded by ye lot layers of ye Town of Douer as will appear on Douer Records," etc.—Recorded December 31, 1699.

1699, March 16. Abraham Newt sold to John Drew "for and in consideration of a house to me in hand delivered by ye hand of Jno Drew of ye Town and Province aforesaid Scituate on ye West side on Douer Neck," etc., "a certain tract or parcell of Marsh and flatts scituate on ye East side of ye Back River, adjacent to Partridge Point and so down by ye Back River side three score and two Rods, or poles, to Sandie hill, all which Marsh and flatts," etc., he sells to Drew for the house on Dover Neck.—Recorded December 29, 1699.

1698, June 6. "I Robert Huckins, ye Eldest son and Heir of James Huckins, ye only son and successor of Robert Huckins, sometime of Douer

in ye Province of New Hampshire deceased," etc., sold to John Drew for fourteen pounds, "a certain Tract or parcell of land containing twentie acres, granted to my grandfather Robert Huckins by ye Towne of Douer in ye year 1642, Scituate on ye West side of Back Riuer, being ye Sixteenth Lott in ye Nomber of Lotts, bounded on ye East by ye River; on ye South by Jno Drew his land; on ye North by Thomas Whitehouse his land; on ye West by ye Commons; all wch twentie Acres of land are as it was laid out and bounded by ye lot-layers of ye Town of Dover," etc.—Recorded January 1, 1699–1700.

1700, July 6. John Drew and wife, "Sara," sold to Jospeh Tibbetts of Dover, "a Sertain tract or parcell of land Scituate on ye West side of ye Back River, being part of twentie Aker Lott bought of Thomas Austin," and located "at ye south west of Drew's land and the Commons."

1700, Dec. 7. John Drew, Sr., bought of Joshua Wingate of Hampton, son of John Wingate of Dover, deceased, "a Sertain tract or Parcell of Land Scituate on ye West side of ye Back Riuer Containeinge Twentie Akers, wch said Land my father, John Wingett, Deceased, formerly bought of Ralfe Haull, and is lyinge and beinge betwene a Twentie Aker Lott laide oute to my father and ye Hed of ye said twentie Acre Lottes borderinge on ye northe west on ye aforesaid Lotts laid out to my father, Jno. Wingett, and on ye South weste by ye Commons, and on ye South Este on ye Commons, and on ye North Este on a Lott of Land now in ye Tenure and occupation of ye aforesaid Jno. Drew; all which twentie acres of land were laide oute and bounded by ye Lott layers of ye Towne of Douer," etc.

1701–2, Febr. 5. John Drew, Sr., bought of Pomfrett Whitehouse, grandson of William Pomfrett, lot No. 17.

1702, June 16. John Drew, Sr., bought of "Israell Hogsdon" and Ann, his wife, twenty acres of land granted him in 1658 by the town of Dover "scituate and beinge on ye Weste side of ye Back Riuer, bordering on ye north by a twentie acre Lott laide oute att ye same time to John Roberts, and betwene itt and Ralfe Hall his twentie acre Lott, above ye hed of ye old twentie acre Lotts on ye Weste side of ye Back River," etc.

1705, May 26. John Drew, Sr., bought of Richard Paine and Sarah, his wife, of Boston, twenty acres of land with marsh and flatts.

1705–6, March 1. John Drew, Sr., "Cooper," bought of Israel Hogsdon, "Carpender," a "piece of salt marsh and thatch ground," lying and being on the west side of Back River adjacent to Drew's land.

1st. William Follett and his wife Elizabeth gave to their "beloved son, John Drew," lot No. 15, on Back River, 25 June, 1680.

2d. May 11, 1696, Mr. Drew bought of William Brackston of Dover, lot No. 14.

3d. May 6, 1698, Mr. Drew bought of Thomas Austin of Dover, 20 acres west of lot No. 14, and that is the land on which the garrison stands.

4th. June 16, 1698, Mr. Drew bought of Robert Huckins of Oyster River, lot No. 16.

5th. February 5, 1702, Mr. Drew bought of Pomfrett Whitehouse, lot No. 17.

6th. June 16, 1702, Mr. Drew bought of Israel Hogsdon, "Cooper," of Dover, lot No. 18.

Thus you see he had five lots on the river front, west side of Back River, covering a space of 200 rods.

The deed from William Brackston says lot No. 14, as he sold it to Mr. Drew, was 38 rods wide, at the river bank, and ran back 84 rods into the woods, to make the 20 acres; the reason for this is that a road two rods wide was on the north side, about where the road now is to Mr. Peaslee's house, which stands above on lot No. 15. This roadway ran in the low ground by the fence between the

Rounds and the Peaslee farms. The Peaslee family has lived there since 1760. The present owner is Joseph E. Peaslee, who was born in the garrison house, where the parents resided while the present Peaslee house was being built in 1842.

7th. On March 16, 1699, Mr. Drew sold his house on Dover Neck, where he resided, and which he inherited from his father, William Drew, to Abraham Nute, in exchange for marsh land on the west side of Back River. The marsh land along the west shore of Back River was always reckoned separate from the high land. Mr. Peaslee now owns several pieces of marsh where the adjoining high ground is owned by other persons.

Now we gather from all this that Mr. Drew would not have sold his house on Dover Neck until he had another to move into. About a year before this sale he bought the 20 acres on which the garrison stands. He built the garrison here sometime; hence there can be no reasonable doubt he built it between May 6, 1698, and March 16, 1699. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

The line of descent of the owners of the garrison is as follows: John Drew, Sr., Francis Drew; Joseph Drew; Joseph Drew, Jr.; William Plaisted Drew; Edwin Plaisted Drew; Holmes B. Rounds, whose mother was Elsie Pickering Drew, a lineal descendant of John Drew, Sr. The mansion house here was built in 1810 by William Plaisted Drew, a great-great-grandson of John Drew, Sr., who built the garrison.

It is well to keep in mind that the Indians did not trouble Dover people before 1675, more than 30 years after the grants of land were made. So there were no garrisons before that date. Another point to bear in mind is that there was no call for building garrisons after 1725, when the Indian wars ceased here, having continued fifty years. The last Dover man who lost his scalp was John Evans, the Poet Whittier's great-grandfather. The Indians performed that surgical operation in the vicinity of the Knox Marsh road beyond the road to Bellamy mill. Mr. Drew had good reason for building a garrisoned house when he did. The Oyster River massacre had occurred only four years before, when his father and one brother were killed, and other members of the family were carried captives to Canada.

In the records of about 1700 a highway is mentioned between Dam's land and that of James Nute, just south, which led to a landing place at the head of James Nute's creek, about a mile from the Drew garrison. This creek is above Hope-Hood's Point. The name of this point is derived from a noted Indian chief, said to have belonged to the Abenaki tribe. Doctor Quint says he was the Sagamore, Wahowah, or Wohawa, chief of all the lands from Exeter to Salmon Falls. The historian, Hubbard, in his Narrative, calls him "Hope Hood," and says he was son of Robin Hood. The two are mentioned together in signing a deed of land at "Squammagonak" to Peter Coffin, January 3, 1688. It was Hope Hood who led the attack on Newichawannick settlement in 1690, as well as that on Fox Point shore soon after. So noted did he become for his ferocity to the English settlers that Mather in his "Magnolia" calls him "that memorable tygre," and "that hellish fellow," etc. The tradition is that he was killed in 1690 and buried on this point of land which bears, and will ever bear, his name. No headstone marks the exact spot where he was buried, but it is affirmed that the groans of the old Indian warrior are still to be heard there from time to time among the moaning branches of the trees, when great storms prevail. It is supposed he died of his wounds received in the fight at Fox Point, and his friends brought him across the river to this Point and buried him.

Hope Hood was one of the occasional neighbors of William Dam and

James Nute. No wonder they had a garrison and soldiers to defend them, although the doughty old Indian chief seems never to have troubled them. Probably he was in his peaceful moods when he lived on Hope Hood Point, and they treated him kindly.

Cotton Mather in his "Magnolia" gives an account of Hope Hood's treatment of James Key, son of John Key of Quochecho, a child of about five years of age who was captured by the Indians at Salmon Falls; and that "hellish fellow, Hope Hood, once the servant of a Christian master in Boston, was made master of him, and treated him in a very cruel manner."

In another passage Mather says, in regard to the Indian attack on Wells, that Hope Hood and his party, "having first had a skirmish with Captain Sherborn, they appeared the next Lord's Day at Newichawannick, or Berwick, where they burned some houses and slew a man. Three days after they came upon a small hamlet on the South side of the Pascataqua River, called Fox Point, and besides the burning of several houses, they took half a dozen prisoners, and killed more than a dozen of the too securely ungarrisoned people; which was as easy to do as to have spoiled an ordinary hen-roost. But Captain Floyd and Captain Greenleaf coming (from Salisbury) upon these Indians made some slaughter among them, recovered some captives, with much plunder, and bestowed a good wound upon Hope Hood who lost his gun (which was next to his life) in this action." The unfortunate thing about these Indian wars is that the Indians left no record of their side of the history.

It may be noticed, from the list of lot owners, that John Tuttle had "No. 7." Mr. Tuttle was the first of the name to settle in Dover, and his residence was on Dover Neck, on the east side of High Street and about a quarter of a mile below the meeting house, where now is River View Hall. He did not come over to Back River to reside, but one son did, and that lot No. 7 has remained in possession of the Tuttle family and the Tuttle name until a few years ago.

What a beautiful locality Back River is, and always has been. Directly across the river from the Drew garrison is Huckleberry Hill, the ancient training ground of Capt. John Tuttle's valiant soliders. Further down the ridge, at the extreme right is the site of the old meeting house. All along the river bank, at suitable spots, are the burial lots of the Back River families; there lies the dust of brave men and devout women. There are no ancient burying grounds back so far from the river as this old garrison. Those men and women had eyes that appreciated the beautiful in life and the "Sleeping Place" in death.

Another noticeable thing about this Back River locality is the location of the dwellings a half mile back from the river; each land owner built his house and his barn as near to the river bank as the nature of the ground would permit to secure good drainage and good spring water. The houses were nearer to the river than the barns and outbuildings. This arrangement was because of the fact that the chief travel was done by boats on the river. There were roads to the river where each family had its boats. The great business center, then, was on the Neck, just across the river. When the farmers wanted to trade they went there in their boats, or to Portsmouth. This custom of travelling by boats was in use as late as sixty years ago. The old houses all fronted square to the south, as the garrison does. The reason for this is apparent when we consider the fact that clocks were scarce, and, when they had them, were not very accurate time-keepers. The sun always keeps correct time; when it cast a shadow square with

the east and west ends of the house the housewife knew that was high noon, and would toot her dinner horn accordingly to call the workmen from afar in the fields. A noon mark on the window sill was kept to show the time also. You can find the noon mark now, if you search carefully in the front windows of very old houses. Now no housewife thinks of blowing the dinner horn, or the conch shell, which antedated the horn, because every day laborer carries a Waterbury or a Waltham watch in his vest pocket, and has it regulated by an electric stroke from the Observatory in Washington or Cambridge at noon every day. Why, the day laborers now have for every-day fare what would have been luxuries for the aristocrats of Dover Neck and Back River 200 years ago.

Persons driving along the Garrison road no doubt wonder at the fashion that prevails of having the barns nearer the road then the houses which seem to be behind them; that is the barns appear to be in front of the house. The reason of that is that the barns were built long before the roads, and were *behind* the houses, because the great thoroughfare was the river, and moreover they did not want the beautiful view to the river, and Dover Neck beyond, obstructed by old barns and out buildings. They had an eye for the beautiful, as well as the useful.

Speaking of garrisons it may be well to mention one more in this section, which stood on the height of land, a short distance west of the Back River school house. It was built by Zachius Field, who was taxed at Oyster River in 1664 and owned land at Back River as early as 1670. It was probably built soon after the Indians squared their accounts with Major Walderne at Cochecho, June 28, 1689. In connection with that garrison Rev. John Pike, for many years pastor of the First Church, relates that July 8, 1707, John Bunker and Ichabod Rawlins were going with a cart from Lieut. Zach Field's garrison to James Bunker's, at Oyster River, for a loom, when they were slain by the Indians. This incident shows what lively times they had about here in those days.

Some cranks are accustomed to bemoan the Yankees; that the race is dying out; that foreigners are overrunning the land; and so on, page after page of twaddle. Why, look at this very locality, Back River, Tuttle, Nute, Drew, Peaslee, Emerson, Tibbetts, Leighton, Rounds, and others; their ancestors were among the first settlers here and in New England. Mr. Rounds' mother was a Drew, a lineal descendant of John Drew, Sr., who built the garrison here. The Tuttles and the Nutes are still here. The Peaslees, who came here more than a century and a half ago, have their descendants here with us today, also the Emersons. The Dover Yankees are not dying out; they could not all stay here in Dover they went where work called them, and opportunities for manifestation of their abilities for usefulness were found.

MY DREAM HILL

By Josephine F. Wilson

Far away in the heart of my mountains,
Where Nature alone is queen,
I would build a cabin of pine logs,
And live on the Hill of my Dreams.

Far away in the valley of sunset,
Where the mountains are shadowed with gold,
I would live on the slopes of my mountain
Till the valley itself grows old.



Prospect Farm, Lancaster, N. H.

AT TWILIGHT IN THE NORTHLAND

By Lena E. Bliss

It is early twilight in the old New England town, and we are idly dreaming on our little porch, when we glance up to see an auto at our very door. "Would you like to ride out to the Farm?" calls a cheery voice.

"Would we, indeed?" in a chorus of answers.

"Oh, how lovely!" and in the twinkling of an eye the car is crowded to its utmost capacity and we are off.

Boast ye who may of your Italian skies, your Alpine lakes, your foreign crags! I still must sing the praises of our own America, the Great White Hills, the charming vales, the fir-clad plains of the dear North Country! I yet must ask in eager joy, Have you seen Lancaster?

Your thousand-dollar sunset paintings tempt me not, when I can gaze with awe upon the nearer miracle of the flaming orb itself as it gradually descends below the mountains, leaving the tender afterglow to shed its soft radiance over the valley. Your Alpine lakes can mirror no fairer beauty than that of Martin Meadow. Your mighty peaks lure me in vain when Lafayette and Washington beckon me on!

As we round the curve and approach the vine-clad cottage at Prospect Farm, your Italian villas fade away into insignificance! And we may be pardoned our shouts of ecstasy at the vision which lies before us.

A subtle, delicate perfume pervades our senses, and we look in vain for the cause until we suddenly stumble upon a border of cinnamon pinks in full bloom. Then we lift our eyes and behold! the entire enclosure is bordered with the same; the garden winds in and out among more borders of this frail flower; we inhale its fragrance everywhere!

Now let us inspect the gardens more closely. We have come for roses. Look! Mass upon mass of red, old-fashioned roses—acres and acres of roses! What gorgeous coloring, what magnificent petals, what ravishing abundance! The blush rose peeps out from the hedges; the tea rose dwells apart in haughty purity, the bridal rose shyly nods her greeting. The day lily, larkspur, and canterbury

bell frolic with the wind and mockingly lure us farther on; the lily of the valley nestles among the leaves of its cosy home.

We emerge from the garden and traverse the velvety lawn to the cottage, brushing with our cheek, as we pass, the silvery spruce and pointed fir. We pause to note the butternut tree beyond, the shading maple, and the royal oak.

Now we are at the cottage with its broad piazzas. We wander through the spacious dining hall and linger beside the open fireplace, then on through the living room and library. Comfort and elegance surround us everywhere.

It was from this porch that F. Hopkinson Smith painted his famous pictures. It is from this point that we obtain our finest view of the mountains. Close your eyes and picture, if you can, forty miles of hills and mountains—from Carter on the North to Moosilauke on the South—the Presidential Range, with its soft and beautiful outlines; Pliny on the left, and Cherry, poor wounded Cherry, baring to our gaze her livid scar left by the path of the slide. Nearer to Jefferson we point out Bois, with the Ammonoosuc winding through. Such is the scenery immortalized by Starr King.

But yonder twinkling star, a glistening gem on the brow of Lafayette, warns us that it is time to go. We cast a lingering look back at the lights of Jefferson which seem so like "the little flitting white-fire insect" and bid farewell to our kind friends who have made the stay so pleasant. The moon is high when we enter our home village and our dreams this night are in very truth rose-colored fancies.

THE COTTAGE

By LeRoy Smart

Upon a sunny, southern slope
My mother's cottage stands;
A tangled mass of loveliness,
The toil of loving hands.

On every hand the vista blends
In rapturous content;
And we ask where, as days pass there,
May life be better spent.

Each summer day the soft winds blow
From o'er the mountain-side;
And pine trees sough with weeping bough,
At quiet eventide.

Here are the paths of yesterday,
Once trod by willing feet;
Here are the bounds and silent mounds
Of friends we used to greet.

In mem'ry's halls are pictures dear,
Of maid and matron, too;
Each sylvan spot reveals a thought
To pass in fond review.

Anon, there come at twilight-fall,
Fantastic forms of yore;
And ghosts of youth peer in, forsooth,
The old, vine-trellised door.

No sweeter dreams I e'er can have
Than those of cottage time;
And other place will never grace
A land of fairer clime.

MONADNOCK—AFAR

By Charles Nevers Holmes

It rises grandly, far away—
That mountain all alone;
A sentinel by night or day,
A king upon its throne.

No human sculptor wrought that form,
No human genius planned,
But Time's slow change, and frost and storm,
Was Nature's magic wand.

In rock-bound garb of gray and green,
Remote from ocean's shore,
It stands the same as it was seen
In ancient years of yore.

Amid a rich and rugged plain,
A land of husbandry,
It looms aloof in sun or rain
With peaceful majesty.

Above its crest the white clouds sleep,
Soft, basking in the sun;
Across its breast dark shadows creep
In silence, one by one.

Or, cloudlessly, beneath Sol's blaze,
Embossed against the sky,
Monadnock lies in azure haze,
Resplendent to the eye.

A miniature in stone, afar,
A king from base to crest
When Sol bedims the morning-star
Or paints the gorgeous West.

A monument which long shall last!
Grand mountain, far or near;
A patriarch that links the past
With life that's present here.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. CHARLES H. TURNER

Hon. Charles Henry Turner, born in Wentworth, May 26, 1860, died in that town August 31, 1913.

Mr. Turner attended the Wentworth schools, till seventeen years old, when his mother died and he went to New York City, where he was for a time employed by the Elevated R. R. Co., and then engaged with an ice company, for several years alternating between hard work and hard study at the Columbia University. In 1889 he was nominated by the Democrats for the State Senate in a strong Republican district, and though not elected, made so good a campaign that he was given the nomination of that party for Congress to fill a vacancy, in the 6th district, and was elected at a special election, to the 51st Congress. He declined to be a candidate for reëlection, and was made doorkeeper of the 52d Congress. At the close of the term he entered upon the practice of law in Washington, continuing till 1893, when he was made Assistant U. S. District Attorney, which office he held till 1911, when he resigned and returned to private practice, which he followed with success, till his health failed, in June last, and he returned to his early home for the recuperation which never came.

While in Congress Mr. Turner was united in marriage with Miss Winnie Lewis of Laconia, who survives him.

THOMAS L. WADLEIGH

Thomas L. Wadleigh, fifty-four years of age, died August 20, 1913, in Meredith, the town where he was born and passed his life. Mr. Wadleigh was the son of Nathan B. and Sarah (Lang) Wadleigh and was born October 21, 1858. He had been identified with the lumber business for more than thirty years and was general manager of the Meredith Shook and Lumber Co. for many years. He was a life long Democrat and served as post master and as representative to the legislature in 1893 and was a member of the Democratic State Committee at the time of his death. He was one of the first board of water commissioners when the Meredith water system was installed and was keenly interested in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the town.

Mr. Wadleigh was not connected with any social orders, his home taking their place in his affections. He had no children, but had given a home and love to two motherless boys. The last years of his life were clouded by failing health and deafness, which shut him out from many social pleasures, but his indomitable courage and sunny disposition never failed. He is survived by a wife, mother and sister.

DR. ROBERT O. TREADWELL

Robert Odiorne Treadwell, M. D., born in Portsmouth, October 31, 1822, died in that city, August 23, 1913.

Dr. Treadwell was the son of Daniel H. and Ann (Langdon) Treadwell. He graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1841, being a classmate of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and was the last survivor of his class. He took a special course in medicine in the Philadelphia Medical School graduating in 1845, and immediately went to Paris where he continued his professional study, and where he was present at the first etherization of a patient in Europe. Returning home, he practiced medicine about ten years in Portsmouth, after which he again went abroad, and practiced for some time in Italy, where he was for some time a professor in a medical college. He was an accomplished linguist, and was for a while an instructor in languages at the University of Barcelona. Again returning to this country he held a professorship at Harvard. He retired to private life some years since, on account of ill-health, devoting his time mainly to the study of literature. He resided in the house built by Jeremiah Mason in 1808, which his father had bought after the death of the latter.

Some fifty years ago Dr. Treadwell married Miss Mariana Weston, from whom he separated later, on account of incompatibility. She survives him with one child, her home being at Arlington Heights, Mass.

GEORGE HENRY MANN

George Henry Mann, of Woodsville, for thirty years a popular railroad employee on the White Mountain division of the Boston and Maine, died August 1, 1913, at the State Hospital in Concord, where he had recently been taken for treatment.

Mr. Mann was born in Benton, February 19, 1848. When he was twenty-one years of age he moved to Woodsville and entered the service of the railroad company as freight brakeman. Seven years later he was married to Miss Elnora Gove of Wentworth, who survives him. He worked for the railroad company about thirty years and was last engaged as passenger conductor. For the last few years he conducted a store in Woodsville. Late last autumn he received injuries from a fall down an elevator shaft from which he never fully recovered, and which was the cause of his going to the State Hospital.

He was a staunch Democrat and represented his town in the Legislature for one term. He leaves four brothers, Ezra B. and Melvin of Woodsville, Hosea of Littleton, and Moses Mann of Boston; two sisters, Mrs. W. S. Nutter of Woodsville and Susan M. Mann of Laconia; three sons, Scott, Fred and Harley Mann, and two daughters, Ada and Ida, all of Woodsville.

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

A large portion of this double number of the GRANITE MONTHLY is occupied by an illustrated article on Matters and Men of the town of Acworth. Extended as it is, however, it is far from complete, comparatively a small part of the town and of its history being covered. Some matter forwarded by Dr. Charles A. Brackett, who lived in the "Derry Hill" district in his youth, is so good in its entirety that, instead of being condensed and included in this article, it is reserved for a separate article in another issue. Perhaps some resident of still another district may be moved to write of men and affairs therein. Much, indeed, might be said of the strong men and worthy women of that good old town. It is proper to add, here, that we are under obligations to Dr. Charles E. Woodbury, and George R. Cummings for material assistance in the preparation and illustration of the Acworth article.

The regular fall meeting of the New Hampshire Board of Trade is to be held in the City of Keene on Tuesday, September 23, afternoon and evening, on invitation of the Keene Commercial Club. The business session will be held at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the City Council room, when any business in order will be transacted, and the following question discussed: "How Can the Work of the State Board of Trade be made more Effective in Promoting the General Welfare?" Following this session the visiting delegates will be taken on an auto ride about the city, by courtesy of the Keene Commercial Club. At 7.45 P. M., a reception will be held complimentary to the State Board at the Opera House, followed by a public meeting, to which citizens generally are invited, at which the greetings of the City and the Commercial Club will be extended by His Honor Charles G. Shedd, Mayor of Keene, with response by O. H. Chase of Newport, president of the State Board, and an address on "The Educational Outlook," will be given by Hon. Henry C. Morrison, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

On Wednesday, August 28, a notable gathering of New Hampshire people, and not a few from beyond the borders of the state, was held at the birthplace of Daniel Webster, in that part of the present city of Franklin, once embraced within the limits of the town of Salisbury, the occasion being the formal dedication of the restored birthplace, under the auspices of the Daniel Webster Birthplace Association, through whose agency the Webster house, or that part of it in which the great "Expounder" was born, has been restored to its original condition on the exact site upon which it then stood. Not less than 1,500 people were present at the exercises, which were conducted in a large tent and at which Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons of Franklin, first vice-president of the Association, presided in the absence of the President—Hon. William E. Chandler, who was unfortunately detained by illness, and whose address was read by George H. Moses of Concord. The oration, which was a comprehensive and masterly production, was given by Hon. Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts. Other addresses were given by Governor Felker, ex-Governor Bachelder, ex-Governor Pingree of Vermont, Hon. David Cross and others, and one prepared by Senator Gallinger, who was unable to be present, was read by James O. Lyford. A poem written for the occasion by Edna Dean Proctor, was read by H. H. Metcalf. Membership in the Association costs ten dollars, all subsequent contributions being voluntary. All citizens disposed to aid a worthy and patriotic cause, who have not already done so, are invited to become members, which they may do by remitting the amount specified, with their names, to the treasurer of the Association, Dr. J. W. Staples of Franklin.

The Universalist State Convention is to be held in the town of Marlborough on Wednesday and Thursday, September 24 and 25, preceded by the Sunday School Convention in the same place on the day previous, with the Young Peoples' Christian Union Convention in the evening. Hon. H. W. Parker of Claremont is the president of the State Convention, and the occasional sermon will be given at 4 o'clock P. M. on Wednesday, by Rev. C. F. McIntire of Woodsville.

The Board of Control, provided for by the legislature at the last session, having charge of the various charitable and reformatory institutions of the State, has been finally completed by the Governor and Council. It consists, in addition to the Governor and the Secretary of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, of Dr. George W. McGregor of Littleton, Benjamin W. Couch of Concord and the purchasing agent, who is George W. Fowler of Pembroke. By the latter all supplies for the various state institutions and Governmental departments, must be purchased.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

IRREG. PAGINATION

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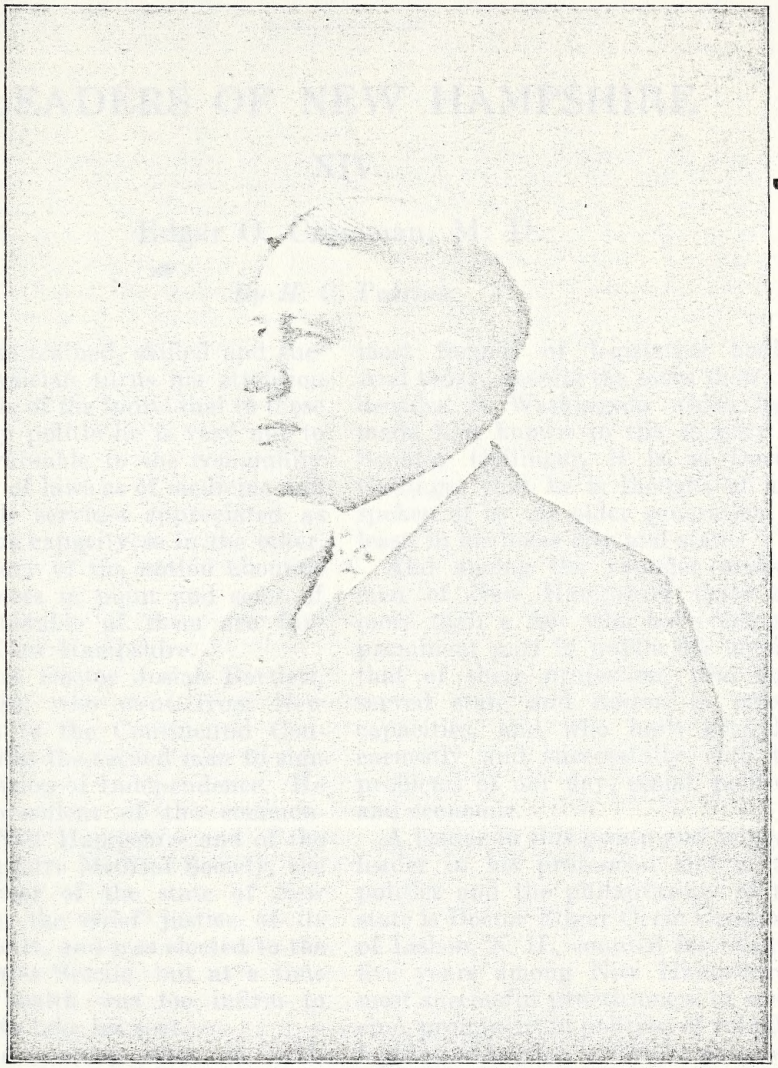
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EDGAR O. CROSSMAN, M. D.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

XIV

Edgar O. Crossman, M. D.

By H. C. Pearson

When the trained, skilled and successful physician turns his attention from the ills of the individual to those of the body politic he is very apt to prove as valuable to the community as a doctor of laws as of medicine and to have his services appreciated as much in one capacity as in the other.

The history of the nation abounds with instances in point and some of the most notable of them are furnished by New Hampshire.

There was Doctor Josiah Bartlett, for instance, who went from New Hampshire to the Continental Congress and was the second man to sign the Declaration of Independence. He was the president of the commonwealth of New Hampshire and of the New Hampshire Medical Society, the first governor of the state of New Hampshire, the chief justice of its supreme court, and was elected to the United States Senate, but at a time when his health was too infirm to allow him to take his seat.

Almost a century later, in 1891, another practitioner of medicine in New Hampshire was elected to the United States Senate and Doctor Jacob H. Gallinger not only took his seat, but has held it ever since, including today among his many other distinctions that of being the oldest member in point of service of this most famous of legislative bodies. And today, despite the more than two decades at Washington which have made him known to the country as Senator Gallinger, it is as Doctor Gallinger that he is thought of and spoken of by the older generation, at least, in his home city and state.

And among the younger medical men of New Hampshire there are more than a few who have taken a prominent part in public life outside that of their profession, who have served state and nation in official capacities, and who have grappled earnestly and successfully with the problems of our day, social, political and economic.

A leader in this group and triply a leader in his profession and in the politics and the philanthropy of the state is Doctor Edgar Orrin Crossman of Lisbon, N. H., counted for twenty-five years among New Hampshire's most successful practitioners of medicine, prominent in politics, of valuable legislative service, a former president of the state conference of charities and corrections, and for almost ten years United States collector of internal revenue for the district of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.

For many of her best citizens, past and present, New Hampshire is indebted to the Green Mountain State,

and it was at Ludlow, Vt., that Doctor Crossman was born December 15, 1864, the son of Ezra and Martha (Spear) Crossman. His youth was that of the typical New England country boy, born to labor and not to luxury, to endurance and not to ease, but filled with an ambition for education and advancement that overcame obstacles and discouragements and made of the willing boy a worth-while man.

Doctor Crossman gained his general education in the public schools of Plymouth, Vt., at Plymouth Union Academy and at the New Hampshire State College; and pursued his professional studies at the medical school of the University of Vermont, from which he graduated with the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1887. A student, however, he never has ceased to be,—of books and of humanity, in the schools, the hospitals and the broad field of a country practice, and, particularly, in post-graduate courses of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and the Harvard University Medical School.

Upon the completion of his studies at Burlington Doctor Crossman was appointed assistant surgeon of the Chateaugay Iron & Ore Company in the Adirondack region of northern New York and there remained a year. He then came to New Hampshire and located at Bath for a year before removing to the handsome and prosperous village of Lisbon which ever since has been his home.

During his residence there, however, Doctor Crossman was absent from New Hampshire for an extended period through his acceptance of responsible positions offered him by reason of his professional attainments. Thus for three years he was on the staff of the famous sanitarium at Clifton Springs, N. Y., and later for four years was in charge of the similar institution at Markelton, Pa.

The experience thus gained outside of the regular routine of his home practice has since proved of great value to Doctor Crossman in his public, as well as his professional, life.

He is a member of the Grafton County Medical Association, the New Hampshire State Medical Association and the American Medical Association. He has served on the board of health of the town of Lisbon; was for a time medical referee of Grafton County, and was a member of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire State Hospital for the Insane from October 22, 1903, until that board was replaced by the state board of control through an act of the Legislature of 1913. In this last capacity Doctor Crossman's services to the state were particularly valuable, not only from the technical knowledge which he possessed, but because of the lively and sympathetic interest which he took in the remedial and custodial care of the insane, a subject upon which he has come to be considered an authority.

In this connection due credit should be given Doctor Crossman for his large share in bringing about two of the most important reforms which ever have been effected in New Hampshire's state care of her unfortunates. One was the passage of a law which he secured while a member of the House of Representatives of 1903 and chairman of the committee on state hospital, whereby all the insane were to be removed from the county institutions that previously had sheltered many of them to the state hospital at Concord, thus assuring them better care under more comfortable conditions and a scientific study and treatment of each case.

This transfer entailed large expense and was a great change in a long-established local policy. Of course it met with opposition, and it was in overcoming this opposition, largely by his own personal influence and persuasive and convincing oratory, that Doctor Crossman really won his spurs as a leader in the public life of the state.

So great was the task involved that

the reform then inaugurated has but recently been completed. It was not long, however, after it was started before its benefits were apparent and now Doctor Crossman's diagnosis of the situation is universally accepted as correct.

The other reform to which reference has been made was the establishment of a state board of control to take charge of the state hospital, the state sanitarium, the state industrial school and the state school for feeble-minded, this new board replacing the several separate boards of trustees of the institutions named. That New Hampshire should thus unify its state philanthropies was proposed by Doctor Crossman several years ago and the form in which the law finally was enacted by the Legislature of 1913 was largely that of his original suggestion.

It is only to be regretted that the governor did not see fit to name Doctor Crossman, as very many people hoped and expected he would do, for a place upon the new board, in one sense his own creation, and thus avoid the loss to the state of the valuable services which Doctor Crossman had rendered for ten years as a trustee of the state hospital.

Doctor Crossman was one of the prime movers in the establishment of the New Hampshire State Conference of Charities and Correction; was an active and effective worker in its behalf; and was honored with its presidency for the year 1912–1913. In that capacity he had the honor of presiding over the annual session of the conference for the present year, the most notable meeting of the kind ever held in the state, including among its speakers Mrs. Ballington Booth, Doctor Walter E. Fernald, Dean Walter T. Sumner and others.

But the demands of his profession and his public-spirited work for the state's dependents and defectives are far from exhausting the list of Doctor Crossman's activities. From youth he has been deeply interested and personally active in politics, and few campaign speakers in New Hampshire are his equals in eloquent and convincing exposition of the past achievements, present principles and future opportunities of the Republican party.

He was for a number of years a member of the state committee of that party and one of its most active and successful workers in council and on the stump. Mention has been made of his service in the House of Representatives of 1903 as chairman of the committee on state hospital, an unusual honor for a new member. At the same session he served, also, upon the important committee on railroads, and both in committee rooms and on the floor of the House made a splendid record for faithfulness and efficiency.

In 1904 Doctor Crossman was named by President Roosevelt collector of internal revenue for the district comprising the states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, a post of much responsibility, whose duties he has discharged with such fidelity to those duties and intelligent comprehension of their character as to make the office of which he has been the head a model for all others in the country.

The Democratic administration at Washington doubtless will name a Democrat presently as collector at Portsmouth, but no reason other than a political one can be given for the change, and Doctor Crossman's successor, whoever he may be, will find it no easy task to maintain the office at its present high standard of efficiency and economy.

And this retirement of Doctor Crossman from public life, when it comes, can be but temporary. The qualities of leadership, in person and in principle, which he has shown, are such as the people do not forget; and in many minds and on many tongues his name already is coupled with mention of higher political distinctions than he has yet won.

But whatever the future may have

in store for him it is safe to say that his home will be, as it has been for more than twenty years, in Lisbon, that beautiful White Mountain village which counts him among its most useful and public-spirited citizens. There he has served on the school board and, as has been said, on the board of health; was the first president of the White Mountain Board of Trade, which links the whole North Country in industrial unity; and is a member of the local Congregational Church and of the lodges of Masons and Odd Fellows. He is a member, also, of Franklin Royal Arch Chapter, Lisbon; of St. Gerard Commandery, Knights Templar, of Littleton; and of Bektash Temple of the Mystic Shrine, Concord. During his official stay at Portsmouth he has been a member of the Warwick Club of that city.

On June 1, 1888, Doctor Crossman married at Holyoke, Mass., Miss Florence A. Gibson, native of Guelph, Canada, and daughter of John and Sophronia (Mason) Gibson. Their one son, Edgar G. Crossman, was born April 1, 1895, and is now a member of the class of 1917 at Yale.

Personally Doctor Crossman is a fine figure of a man, tall and of handsome presence, with a keen yet kindly face, lighted by a quick smile whenever a friend approaches, and that is often, for Doctor Crossman has a multitude of friends well won by helping all among whom his lot has been cast, by seeking and by finding opportunities for service, public and private, of sincere purpose and real value.

THE SAME STARS

By A. M. Shepard

The stars at times depend from Heaven's dome
Like thick drops from a dripping honey comb;
Or where they gather in a misty trail,
They flow like milk from lip of brimming pail.
'Tis then I pray thou mayst hold out thy cup
To catch the bounty that shall fill it up.

Again, for scorning known or unknown laws
The very sky takes arms against my cause.
Each star presenting point of keenest spear
To seek my heart with aim precise and near.
'Tis then I call to mind thy naked head
And feel for thee the numbing pangs of dread.

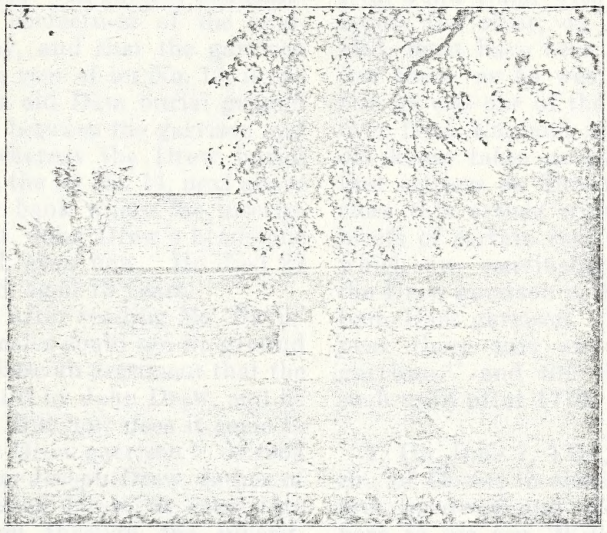
Yet though familiar constellations' march
Be near or distant in Night's sombre arch,
Be hostile, lavish, or indifferent,
Be veiled with cloud, or paled by moon's ascent,
My solace is—I know the same stars shine
Through Thy clear lattice and these bars of mine.

THE WILLIAM DAM GARRISON AT BACK RIVER, DOVER, N. H.

By John Scales, A. M.

In the September number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, my article on the Back River District in Dover stated my belief then that the Drew Garrison was built by John Drew, Sr., and based the proof of my belief on the supposition that the garrison is on a twenty-acre lot on the west of lot No. 14, which John Drew bought of William Brackston May 11, 1696, the lot on the west of which he bought of Thomas Austin May 6, 1698. Since that article was written I have received information to the effect that the garrison stands on a twenty-acre lot on the west of lot No. 13, which was originally granted to William Hilton, Sr., and was purchased by Dea. John Dam in 1656, who gave it to his son, William, when the son became "One-and-twenty," or about 1675, when the Indian war period began; hence it is a reasonable conclusion that the garrison was built by William Dam, or his father Dea. John Dam, soon after 1675, as the young man was married in 1679, and, of course, he built his house before marriage.

The information in regard to the location on the river bank of lots No. 13 and No. 14 was given to me by Mr. N. W. Davis of Winchester, Mass., a gentleman of much experience in genealogical research, and a member of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society. When a boy Mr. Davis lived in Dover, and is perfectly familiar with the Back River District. He is a lineal descendant of John Drew, Sr., and until quite recently he supposed the garrison was built by John Drew, Sr. In his researches for other matter he ran across the legal documents which are given at the close of this article, which aroused a suspicion that he was mistaken in supposing the garrison was built by



The William Dam Garrison

John Drew, Sr. Mr. Davis felt reluctant to give up the idea that it was built by his ancestor, as he had entertained much pride in having the old house belong in his family. To dispel all doubt in the matter he employed an engineer to measure the shore line on the west side of Back River, to ascertain as nearly as possible the dividing line between the lots. The engineer surveyed the ground carefully and found that the garrison is on the west of lot No. 13, and Drew's lot No. 14 on the height of land beyond, up the river. Hence the conclusion that the old garrison was built by William Dam, between 1675 and 1679, and is at least 234 years old and is the oldest house in Dover. In further confirmation of the correctness of the engineer's survey, and that the garrison stands in the rear of lot No. 13, is the fact that the old Dam burial ground is on this lot between the garrison and the river, whereas the Drew burial ground is on the lot No. 14, next above on the river bank where the inscription of Sergt. John Drew's headstone may be read, even now. He died 23 October 1723, aged 73 years.

Of course, after reading Mr. Davis' story, Mr. Scales could see no ground on which to base an argument that the house was built by John Drew, and he gave it up. But how does it come to be called the Drew garrison? It took its name from Joseph Drew, father of William Plasted Drew; it came into his possession through the inheritances of his wife, Leah Nute, to whom he was married in 1771, and they came to reside in the house that year, so it came into possession of the Drew family 140 years ago. Joseph Drew was great-grandson of John Drew, Sr. The ownership previous to 1771 appears to have been nearly in this line. Built by William Dam, 1677; he died in the garrison 20 March 1718; his son, William Dam, Jr., inherited it and resided there several years; his sister, Leah, married Samuel Hayes in 1720; at sometime prior to 1740, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes came into possession of the garrison and resided there until his death about 1770. Jacob Allen, who married Martha Dam, sister of William Dam, Jr., also had an interest in the house after the death of her father in 1718. One of their daughters married James Tuttle and she inherited her parents' interest in the house, and this was "quit-claimed" to Joseph Drew in 1786. Joseph Drew's wife, Leah Nute, obtained her interest in the house from her mother, Mary Hayes, who married James Nute, and Mary was the daughter of Samuel and Leah (Dam) Hayes.

This old garrison is one of the most interesting houses in New Hampshire. Dea. John Dam, with other worthies across the river, on Meeting House Hill, must have been a frequent visitor there, as he was living in 1693, and he was one of the men who came over from England in 1633. So this old house takes us back to the very first settlers on Dover Neck. I will close this article with the following briefs of certain real estate transfers which are convincing evidence that the Drew garrison is the original William Dam garrison. It does not appear there was any other "Drew garrison," and this did not become such until after 1770.

1. On June 7, 1712, William Dam, Sr., of Dover, in consideration of the love, good-will and affection which he bore to his son, William Dam, conveyed to him one half of the *new house* he was then building, and half of the land on which it stood, with one third of his orchard, and three acres of land, being all his land on that side of the creek.

2. William Dam, Jr., on the same day, June 7, 1712, bound himself to be at one third of the charge of moving the house in which he then dwelt at

(NOTE.—The garrison is built differently from most of the garrison houses, being built of square beams, or logs, and not boarded on the outside.)

the "west end" of the Dam lands, the said house being 24 feet long and 30 feet wide, "up to the *logg house* and set it there."

3. On April 7, 1724, William Dam (not called Jr., but he was son of the above William, Sr.) conveyed to Jacob Allen, his brother-in-law, who had married his sister, Martha, "one-half of the *dwelling logg house*, set in Dover, on the westerly side of ye back river, which was formerly ye dwelling house of William Dam, Sr.," together with part of "ye upper orchard," and four and one-half acres lying in ye *spruce pasture*.

(NOTE.—The present garrison stands on what was anciently, as now, known as Spruce Lane.)

4. On January 17, 1786, James Tuttle (b. 1711, d. 1790) for £9 lawful money, quitclaimed to Joseph Drew all his right, title and interest in the house where the said Joseph Drew "now lives" (this is known to be the garrison), being the west end of the house and the room at the east end, that was allowed in the return of the division of the estate of Samuel Hayes of Dover, deceased.

(NOTE.—A perusal of the Tuttle Genealogy will show that the only possible way James Tuttle could have any interest in this property was through his wife, Mary, daughter of Jacob and Martha Allen, said Martha being daughter of William Dam. Samuel Hayes owned and occupied part of the garrison for a great many years and died there, about 1770. His wife was Leah, daughter of William Dam.)

5. Joseph Drew (5), son of Joseph (4), dwelt in the garrison from the time of his marriage, in 1771, to Leah Nute, granddaughter of Samuel and Leah (Dam) Hayes, by daughter, Mary. As shown in deed 4, he was enjoying possession of the Hayes part of the garrison in 1786, when James Tuttle conveyed to him the Jacob and Martha Allen interests for £9.

Abstract of Deed
John and Sarah Drew
to son Francis of
Dover Apr. 9, 1712.

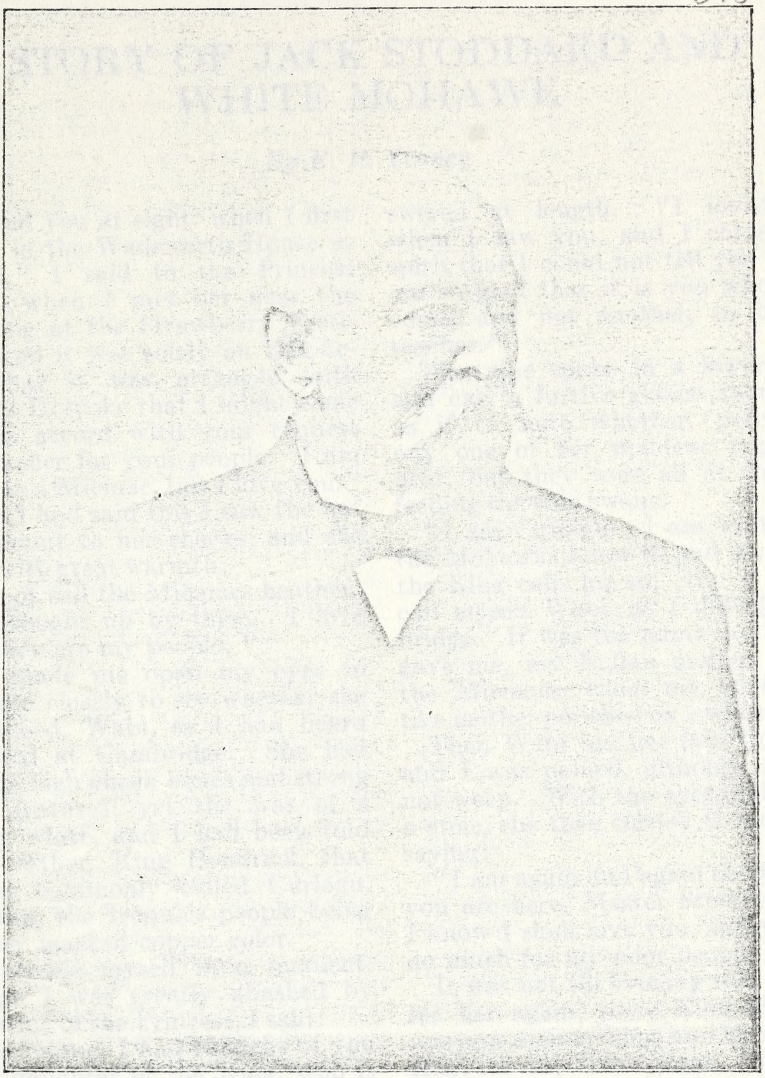
To all whom it may concern, this deed of gift, John Drew of Dover, together with and through the consent of Sarah, my wife, for and in consideration of a good settlement, in order to his further comfort and well being in this world, and for the natural love, good wish and fatherly affection which I do own and bear to my now only son, Francis Drew of said town and Province (i. e., Dover, N. H.). Three lots of land which I bought of Thomas Austin, Joshua Winget and Israel Hodgdon, lying on the southward side of the way that leads from my house to the Queen's Road, which three lots contain by estimation 56 acres or thereabouts, all within fence beginning at a division fence at the west of a 20-acre lot bought of Wm. Brackstone, from that southward and westward till it comes to a join with Zachariah Field's land hard by, excepting unto myself and Sarah, my present wife, full power and free liberties of firewood, fencing stuffs and pasturing in lots bought of Winget and Hodgdon; one small piece of salt marsh which I bought of Wm. Brookin, being one-half acre more or less, with the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging lying on the west side of Johnson's Creek; one-half of 20 acre lot which I bought of John Derry taking it at the southward and west of Zachariah Field's land; one-half of the 20 acre lot which I bought of Zachariah Pitman, together with half of the vacancies granted to me in the Dry Pines; one-half of the 20-acre lot granted to me by the town between William Hill's plantation and Maharrimet's Hill, the eastward part thereof; all which said parcels of land and marsh above mentioned, with the privileges and appurtenances to each and every of them belonging or in any ways appertaining except above excepted and reserved, shall be for and to the whole and sole use and benefit of my aforesaid son Francis Drew, To Have and To Hold, etc.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this ninth day of April in the year of our Lord God 1712.

(Signed:) JOHN DREW.

Signed, sealed and
delivered, etc., in
the presence of us.

JOHN TUTTLE Sen.
PAUL GERRISH
SAM'L PEARL.



EDWARD PAYSON TENNEY

[Clipping from *Who's Who.*]

TENNEY, EDWARD PAYSON, author; *b.* Concord, N. H., Sept. 29, 1835; *s.* Rev. A. P. and Mary T.; ed. Pembroke Acad., 1851–4; Dartmouth Coll., 1854–5; grad. Bangor Theol. Sem., 1858; post-grad. studies Andover Theol. Sem., 1860; 9 yrs.' course of topical studies in the libraries of Boston; (hon. A. M., Dartmouth, 1878); *m.* Sarah J. Holden, Dec. 1, 1860; 2d, Ellen Weeks, Dec. 8, 1862. Ordained Congl. ministry; pastor in Eastern Mass., 18 yrs.; brief editorial service on The Pacific, San Francisco, and the Congregational Review, Boston; pres. Colo. Coll., 1876–84. *Author:* The Silent House, 1876; Coronation, 1877; Agamenticus, 1878; The New West, 1878; Colorado and the New West, 1880; Constance of Acadia; The Triumphs of the Cross, 1895; A Story of the Heavenly Camp Fires, 1896; Our Elder Brother, 1897; The Dream of My Youth, 1901; Contrasts in Social Progress, 1907 (new revised edition, 1910); Looking Forward Into the Past, 1910. Also Chinese transl. of Social Progress, 1910. *Address:* Nahant, Mass.

THE STORY OF JACK STODDARD AND HIS WHITE MOHAWK

By E. P. Tenney

"I loved you at sight, when I first saw you in the Wadsworth House at Harvard," I said to the Princess Curlagu, when I met her near the Big Spring at the Strawberry Festival. "And it was solely on this account that it was arranged with President Holyoke that I might come hither in accord with your request for a teacher for your people. I am as unfit as a Micmac, but I love you."

When I had said this I saw the hot blood mount to her cheeks, and she replied with great warmth:

"Do not call the Micmacs heathen. I was brought up by them. I love them; they are my people."

This made me open my eyes to look more closely to see whether she was, indeed, Wabi, as I had heard her called at Cambridge. She had the same high cheek bones and strong Indian features; yet she was of a swarthy white, and I had been told by her father, King Hendrick, that she was commonly called Curlagu, the white, the Iroquois people being of a very marked copper color.

Recovering myself in a moment, although I was greatly abashed by the bearing of the Princess, I said:

"Pardon me, I had thought of you as the daughter of the King, who is so greatly beloved by the English. May I ask further? Perhaps I was too bold in opening my heart. But I have been heart-hungry to see you, since the self-same day when you disappeared in the western woodlands of Cambridge at sunset, after you had made known your mission to the convention of ministers."

Wabi, as my heart insisted that I should call her, now eyed me closely, and I could but change color under her fixed gaze.

"I can but be open-hearted with you, my paleface brother," she answered at length. "I loved you when I saw you, and I chided my spirit that I could not tell you so. I am so glad that it is you who have come, and not another, to be our teacher."

Then she spoke in a lower tone, and cast a furtive glance about her, as if to note whether, perchance, any one of her maidens might be near, but they were all at the pool feeding the wild swans.

"I am Curlagu. I am white, and the Mohawks know it, and my father the King calls me so. But I love to call myself Wabi, as I did at Cambridge. It was the name my mother gave me, my Indian mother among the Micmacs, when my white captive mother perished on a winter day.'

Then Wabi hid her face from me; and I was pained, although she did not weep. With the eyes and lips of a stoic, she then turned to me again, saying:

"I am again and again so glad that you are here, Master Stoddard; and I know I shall love you, and you will do much for my poor people."

It was not till evening that I could see her again, since King Hendrick was now approaching, and his nephew, Kieri of the Tuscaroras, whom his sister, Eghrita, had adopted as the heir presumptive to the King's office.

I eyed his nephew sharply, and saw at once that he loved Curlagu, as he called the Princess. And she went with him to the pool, leaving me alone with the King.

The Sachem, Hendrick, or the King as the English called him, now keenly questioned me. When I told him of my college life and boyhood, how all my family except myself were carried away by the Indians, when I was a child at Northampton, he asked me about Edwards, the

Indian missionary among the Stockbridges, who had once lived at Northampton; and he was curious about Whitefield whom his adopted daughter, the Princess Curlagu had told him the Harvard tutors so greatly derided. The King's face sometimes kindled like a ray of light, and he was of a sunny temperament. White-haired as he was, he had a great deal of sympathy for youth; and he smiled at my recital of the Cambridge sports of the Harvard boys. Having said this, and noting that he was pleased, I now took courage to tell him much more:

"Do you know, O King, beloved of our English people, that as soon as I saw your daughter, the Princess, my eyes were made fast to her face, and I never once took my eyes off her so long as she stayed, and when she went away again into her forests her face remained with me, clearly pictured upon the pages of my Hebrew Bible, and on all my books, and on my attic walls, and on my crooked stairway, and in my recitation rooms, and even upon the old willows afield, until finally I gave up everything and went into the Connecticut forests to find her."

"I sent her to Cambridge, because it was once an Indian college, and I bade her not return," replied the King," till she brought a teacher. And when I had word from the father of the college that you would come to us, I sent Kierei to the Moravian mission at Scatacook to bring back my daughter."

"I understand," I answered, "that your people think the God of the whites is good for the whites, and that the Great Spirit is better for you, yet you desire to have your young men taught the wisdom of the English. But, putting that aside, O King, if I may speak to you in the confidence I reposed in you, when President Holyoke first told me about you, I may say frankly that I love your daughter, and I would make her home my home, and your people my people."

Upon this, Hendrick looked upon me with piercing eyes for a moment in silence, and then remarked quietly—

"Kieri will have much to say about this. He loves the Princess. But she will have none of him. My Curlagu is free. She is wise and will do what she lists. For me, my both hands are full of the English and French War. The Indians on the Connecticut and at the fishing stations have gone to join the French, and our Six Nations are the great bulwark of the English against the north . You can help us in this. This is what I want you for, to make fast the hearts of my braves to the hearts of the English. For your heart and the heart of the Princess, they may be made one, if she wills it so. She can speak for herself."

I now saw Kieri returning, with a dark lowering face, my Wabi not being with him.

"He is named Kieri," it was said in a low tone by the King, "for his having taken four prisoners in one battle with the Catawbas. He is but half himself, for his unrequited love for the Princess. He is as one who looks for his mind which he has lost, not knowing where to find it. He is reckless and mad with love. Breathe not to him of Curlagu, as you value your life."

Turning to Kieri, King Hendrick said:

"You are, my son, to fly as the startled deer flieth, to call up the white chiefs for council."

And they two went away together, leaving me to look for Wabi.

I now went forth to watch the sparkling waters of the Deep Spring, and wandered here and there among the maples and silver birch. My heart was made glad by the evening song of the hermit thrush, and made glad by the love for Wabi singing in my heart.

When, after some time, I discovered my white Mohawk coming towards me, I could but admire her maidenly

beauty. Tall, muscular and erect, with piercing black eyes, her abundant black hair was bound up and held by a headband adorned with wampum. A coat of dressed deer skin was fastened about her waist by a decorated girdle that I greatly admired; and a cloth skirt extended below her knees, the lower part being beautified with strips of wampum. Her feet were covered by moccasins of elk hide. I saw Wabi's figure radiant with the rays of the setting sun, which were reflected by her snow white blanket, and her neck ornaments of glittering white.

The Princess now made me acquainted with her maidens, Ostosera, the feather, Ovite, the pigeon, and Tiskoko, the robin. And by them I was made to partake of squirrel food, and of strawberries prepared with thick syrup of the maple.

The shades of evening were now falling fast, and the hunters and warriors of the village ceased from their game of shaking plum-stones like dice, and I saw that they rose up to drink of strong liquor they had bought from white traders,—it being first determined by the dice who of them might become drunken, and who should remain sober. Then there were athletic games and dances, —the trotting dance, and shaking the bush, and the duck dance, and the knee-rattle dance, and so many dances that I could not keep the account of them. Before the sports were over, I was asked, as a newcomer, to run the gauntlet between two lines of braves, who were to strike at me with rods and clubs. I knocked down the first Indian, and caught his club; then, as I ran, I struck right and left down the whole row. This mightily pleased the old Indians, and the young braves applauded me.

When, soon after, the most of the company fell off to sleep, here and there under the trees and about the smouldering fires, I had a little time to converse alone with Wabi, her wide-awake maidens not understanding our English speech.

I could hardly quench the inward ardor and burning of my heart, as she received a highly ornamented string of wampum that Ovite handed to her.

"This is the token," said Wabi, "that was given me by the father of the college in pledge of his purpose to send to the Mohawks a teacher. And in my heart I have held this promise of your coming. The eyes of our people are fixed on you to help us. From your eyes comes the sun. It is like a ray of the morning to my cloudy mind, that you have come to dwell among us."

"It was, indeed," I replied, "a happy day that brought me hither. My life has long been dead and cold like marble, but now a fervent love has been breathed into it."

More I might have said, but I caught a glimpse of King Hendrick approaching, who led me to his own wigwam for the night.

The next morning betimes, Hendrick directed Oweya and Owera, who were near of kin, to accompany me to the Canaseraga hill, about five miles up the river, and the Princess and her maidens were to go with me. The wind and the wing, Oweya and Owera, but served as our vanguard and rear guard upon the well-beaten trail, keeping themselves separated from us at some distance, so that I was left to walk with Wabi in the splendor of the morning sunshine. The sweet note of the rose-breasted grosbeak in the treetops, and the oriole with wings of fire in darting flights, first here then there, and the flashing bluebird, and the tinkling rills with their banks of blue gentians, and the sparkling dewdrops upon the spires of pink hardhack near the path,—all these delighted my senses, and my heart was warmed with the breathing into my life of something that was not my life.

Beneath the great tree, Sahehona, where the old men of the Oneidas and

the Onondagas for ages had met to tell their adventures, and their young men had met for friendly counsel, here at the meeting place, at the great fountain on the hilltop, I was seated with my white Mohawk, and here we communed of all that was in our heart.

I confess that my curiosity had been greatly piqued since learning that Wabi was white, and that Hendrick had but adopted her when she was brought in as a captive taken by Mohawk warriors in a summer's plundering expedition down the St. John.

She barely remembered her mother, and really knew nothing of her save what she learned from the Milicet squaw among the Micmacs by whom she was brought up. Arosea could speak English, and Wabi's mother in dying bade Arosea to train her growing child in the English tongue and to instruct her in the knowledge of God.

"Did Arosea never know where your mother's home had been? "

"Once she spoke about Dover, as a town she had heard of; and once she spoke of Deerfield, and Pastor Williams."

Upon this, my heart leaped within me. My roommate at Harvard was Ithamar Williams whose mother and babe had been carried to New Brunswick by the Milicet Indians, never to return.

"My white Mohawk may be a sister of Ith," I said to myself. But I could learn nothing more.

"I have often thought," said Wabi, "of my mother; and wondered about her early home, and what might have been if I had not been brought up among redmen. Yet here I am an Indian maiden, the petted daughter of a mighty chieftain beloved by the English. And I am content and joyful in it."

And then she drew herself apart a moment, and stood gazing upon me most intently:

"I can in no way express to you, Master Stoddard, my joy that it is you who came to be my teacher and the teacher of my people; for now I shall fulfil the wish of my mother, and learn more of the English tongue and about the God of the English people. And I know that for you there will be a chain of friendship between us, by which we shall be tied to each other, and this shall never be broken. We will make this chain brighter and stronger. And I hope you will take care that neither you nor any one else shall break it."

"Out of my rough heart," I answered, "there leaps the spring of human love, of love to you, my Princess, as this deep fountain of Canaseraga leaps out from this hilltop to greet the sun."

It was a pleasant task set for me by the King at Canajoharie, the Mohawk capital, to train the young men in much of our English lore, and particularly to instruct the Princess in English.

"I do not want my beloved daughter," said Hendrick to me beneath his breath, "to intermarry with our people. And she will not, if she knows more about the English."

I did not know at that time that King Hendrick's blood was Mohawk only by his mother, who was the daughter of a king. His father was Mohegan, the wolf, who had been adopted by the Mohawks.

My White Mohawk, as I called her when I talked to myself, or when I saw her in my dreams, was stronger than a man and simpler than a child, meek, modest, diffident, and of a devout heart, a very lily of purity in this savage and solitary wilderness. She asked me so sincerely about God, that I had to be better than I was to teach her. I saw her kneel one day to kiss the soil, so dedicating these Mohawk lands to Jehovah. And she was sure that my being there would bless her people.

And I learned after a time to think that she loved me,—a simple, child-

like, and beautiful love, as unselfish and pure as the love of an angel. I gathered new strength for toil when I saw her. In her presence I forgot all the meaner passions of life. To me she seemed a very daughter of the Great Spirit.

Yet she was not willing to debate of marriage. "The fire of friendship is burning between us," she said. "We will keep it burning." And one day Wabi led me forth to the shining river bank, saying, "Here at the next Planting Festival, we will plant trees of peace, in token of the love between us."

Yet in lieu of peace, I made bold one day to ask Wabi about Kieri, whom I already hated. And she confessed to me that it was, in part, to escape his persistent and distasteful attentions that she persuaded her father to send her to Cambridge. And having said this, she smiled most seriously, saying:

"I had hope, indeed, that some one would come to us, who would lead our people from the paganism that Kieri is always plunging them into like a quagmire. The more they struggle, the more they cannot get out. The clouds hang heavy over us. The Great Spirit is not willing to have me marry, unless, sometime," she added, blushing, "to some one whom He shall send to me, of my mother's own people. If I ever do marry, you shall be my husband. But, for now, we can but renew the chain of our covenant of friendship, that I may know whether there be a weak place in it, to break it, or whether it will become rusty. Then, too, I see the smoke of the French campfires approaching, and our people are in great sorrow, and no one knows of tomorrow. Yet I cling to you, Master Stoddard, in the darkness and in the storm that I see sweeping down upon us out of the great northland."

As the time approached for the Feast of the Harvest Moon, I was formally made an Indian by adoption, the name given me being Ocheerle, which means fire. This was followed by an evening feast, when a bowl and wooden spoon were given me. As we were all partaking of the boiled venison, I saw Kieri approaching me, accompanied by Wabi. Then I knew from his bearing, that since she would not become his wife, neither would he allow her to become the wife of another. He was nimble and broad-shouldered, with black eyes that emitted fire as it seemed to me, and he wore about his head a band of deer skin, tanned without removing the hair, and this was of scarlet dye.

When I lay down to sleep, I opened my eyes and saw Kieri bending over me with a long pointed knife half loose in his belt.

"I came to wish you pleasant dreams," he said, when he saw that I was awake. And he stole away as silently as he had approached.

Kieri had not only fulfilled the King's mandate to summon the white chiefs to a council in Albany at the time of the Green Corn Festival, but he had aroused the Six Nations,—stirring them up to campaign against the French.

Upon the day that I took the great trail to the Hudson, King Hendrick and Curlagu and Kieri were very near me, and we were followed by a great company of women and youth as well as by warriors. The trail sometimes passed through fields white with buckwheat blossoms, or waving with the tasseled maize. Pumpkins were on every side like ground oranges. In our encampments at night we found ourselves intermingling with Oneidas, Onondagas, Tuscaroras, Cayugas, and Senecas, who had come from the shining streams and fertile lands of the west. Kieri was everywhere and always so close at hand, that I had no opportunity to be left with my Wabi for a moment.

At Albany we found Governor Clinton, and Colden of his Majesty's

Council for the Province of New York, and Sir William Johnson, as our hosts, to receive and entertain the confederate tribes of the Iroquois. Johnson was dressed as an Indian, and seated himself upon the ground near King Hendrick, saying "The earth is my mother, I will rest on her bosom."

Jonathan Edwards was there with his oldest son, who was to become a minister and a teacher in the Iroquois country, and to him the desire of King Hendrick was made known, to have a church built at Canajoharie, with a bell in it.

When the speech making began, I succeeded in getting a seat next to Wabi, her father and Kieri being occupied elsewhere.

King Hendrick had been once in England, and his natural talents, his sagacity and good judgment secured for him great influence.

"We are come," said the King, "from the heads of the rivers, from the springs whence flow the Ohio, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Hudson and the St. Lawrence. It is easy for us in the Long House that extends from the Catskills to Lake Erie, and from the Ontario to the Alleghanies, to pass from river to river and go out to all the earth. We are a people whose roots are fixed in the sky, that cannot be moved. For two score generations we have ruled the redmen throughout all the land upon all the rivers. And into our nations we have brought the bravest of the brave, as we did the Tuscaroras. We speak from the bottom of our hearts, when we say that we wish to ally the English to ourselves. We sprang out of the land you sleep upon. It was our gift from the Great Spirit. But we have given it to you, that you may dwell with us as our own people. We have taught you how to grow the corn; and opened to you our trails and water ways, for fur and for fish. If a white man travels through our country, we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, and give him meat and drink, and we spread furs for him to sleep; and we demand nothing in return. We only desire that no one shall sell rum to our people. We ask you to help us get rid of the Jesuit spies that come in, who have led two hundred of our ardent braves to Canada to help the French fight the English. We desire you to enter into league with us to hinder the French from extending their lines of forts. And we will fight the French as long as we have a man left."

And having said this thing, the King gave to Governor Clinton a belt of purple wampum, saying,— "This belt preserves my words."

It was then that I whispered to Wabi, "If there is a great war, I hope that Kieri will be killed in battle." But she replied, "I fear lest he will kill you first. He knows you love me, and he is very jealous, and he has spies who see that we sit near each other. You will be on your guard the next time you meet him."

Kieri now addressed the council in fiercely worded eloquence: "The spirit of the winds, dwelling in the great home of the winds in the west, is upon me. The Six Nations will tread down the French, like the great buffalo that our dreams tell of, which beats down the forest in his march through the land."

When the evening feasting was followed by games and dances, at the very height of the sport, I saw Kieri throwing his tomahawk at a mark—the mark was a tree near which I was standing. I turned quickly and concealed myself for an instant in a hollow oak, while he passed by to pick up his hatchet: then I flew in the direction from which he came. And I saw him no more, till after our return to Canajoharie. Upon the very night of our arrival Kieri sounded the war whoop and struck his tomahawk into the war post; and enlisted sixteen hundred warriors in the dance that followed. And soon after midnight they all left the village.

Before daybreak, however, our war party encountered the French and Indians of the north under Dieskau, in such superior numbers that Kieri's band fell back. And the French advanced upon us like a wave of fire rolling over the land. Three hundred Mohawks were killed within an hour, King Hendrick being one of the first in the village to fall.

"I like it well," he said, "that I shall die before my heart grows soft, or I shall have done anything unworthy of myself."

When Kieri placed his hand upon the heart of the dying King, he cried out: "The King still lives. He lives in Kieri." And Kieri was now the king.

When I saw that Wabi would be taken captive, I sought to rescue her, but my gun missed fire; and a powerful Indian, Asare quickly raised his tomahawk over my head, with a yell to surrender. I was tied to a tree, that was under the fire of both parties, and my clothing was shot through and through. Asare then after the firing had ceased, stood at a little distance, and repeatedly hurled his hatchet into the tree near my head. When released, my wrists were tied, and I was led away. That night I was bound by withes to a small tree; and brush was heaped, to burn me alive. The crowds gathered, the flames crackled, and I began to feel the heat, when two French officers rushed forward and effected my release.

I next saw Wabi at the dividing of the waters between the St. Lawrence and the St. John. Those who took her captive were Meemaukes on the St. Lawrence, but Asare, my captor, was of the Etchemins, canoemen, of the St. Croix country, and as they divided, in returning to Canada, I was separated from Wabi. When the Jesuit fathers at Quebec found out that Wabi knew the Micmac tongue they placed her in the Ursuline convent, that she might be ready for service in a mission they were about planting among the Indians eastward. As the time came for them to essay to go thither, they abode for many days on the St. John carry, where there was much coming and going. Of this I learned when I was taken to Quebec, and I was glad when my Etchemin captors took their homeward way, since I now had hope of seeing Wabi, at least in the Micmac country, if not at the divide. I wept my eyes out and prayed my heart out, that I might find her.

As I approached the Jesuit camp, at the dividing of the waters, Asare kept me close by him. When I caught the aroma of mountain tea brewing, I could not believe myself, that it was Wabi I saw before me at the fireside. She was as shy as an affrighted bird, when she saw me still kept so fast to my captor, who was of a fierce aspect. But it chanced ere long that we could be by ourselves.

"I have a great love in my heart for you," said the captive Princess; "but I am like a bird trying to rise against a storm. I feel the breath of the Master of the Universe blowing upon me like a mighty wind out of heaven to keep me from saying to you, my beloved, what my heart is crying out to say. But if we once come to the great land of the Algonquins on the rivers of the east, it may be that God will give us rest and a happy home. Or more happily we may chance to go from the east to the white settlements of New England; and when we are once among those of our blood, the spirit of love may smile upon us as out of a rainbow after the rain."

Instantly I heard a musket ball strike a tree hard by; and I heard shouts before us and behind us. The scouts of a new arrival of Micmac warriors from the east had come upon the divide; and front of us were Kieri and the scouts of the Mohawks who had captured two hundred canoe

loads of furs on the St. Lawrence side of the carry, and who were about pushing on to pass down the St. John to surprise the Micmacs. The Micmac scouts were the strongest; and Kieri retired,—having first inwhirled my Wabi by the arms of his warriors; while Asare snatched me away to join in with the Micmac party.

When the Micmacs learned that the Mohawks were in great force, they retired down the St. John to warn their people of the flood of Iroquois threatening to sweep down their river, So I was borne away from Wabi; but at every camping place I left markings upon certain shrubs that I knew she would look for, if she should follow with Kieri's hostile band.

Kieri quickly gathered his forces to pursue the retreating Micmacs, and made Wabi his guide down the St. John, since she was the only one among them all who knew the river well. In this office she gladly served, hoping, with every paddlestroke that she might find me somehow, providentially safe from harm in the east. They ran down the river more than two hundred miles, but our party was always a little in advance. Yet when they reached a point about twenty miles above the mouth of the Aroostook tributary, it was so evident that they would overtake us before daylight, that they decided on making a night run.

They had a great war dance that night, having caught Tawine, a Micmac straggler, whom they burned at the stake. While the Mohawks were all wheeling, and moving back, this way and that, and yelling and stretching out their arms towards the lower St. John, and smiting a war post with their tomahawks, Kieri began to sing:

"Our murdered Mohawks demand revenge at our hands; their spirits loudly call us to comfort the spirits of the dead and revenge their blood."

Wabi took advantage of this confusion to plan an escape, thinking that with her knowledge of the country she could reach me before Kieri could overtake her. But she was too closely watched, and she knew that we should all be murdered in the morning.

When upon the late afternoon of that same day, Wabi's canoe had passed the mouth of the Jonitough brook, as they were moving down the silent river, she had recognized a dark hemlock hill, and a bald ledge with a lone tree, and she at once told Kieri that they had come to a good camping ground. Wabi knew well the part of the river they had come to.

When, therefore, after the evening war-dance, the wild and gleeful warriors again took to the water, Wabi asked Kieri to have the canoes follow in a line, since there would be quick-water. And the hundred canoes were made to bear each a blazing torch, to sight rocks, or logs made fast, that might be in the river. Just before moon-rise, soon after midnight, Wabi, who held the stern paddle till now, directed the Mohawk woman Amena at the fore paddle to exchange positions with her. In passing, Wabi bade Amena leap out, and catch at the limb of a spruce, near which they were gliding.

Kieri was close behind, and thought it to be Wabi escaping; but she called, "Follow me." And she put all her strength to ply her paddle,—making the birch fly through the water; and Kieri, believing she would escape, made his birch fly more swiftly. The woods on the shore seemed to run like clouds in a whirlwind. Swifter and swifter swept the canoes. An unseen hand from beneath now had hold of them to draw them through the water. It was an uncontrollable death current. The voice of He-no, the thunder god, was now roaring like the voice of many waters. The canoe torches now ran like shooting stars. Then in a moment Wabi's light was lost. And one after another, a hundred of them,

they all plunged eighty feet over the Great Falls of the St. John.

Our Micmac camp was early astir. The river was full of the bodies of the Mohawks and their broken birches. I buried the body of Wabi, and buried my heart with her.

In the evening as I stood shivering by the fire and shaking with a nameless terror, Amena, the Mohawk woman, was brought in, and she told me her story. And I was made glad by the coming to me of Percy Butler, an old neighbor of my people at Northampton. From him I learned that he had been captured when my parents were and their children, and that ever since he had dwelt here. And from him I learned why it was that the breath of the Great Spirit, as a mighty wind out of heaven, had interposed between myself and Wabi, and yet why I loved her. She was my twin sister.

THE CUP OF PAIN

I dreamed I stood within a place
  Where moved a throng of people vast;
And some with hurried step went on,
  While others lingered as they passed.

And through their midst an angel moved
  Bearing a cup within his hand,
Which, ever and anon, he passed
  To someone, with a stern command.

And one would strike it angrily,
  Whence bitter, scalding drops would rain
Upon the hands of those who came
  To help him in his hour of pain.

Another took it covertly,
  Drinking it down with stealthy sips,
And hid it 'neath his mantle, while
  He laughed and sang with ashen lips.

With steady hand another took
  The cup, while toward the people faced,
And those who looked upon him said,
  "'Tis nectar, not the gall, he tastes."

And as I mused, the angel came
  And held the cup before my sight.
"Oh, not to me!" I cried,—and straight,
  The vision vanished in the night.

A. C.



Photo from Dalton Studio

Governor Wentworth's Reception—Plymouth Pageant



THE PAGEANT OF PLYMOUTH

One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of the Town

By Eleanor J. Clark

The celebration of our one hundred and fiftieth anniversary had been brewing since midwinter. Efficient committees had planned and worked, and the time had come. On Friday and Saturday, July 11 and 12, the staid old town burst forth in a perfect fever of bunting—red, white and blue—unchecked, but not undamped by frequent showers.

Sunday, the 13th, was the opening day, an ideal one, of cool breezes and sunshine, tempered by great, fleecy clouds that made one think of

"Old friends looking back at you,
From the clouds of gold and white and blue."

We gathered on the Common where we are wont to gather for daily chat, for our band concerts, when the circus comes to town; or for the great things of our lives—when the "Boys in Blue" marched away from "little boy blue" left at home.

It was a quiet and reverent throng of village people—farmers and their families from this and surrounding towns, and the home-comers from many states, some from the Pacific shores, even. People sat on ancient settees, or in their wagons or autos, west of the Common. Even the great touring cars of through travelers to the mountains, who had right of way on the east side, mended their manners and ceased to honk, and snort, and throw dust, while the tourists paused a moment to view the peaceful scene and, perchance, think of their "old homes."



Coming of the First Settlers

The ministers, our band, and the singers were seated in the band-stand. In this was a rude pulpit from the first meeting house on Ward's Hill.

The opening prayer was by Rev. W. H. Ward of New York, a descendant of Rev. Nathan Ward, the first minister, who came with the first settlers in 1763.

Then our bird-girl, the flower of an old New England family, sang to us the "Homeland" in tones as sweet and clear as our own thrushes.

Then the great Past took us by the hand and led us all backward, whether we would or not; and they whom we had known and loved, and they—our forefathers whom we knew only as a name—were with us, and it was not only the Past, but the great Future and Time that rolls on, bearing *us* to a Past; the whole world movement and brotherhood, which we forget in every-day life, came to us. It was good for us all to be there.



Photo from Dalton Studio

Smoking the Peace Pipe

The minister read to us a sermon preached long ago by Rev. Jonathan Ward, when no man in that company was more than a mere boy, and few had begun life.

This Sunday meeting gave the key-note of the celebration.

On Monday people thronged the lower floor of the beautiful High School, where the loan exhibit of ancient relics was shown, in charge of ladies of the town. It was a curious and interesting display: the original charter granting the land to the first comers to Plymouth in 1763; old books of religion, mathematics and history; beautiful old china of rare shapes and hue; pewter utensils; exquisite old samplers and hand embroideries; hand-woven napery of various patterns; sheets and pillow cases; beautiful old blue coverlets and checked blankets; exquisite old silk shawls; a tiny pair of linen breeches, said to have been worn by the infant, John Adams, when his mother presented him to Lafayette; an old clock which ticked away the hours in Daniel Webster's family; a hand-loom, over 150 years old, operated by its owner, Mrs. Manson York, the center of interest; a spinning wheel with Mrs. St. John spinning yarn; old wooden canteens borne by Revolutionary soldiers; later ones used in 1861; old flint-lock muskets and powder horns; the war outfit of our townsman, Manson Brown, during his service in the Civil War; foot warmers and old tin bakers; beautiful old furniture; a curious little pair of tongs which an old-time smoker used to clean his pipe, fill it and take a coal from the fireplace to light it; and, dating farther back than these, Indian relics—a rolling-pin and paddle.

It was not simply a curious display to us, but the Past was still with us, teaching us in a tender and beautiful way. As one weary, elderly woman

expressed it, "*Their* heads don't ache and they are better off than we." People lingered to tell how their mother's and grandmother's things at home were like these, or better, and to recall the old times. Then old friends, so long separated that Old Time had changed them to strangers, would meet, gaze, then clasp hands and visit.

Monday evening Rev. Clinton Wilson, a former pastor, and John Keniston, untiring chairman of the celebration, gave a talk on pictures, thrown on the screen through the kindness of George Clark and Dr. Herbert Lamson. Here flashed before us old-time Plymouth and the faces of those who moulded our civic life years before, long since passed away. It was well the hall was dark for many of us had big lumps in our throats and our eyes troubled us more than usual, especially when our bird-girl, Wilhelmina Keniston, sang "Home, sweet home," and we knew the lumps and the ache were for the homes that were but are not. The hall was crowded, while many stood. As one delicate woman expressed it, "I forgot that I was standing and that I was tired, I was so interested."

Tuesday morning dawned, the same ideal weather, cool, with great feathery clouds tempering the sun's warmth. A parade made up of floats showing the progress of our home industries and our schools, accompanied by Keniston's band, started at nine. In the rear were the oldest citizens of the town, in automobiles loaned for the occasion. The very oldest citizen of all, Mr. Warren Wilkinson,* who proudly holds the oldest man's cane, lay at home ill in his bed, grieving that he could not take part as he had hoped.

After the parade came speeches on the Common by our returned sons of note and prominent citizens, the unveiling of a tablet set in a boulder, on the site of the first academy in town—the old Holmes Academy. Mrs. Jennie Webster gave the address in behalf of the local D. A. R., which presented this Memorial.

After a late and hasty dinner we and all our visiting friends and relatives, with "city boarders" from far and near, trooped to the grounds of Davis Keniston, an ideal spot of knoll, level, amphitheatre, and woodland background, where the pageant was given.



An Old Chaise

*Since deceased.

Here we saw the encampment of Indians, smoking the peace pipe, the coming of the first white man, Baker, and the famous battle on the "Ox-bow."

Then came the episodes of granting the charter, drawing the lots, the coming of the settlers, afoot, a horseback, and in ox-teams, all in old time costumes; then the first religious service under the trees. Along with the settlers was the lamb from whose wool the housewife spun, wove, and made a suit of clothes for her son to hasten to the Revolutionary War. Said lamb was an unwilling participant, holding back with all his strength from the demure Puritan maiden attempting to lead him, until a tiny Puritan lad in tall hat and cloak boosted his lambship from the rear.

Next there was a beautiful scene of a reception to Governor Benning Wentworth and his good lady, where constant courtesying made our middle-aged knees ache in sympathy. Then a stately minuet was danced by the younger members of the party.

Guests arrived at a quilting bee in ancient "chaises," and a flutter of excitement was manifest when the parson induced a comely damsel to don her "calash" and ride off with him—whence we knew not!

Students arrived at Holmes Academy in a stage coach used in 1806, with six prancing horses that nearly pranced over the stately preceptress who was waiting to receive her pupils, and who graded them nicely by the amount of manners they possessed. (Why not a good suggestion?)

Then came the merry-making at a muster, where whole families flocked in to witness the military drill of the militia, and exchange the news.

Last, all the members of the pageant circled the field in review before they dissolved again into the Past, through the shadowy green paths of the woodland.

In the evening we gathered once more, on the Common, a tired but resolute throng, to listen to the really fine program Keniston's band gave us, and to see the fireworks which closed the celebration of our one hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

A TOAST

By Stewart Everett Rowe

Come, my Queen, a toast I'll offer—
Yes, a toast to you and me;
Are you ready? Well, I'll proffer
Now the words in dreams I see.

Here's to you for whom I treasure
All the best that's in my soul;
May your life be filled with pleasure,
May you win your every goal!

May our friendship perish never
In the ages yet to be;
Rather, may it live forever,
Yes, for all Eternity!

A WHITE MOUNTAIN SOJOURN

By George Wilson Jennings

Patti once wrote in a friend's autograph album, lines which read in this wise: "Go to friends for advice, strangers for charity, and relatives for nothing, and you will always have a supply." In the writer's opinion, he would have said, "Go to relatives for advice, relatives for charity, and relatives for a good time, and you will always have a bountiful supply."

One sultry day, late in June, while seated in his office in Park Row, New York City, the writer was handed a letter by one of the faithful letter carriers from the General Post Office, from a favorite relative who resides in the southern part of the Granite State. This letter contained a cordial invitation to join a party of ten, who were to make a tour of the White Mountains by automobile. This most generous invitation was accepted at once and, in due time, preparations were made and, after a journey of nine hours by rail, I found myself landed, with a dress suit case, at the hospitable home of my relatives on Silver Street, in the pleasant City of Dover, where a hearty greeting awaited me. There I found that extensive preparations had been made for this extended trip, on the evening of our departure, generous lunches prepared, and three cars in perfect condition for the trip on the morrow.

The following day, ten merry, congenial relatives and friends started on the journey in an Oakland, an Overland, and the little "Steamer" (which was a record breaker). In this car, there was a happy couple, two of Dover's prominent residents.

It was our intention to make the destination Jackson, N. H., and headquarters at the Jackson Falls House. Soon we were under way, going at a lively clip, and not a cloud in sight. It was one of those cool, crisp mornings of which the State of New Hampshire can boast. Our first stop was Rochester. There we tarried to wait for the two other machines which were delayed to take aboard some more things for the "inner man."

Soon we were moving toward the foothills of the mountains, and what a wondrous view met our gaze at this splendid July sunrise! Could any of my readers picture in their lives a time when one particular trip was ever in the mind's eye, this trip would be such an occasion.

The party having relegated all care to the four winds of the earth, which the winds did not harbor, over the hills and the State roads we sped, not going more than twenty-five miles an hour; on every road meeting parties that were not nearly as happy as ourselves, at least that was our impression. Robert G. Ingersoll once said: "Happiness is the only good. The place to be happy is here. The time to be happy is now. The way to be happy is to make others so."

What marvelous views we witnessed! As far as the eye could reach, we looked upon hills and lakes. The woodlands—great forests of spruce, hemlock and pine, with white birches interspersed—added to the beauty of the picture. One would never suspect that any of these forests had ever been cut down, and yet this has been going on for many, many years. Special mention must be made of Silver Lake. Could there be a more beautiful sheet of water than this, reflecting, as a mirror, its wonderful serenity. It is fully as interesting as Mirror Lake in the Yosemite Valley, as one of our party said who had been many times to that section of the far West—"surely the Granite State is doubly beautiful in having these lakes and hills." As a writer has expressed it: "God bless New Hampshire for her granite peaks."

After leaving North Conway, we found ourselves speeding down many grades, then on the heights. It mattered not whether we were on the heights or low lands, the joyousness of our party was never at ebb. With an occasional plunge through a primeval forest, then a glimpse of a mountain lake, with the magnificent view of fifty miles of mountains, one of our party exclaimed, "How wondrous are thy works, O Lord!"

"And lo! the Granite Hills print the distant sky,
And o'er their airy forms the faint clouds driven,
So softly blending, that the cheated eye,
Forgets or which is earth or which is Heaven."

One amusing incident occurred when we stopped at a farm house to procure some water for the machines, and the thirsty crowd. We politely asked an elderly woman at this house if she would let us have some water, and she sternly replied, "The well is locked," and again we asked if she would just let us have two quarts; and again she replied, "No." Then one of our party said he recalled an old saying of his mother's many years ago which he quoted to the woman at the farm house, "I thought that water was free, always free, but it is denied to me." Then the woman savagely replied, "Now you will not have a drop." Just a little farther on we found a brook of cool, clear water, where we helped ourselves most bountifully and then and there came to the conclusion that nature was more generous than mankind, or womankind, in this case in particular.

Leaving Intervale, our party decided that scenery did not appease our appetites. We soon found a spot in the woods which was an ideal place for refreshment, and in particular for the three Doverites who drove the cars it was certainly "from labor to refreshment." Here we picnicked truly in earnest, and how we all did enjoy our meal that was prepared by the ladies of our party, as all New Englanders are the best in this line, and most bountiful providers. This repast was fit for a king, or queen, after which we rested a while (but did not walk the proverbial mile). Our eyes again feasted on the landscape, for we were loath to leave this enchanted place.

Our party continued in wonderment. As we neared Jackson, we gazed at the scene here unfolded. Adjectives are inadequate to express one's feelings. But the "low descending sun" warned us that this delightful day was almost over. We could see Jackson in the distance—a most fascinating little village with encircling hills, whose slopes were adorned with some of the most magnificent trees, and the Jackson Falls near at hand. Although the Falls were handicapped by their name, they presented a wonderful picture as the late afternoon sun threw its light over them, and their melody rose and fell like the pulsing of an orchestra. Later they sang a magic lullaby to the weary tourists of the Jackson Falls House, whither they had gone to spend the night.

The mountains always suggest an uplifting to mankind. There one is away from the sordid side of life, and the environments are a very great benefit to mind and body. The higher up in life tends to elevate. Time speeds as with wings as we reluctantly leave this delightful spot.

It was a timely expression the writer, John Richard Van Dine, once made upon his return from the White Mountains—"Old age may o'ertake one, but time can never obliterate from the storehouse of memory the splendor which my eyes beheld during my trip through this wonderful country."

This seems to be the only section of New England in which to rest when one is perplexed, worn out in body, mind and spirit. With this exhilarating air, marvelous scenery, and pure spring water, surely these hills and mountains will make the feeble

strong, and the well greatly rejuvenated. As Moses Gage Shirley has written in a recent magazine article, which expresses the true sentiment:

"To the hills we turn for strength
Wherever our lot we're casting,
For we know they will abide,
For they are everlasting."

TO MIRA

My Playmate in Childhood, my Schoolmate in Girlhood, and my Friend always

*By Mary E. Kelly**

I sit dreaming, dreaming in the twilight,
The twilight soft, and gray,
And the years roll backward at my will
To one bright Autumn day.
The sun had set, and all without,
Had faded into night,
And, through a garret window, stole
The last dim rays of light.

T'was an old-time garret chamber,
Yet in all its misty gloom,
T'was fairer far to us, Mira,
Than many a grander room.
There on a rafter hung our swing,
There was our doll house too,
And just within an open door
Were our tea things, full in view.

There we had passed the livelong day,
With childhood's sweet content;
Our busy hands, with mimic skill,
On household labors bent.
Flitting like birds from place to place,
On that old oaken floor,
T'was only the sunset's shadowy light
That warned us day was o'er.

Many a summer's come, and gone
Since there we romped, and played,
And brought Aunt Fanny up to hush,
The racket that we made.
The loving soul was all too kind
To scold us for the noise;
She chided, but she petted, too,
Then left us with our toys.

*This poem was dedicated to Mrs. Almira Jennings of Brooklyn, New York, by her life long friend Miss Mary E. Kelley of Durham, New Hampshire.

In after-time the schooldays came,
In the brick house on the green
That sloped down to the river side,
The wagon road between.
Our duties still were one, Mira,
Our pleasures all were shared,
And bending o'er the self-same page
Our lessons were prepared.

We trod the self-same path, Mira,
In our goings to, and fro;
Your home stood high upon a hill,
And mine was just below.
Then came the years of riper growth,
When schooldays were no more,
And each stepped forward to a life
She had lived in dreams before.

But as we went, our ways diverged,
And only once have crossed;
All save the memory of our love,
In the deepening past is lost.
With other friends, in other scenes,
These latter years we spent,
Our busy hands with purpose strong,
On sterner duties bent.

We've climbed life's rugged hill, Mira,
'Till our brows are seamed with care,
And the snow that crowns its top, Mira,
Is gathered in our hair.
But the golden light is stealing,
Stealing o'er its snowy crest,
And we know it is break of dawn for us,
In the land where pilgrims rest.

'Tis the land where our paths will meet again,
'Tis this life's further shore,
Where no shadowy gleams from a sunset sky,
Will warn us day is o'er;
For our lives in light divine, Mira,
Will burn with a full content,
Our busy hands and glowing heart's
On the Master's service bent.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

By Moses G. Shirley

Beautiful thoughts and beautiful deeds,
Beautiful hearts for giving,
All of these make a beautiful world
And every life worth living.

REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOL DISTRICT NUMBER TWO IN ACWORTH

By Charles A. Brackett, D. M. D.

This, the Derry Hill District, in the early 60's, was the home of a good population. There were no abandoned farms or vacant residences. The occupant of every farm was its owner, and there were none in poverty. They were generally in prosperous circumstances, producing from the fertile soil, the fruit orchards and the sugar orchards, a large share of what they needed to consume. In most of the homes there were children, so that there was a good attendance upon the short terms of school, which seldom amounted to more than about twenty weeks in a year.

The schoolhouse was centrally and very pleasantly located in the district. From it may be seen Mount Monadnock, some thirty miles to the south. In the winter the northerly winds always made a big drift of snow across the road just west of the schoolhouse. It used to be said that the southerly part of that drift, just below the road, was fifteen feet deep. That may have been a little exaggeration, but it is true that on the first day of April, 1864, a man drove with a horse and sleigh from Langdon village to Acworth village, going a part of the way in the road and in other places across the fields and over the tops of the fences. A thaw and rain had been followed by the freezing of the top of the snow to a crust strong enough to carry a horse.

On the one farm to the north of the schoolhouse lived Orin D. Taylor and family. Near the schoolhouse, easterly, was the home of Henry Gleason and his son-in-law, Alonzo A. Mathewson. The eldest son, Robert D. Gleason, was extremely anxious to enlist as a soldier in the war of the Rebellion. By importunity he got his mother to consent, but she did so only on the condition that his going should be necesary to fill out the town's quota. Arriving at the place of enlistment he found two others whose enlistment would just make up the required number; but he got in between them so as to have his name in the place of the man completing the allotted number. The other man came after, so that on that call Acworth furnished one more than its quota of volunteers.

Next easterly, on the road to the Center, was the home of Allen Hayward, and close to it the home of Flint Polley. The Polley home became but a memory years ago, only the cellar walls and the shrubbery marking its former location. Mr. Polley was not only a farmer, but he often officiated in the neighborhood as a veterinary surgeon.

Nearest the village was the home of the Blanchards—David Blanchard and his son Solon, with his family. David Blanchard was then advanced in years, but he kept well informed and maintained his interest in affairs. By precept and example he sought to inculcate in the young right living and good principles. If he found that a child was doing well in school he was sure to seek out that child and give it praise and encouragement.

The first farm on the road toward South Acworth was that of John Hayward, and next to that was the home of Azael H. Church and his mother. Mr. Church was justly renowned in the town as a chopper of wood. He went to the war as a member of the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment.

South from the schoolhouse was the home of Sylvester A. Reed and of Mrs. Reed's father, Capt. James Wallace. Even in that time and place of industry the family were noteworthy as hard workers. Captain Wallace was vigorously at work, breaking roads

and shoveling through the snow drifts on the day that he was eighty-five years old.

At the end of the road south lived Nehemiah Hayward and family. The eldest son had then become a physician, practicing in Oberlin, Ohio. Another son, Junius A., was a soldier in the war.

Through the woods, southwest, was the Theron Duncan farm. Mr. Duncan was an enterprising progressive man, the first in the neighborhood to use a mowing machine and other forms of farm machinery. He was among the pioneers in the manufacture and sale of horse hay rakes with wheels. September 19, 1862, Mr. Theron Duncan and his eldest son, John B. Duncan, the latter then but sixteen years old, enlisted for the war, and of the ninety-nine men who went to the front from Acworth none made a more brilliant record or a more heroic and complete sacrifice than did these two. Both rendered much vigorous service in many battles, and both fell in actual conflict, the father at Drury's Bluff, shot in the head, May 13, 1864, and the son at Fort Fisher, shot through the body, January 15, 1865, and dying a few days afterwards.

Down the hill southwest was the home of John F. and James A. Dickey, two brothers, husbands of two sisters, daughters of Capt. Samuel King. Both were good citizens, and few have ever been able to serve their fellows in more varied capacities than did the elder of these brothers, John Freeman. Then, and later, in Acworth and Alstead, he held successively and through many years almost all the offices in the gift of his fellow citizens. He was farmer, carpenter, conductor of funerals, settler of estates, worker in church and Masonic lodge. Not the least of his functions was as violinist. On numberless occasions he furnished the music for kitchen dances and more pretentious affairs.

In the extreme southwest of the district was the home of David Buss. He was a Democrat, not favoring the war. Once in town meeting, disturbed by the appropriations which were being made, he got up and moved that the *back* of the town hall be painted *green*, so as to make it a legal tender for the town's debts.

Just west of the schoolhouse was the home of Mrs. Betsey Warner and her sons, Curtis and John Warner. To this place and the Gleason place, on the east, the children of the school made many trips for drinking water.

Down the hill to the west was the home of Joseph Brackett, and across the deep valley of Crane brook, and up another steep hill, was the farm of Joseph G. Silsby. In the northwest corner of the district was the fine farm of Dea. Zenas Slader.

This little school district, in addition to the fine men that have been mentioned, sent to the war three others, Joseph A. Dickey, George P. Dickey and Abram Buswell.

Notwithstanding all the struggles and trials of those times there was much of comfort and happiness. Neighborhood friendship and sociability prevailed. Particularly in the winter there was time for rest and recreation. There was very much for which to be thankful; and it is greatly to be deplored that these worthy people that have been in part named and who have nearly all passed away should not have had their numbers more than made good by successors, to profit by the advantages and enjoy the charms of this beautiful district.

SCHOOL DAYS

By Frances M. Pray

The little white schoolhouse, where we used to go, stood by the side of a typical sandy and rocky New England country road. Just below it was the red bridge, over the rocky brook where we were always so anxious to go to fill the water pail. Teacher's little helpers? Judge for yourself when the fact is known that we never felt the pangs of thirst until after morning devotions and the arithmetic classes were in order. Then how dry our throats became! Surely it would be an impossibility to wait until recess time for relief. "Teacher" usually preferred, as the less of two evils, to let us go and satisfy our longings rather than spend the session looking at waving hands, or other things that might be forthcoming, provided the water was not allowed.

If the four walls of the old schoolroom could talk, what tales they would tell. As it is, they can give a story in their silent way through the scratched initials and free-hand sketches traced over their once white-washed surfaces. And the benches, too, with their tracery of jackknife carving—what character sketches they might give us, if we only had the ears to hear!

When the bell rang for noon dismissal, how our bare, brown feet crowded toward the door. Oh, the delights of those fragrant spring days! How many times have we captured unwary "speckled beauties" from the little stony brook, with a string and bent pin on the end of a hickory pole as our only fishing tackle. How we used to scamper across the meadow, with its big elm in the middle, to the woods beyond, where we pushed away the dead leaves and clinging vines, trying to be the ones to find the first pink buds of the arbutus.

Then upon our ears would come the insistent summons of the teacher's bell. How slowly those feet, so eager but an hour ago, dragged themselves back to the gates of learning once more! How hot the sun felt. How it beat through the west windows over the heads that could not keep their eyes on the book, but let them wander out again to the green meadow and the cool shade by the roadside. Finally, after a seeming eternity, the hands of the clock crept around to four and then—! Oh, joyous freedom again, and picking up our dinner pails, back we trudged to the yellow farmhouse with the lilacs and cinnamon rose bushes in the front yard and around the door.

* * * * *

One day we picked up our books and slates for the last time in the old schoolhouse—and that was many years ago. Where is Bill Smith now—Bill, who never could get in at nine o'clock, but came tagging along half an hour late, his fishpole over his shoulder? Jim Ames, too; Jim, who could lick any boy in the room, and Bob Clark, Dick Andrews and all the other fellows—where are they? And last the pretty little girl, the only girl, who, in our boyish fancy, "amounted to much anyway," with her blue-checkered apron and her pink sunbonnet? True, she always screamed and ran when we brought big black spiders from the brook to lay upon her desk, or when we chased her with little green snakes. However, her nature was the forgiving kind and by noontime she was always ready to offer the extra cookies or turnovers from her dinner pail to us, ever hungry boys.

Yes, where are they all? Some have gone west, others to the big city, several have answered the call that one day will come to all of us, and one is still living on the old home place—but it is not the old yellow farmhouse, with the lilacs and cinnamon roses around the door.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

PROF. JOHN R. EASTMAN

Prof. John Robie Eastman, born on Beech Hill in Andover, July 29, 1836, died at his home in that town September 26, 1913.

Professor Eastman was the son of Royal F., and Sophronia (Mayo) Eastman. He was educated at the public schools, the academies in Andover and New London, and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1862. Twenty-five years later he received the degree of Ph. D., from the same institution. During the time in which he was securing his education he taught district schools in the winter seasons. In November following his graduation from Dartmouth, he was appointed assistant in the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington, and on February 17, 1865, was promoted to the position of Professor of Mathematics in the Navy, with the rank of Lieutenant Commander. He continued in service, as an astronomer, engaged as an observer and investigator, until October 12, 1898, his service at the observatory being the longest continuous service in the history of the institution. Most of his observations and researches were published in the annual volumes of the government observatory where he was in charge of Meridian circle work from 1874 to 1891.

Professor Eastman observed total solar eclipses at Des Moines, Iowa, August 7, 1869, at Syracuse, Sicily, December 22, 1870, at West Las Animas, Col., July 29, 1878, and at Barnesville, Ga., May 28, 1900. He was in charge of the government expedition to observe the transit of Venus at Cedar Keys, Fla., December 6, 1882.

He prepared and edited the "Second Washington Star Catalog" which contained results of over 80,000 observations made at the United States Naval Observatory from 1866 to 1891. Since his retirement he has revised, recomputed and corrected the results of the observations of the sun, moon, planets and comets made at the Naval Observatory from 1866 to 1891, and the work was published by the naval observatory. He was a member of several scientific organizations and was the first president of the Washington Academy of Sciences. He was a member and has been president of the Cosmos Club of Washington, D. C. He retired at the age limit, 62, from active service in the navy, July 29, 1898, with the rank of Captain, but by special order continued on duty until October 12, 1898. On June 29, 1906, he was promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy.

Since 1879 Professor Eastman had been a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which he was twice vice-president. He was also a past president of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Washington, and a past vice-president of the Dartmouth General Alumni Association.

He had represented Andover in the Legislature and had been a member of the State Board of Equalization. He was a Democrat in politics. His recent important work was a history of the town of Andover.

Before his retirement he purchased the farm on Beech Hill, which his grandfather had cleared from the wilderness and where he was born.

On December 25, 1866, Professor Eastman married Mary J., daughter of Samuel A. and Dorothy (Atkinson) Ambrose of Boscawen, who survives him. He also leaves a sister, Miss Helen Eastman of Danbury.

JOHN W. KELLEY

John W. Kelley of Portsmouth, a leading lawyer of that city and of the State, died at the Carey Hill Hospital, Brookline, Mass., after a long illness, September 20, 1913.

Mr. Kelley was born in Portsmouth December 3, 1865, the son of John and Ellen Kelley. He graduated from the Portsmouth High School, and from Dartmouth College in the class of 1888, in which he was a leader and of which he was president. He was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity, and of the Sphynx Society; was a manager of the football team, business manager of the *Dartmouth*, and one of the organizers of the Dartmouth Glee and Banjo Clubs.

Upon leaving college he commenced the study of law with Frink and Bachelder of Portsmouth, but after two years engaged in teaching as principal of the Whipple Grammar School where he continued three and a half years, when he resigned and entered upon the practice of the law in his native city, having been admitted to the bar in 1894, and continuing in successful practice up to the time of his last illness.

Mr. Kelley had twice served as city solicitor of Portsmouth, was a member of the school board for three years, water commissioner for several years and solicitor of Rockingham County for six years. He attained prominence in the Eddy case, being retained by the son and other heirs in the first of the proceedings against the estate of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy. Of late years he had been among leading counsel of the Boston and Maine railroad in New Hampshire, and his last important work was in connection with the recent rate hearing by the New Hampshire Public Service Commission. He also was a United States Commissioner for New Hampshire.

Mr. Kelley was a member of Alpha Council, Royal Arcanum, the New Hampshire

Historical Society and of many Portsmouth clubs. Besides a wife he leaves two children, Barbara R. and John S., also two sisters, Mrs. Mary A. McCarty of Washington, and Mrs. Margaret E. Callan, wife of Major Callan, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Andrews, Boston.

HON. JOHN SWETT

One of the most eminent and successful educators ever sent out from the Granite State was the Hon. John Swett, a native of the town of Pittsfield, born July 31, 1830. He was educated in the public schools and at McGaw Normal Institute, Reed's Ferry, from which he graduated in 1851. In his youth he was a voluminous and most interesting contributor to the old *Boston Cultivator*, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Jack," and his productions therein appearing are still remembered with pleasure by some of the older people of New England.

In 1852 he went to California, making the trip around the Horn, and in 1853 became the principal of a grammar school in San Francisco.

After ten years of service in that capacity, he was made superintendent of schools for the State of California, continuing for five years and meanwhile editing a state educational journal. Subsequently he was, for many years, superintendent of the schools of San Francisco, and also published a history of the California public school system and a manual of methods of teaching.

Dartmouth College in 1866 and the University of California later honored him with the degree of Master of Arts.

During the present year San Francisco named one of her new school buildings the John Swett School, and in connection with the dedicatory exercises the Sierra Educational News published a 16 page article upon "John Swett, Teacher, Author, Man."

In comment upon this article the editor of the Journal of Education said, and his tribute came appropriately within so short a time of its subject's death, "No other man living has played an equally important part in public school education for so many years as John Swett, the father of the public school system of California."

PROF. CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

Charles Francis Richardson, Emeritus Professor of Anglo Saxon and English Literature in Dartmouth College, died at his summer home at Sugar Hill, Lisbon, October 8, 1913.

Professor Richardson was born at Hallowell, Me., May 29, 1851, being a son of Dr. Moses C. Richardson. He graduated from Dartmouth in 1871, and was a member of the Psi Upsilon and Phi Beta Kappa Societies. He engaged in literature and journalism, being editor of the New York *Independent* from 1872 till 1878. For two years he edited the *Sunday School Times* and subsequently was for two years editor of *Good Literature*. He was the author of several novels, a volume of poems and essays, and edited a number of works on literature. He was made Professor of English at Dartmouth in 1882, retiring in 1911, to devote his entire time to literature. He was a member of the American Historical Society, and a corresponding member of the Maine Historical Society.

On April 12, 1878, he married Miss Elizabeth Miner Thomas, who survives him.

DR. EDWARD B. HARVEY

Dr. Edward B. Harvey, a native of Deerfield, born April 4, 1834, died at Westboro, Mass., September 28, 1913.

Dr. Harvey was a graduate of Wesleyan University in the class of 1859, and of the Harvard Medical School in 1866, settling in Westboro, where he continued till death. He served as a member of the school board eighteen years, as superintendent of schools, trustee of the public library, of the Westboro Savings Bank and of the State Reform School. He also served two years in the Massachusetts House of Representatives and in the State Senate an equal time. He was a member of the American Medical Association and had been president of the Massachusetts Medical Society. He was actively instrumental in the establishment of the Massachusetts State Board of Registration in Medicine and was for eighteen years its secretary. He was also the author and the leading spirit in securing the passage of the Massachusetts free text-book law.

MAJ. LUCIUS B. WRIGHT

Lucius B. Wright, for many years past an inspector in the Water Department of the City of Everett, Mass., who died September 30, 1913, was a native of Washington, N. H., born November 24, 1836, a son of the late Rev. Nathan R. Wright, a prominent Universalist clergyman of his day, and a brother of the late Col. Carroll D. Wright, the eminent statistician and sociologist. He was a member of the Sixteenth New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War. Previous to his location in Everett he was for a time a resident of Roxbury, Mass., where he served in the Common Council and as a member of the Roxbury Horse Guards, holding the rank of Major. He had been prominent in the G. A. R., and Commander of H. G. Berry Post of Malden, and had also served as a member of the Everett Park Commission.

He had been twice married—first to Miss Mary Watkins, who died in 1891; second to Miss Rosa M. Brown, who survives him, with a daughter by the first wife, Mrs. George A. Whittington of Winchester.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

An event of no little historical interest was the unveiling and dedication of the memorial tablet and boulder at Bradford, erected in front of the old Raymond House site, in memory of Lafayette and his visit there, July 27, 1825, which occurred on the 20th of August last, under the auspices of Mercy Hathaway White Chapter, D. A. R., through whose instrumentality the same had been erected. The presentation to the town was made by Miss Isabel Greeley, regent of the chapter, and the acceptance was by F. O. Melvin, chairman of the board of selectmen. An address upon Lafayette's visit was given by Mrs. William M. Carr, and remarks upon the value of historic memorials to the youth of the country were made by ex-Gov. John Q. A. Brackett of Arlington, Mass., a native of the town. Appropriate musical exercises were participated in by a chorus of school children, and there was a large attendance of townspeople and visitors from abroad, among whom were Mrs. John Hay of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Mason W. Tappan, Mrs. Walter Harriman and others.

The resignation of the Hon. Robert M. Wallace of Milford, chief justice of the Superior Court, who has been disabled by illness for some time past, having been received and accepted, the vacancy thus created has been filled by the promotion of Associate Justice Robert G. Pike of Dover to such position. This leaves vacant the position held by Judge Pike, who is the only remaining member of the Court as originally constituted in March, 1901, and as there is also a vacancy on the Supreme Court bench, occasioned by the appointment of Associate Justice George H. Bingham to the United States Circuit Court bench, there is much interest among members of the bar and others, in the matter of the selections to be made by the Governor and Council for the two positions, which, naturally, must soon be filled.

Another of the greatly needed contributions to the historical literature of the State in the shape of town histories, of which all too many are yet lacking, has recently been completed and issued by Kimball Webster of Hudson, who presents the history of that town in a compact, well arranged octavo volume of some 650 pages, with about fifty illustrations, including portraits of prominent citizens, pictures of buildings and other general views. Mr. Webster has been collecting the material utilized in this work for more than thirty years, and to its preparation and arrangement has given much time and attention, it being with him, as with many other authors of New Hampshire town histories, a labor of love, for which the people of Hudson, and all others interested in New Hampshire history, should be especially grateful. The work should be in all the public libraries of the State, and in all private libraries in which place is given to New Hampshire historical matter. The price of the volume, which may be ordered from the author, is $3.00 per copy.

Public interest and excitement in the Capital city for the past month have centered around the matter of the mayoralty contest and the presence of Harry K. Thaw, with his retinue of relatives, lawyers and retainers at the Eagle Hotel. As regards the mayoralty question, that has passed beyond the primary stage, and the two candidates whose names will go on the official ballot are the present incumbent, Charles J. French, and Edward J. Gallagher, editor of *The Patriot*. The election of either will break all precedent. If French is again chosen he will be in for a longer term, altogether, than any other man who ever held the office in the city, while if Gallagher is elected he will be the youngest man in the city or state, and probably in the United States, who ever filled the office of Mayor, being now but 22 years of age. As for the Thaw case the general feeling seems to be that there ought to be some way to get him back to the State of Pennsylvania where he belongs. His extradition is sought by the acting governor of the State of New York as a fugitive from justice, but no precedent has yet been presented for the extradition of an insane person, and if Thaw is not now insane New York has now no claim upon him in any respect whatever.

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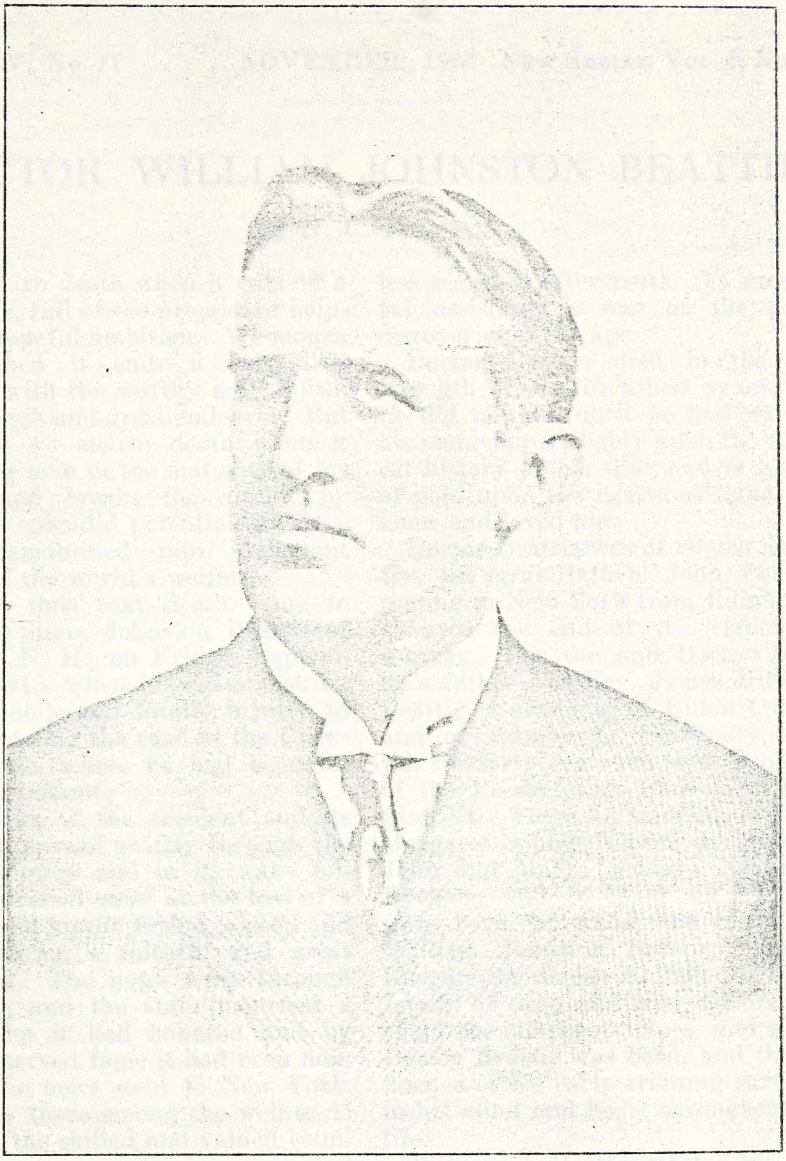
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WILLIAM J. BEATTIE, M. D.



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DOCTOR WILLIAM JOHNSTON BEATTIE

By H. C. Pearson

We mourn death when it cuts off a young life, full of the promise of helpful and hopeful ambition. We mourn death when it ends a long life, crowned with the worthy accomplishment of high and great endeavor. But especially we mourn death when it comes to a man in the maturity of his powers and breaks the circuit by which his splendid potentialities were being transformed into important factors of the world's welfare.

It was thus that death came to Doctor William Johnston Beattie of Littleton, N. H., on Friday, September 26, 1913, when he was struck by an automobile and fatally injured as he was crossing the road at the Crawford House, where he had been attending a patient.

The news of the accident and its sad result spread swiftly through the North Country and in its wake followed universal grief at the loss of a staunch and kindly friend, a good and useful citizen, a faithful and great physician. The news went through the state, and the state mourned a man whom it had honored and by whose deserved fame it had been honored. The news went to New York, and many there among the well-to-do mourned the skilled and valued counsellor; many among the poor mourned the benefactor and philanthropist; and all mourned together the man who had brought fresh relief to the sick and suffering, new hope to the hopeless and despairing. The news went across the seas, and many there mourned the keen student, the tireless searcher after truth, the successful assistant in one of the great discoveries of the age.

Doctor Beattie died in the full strength of his life's best years; but he did not die until he had written his name imperishably upon the medical history of his time and in letters of gold upon the hearts of those who knew and loved him.

Doctor Beattie was of Scotch ancestry, his grandfather, John Beattie, coming to New York from Edinburgh towards the end of the eighteenth century. His son and Doctor Beattie's father was Rev. James Milligan Beattie, a graduate of Union College and of Edinburgh University, who was for forty years the revered pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Ryegate, Vt. There he married, in 1856, Margaret Sophia Nelson, daughter of John and Mary (Finlay) Nelson of Ryegate, and to them six children were born, of whom the third was William Johnston Beattie, born in Ryegate September 6, 1865. It was a family of deep and true culture and of all the old-time virtues, into which Doctor Beattie was born, and the influence of his early training survived in his mind and heart throughout his life.

William J. Beattie started his education in the village schools of Ryegate. Then he attended Peacham Academy, of whose board of trustees his father was president, and St. Johnsbury Academy, each among the best of the preparatory schools for which the state of Vermont was then

and is now famous. Thus well grounded in the fundamentals, young Beattie entered directly upon the road to the profession which was his choice, and began his studies in the Bellevue Medical College, New York City, graduating with the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1888 and supplementing his college courses with a year of practical experience as surgeon in Bellevue Hospital.

It was in May, 1889, that Doctor Beattie made a wise, final choice of a place in which to practise permanently his profession and located in Littleton, Grafton County, N. H., not far to the northeast, across the Connecticut River, from his native town of Ryegate.

It required considerable confidence in himself and in his training for the young doctor to "hang out his shingle" in Littleton, a town which had been notable for years for the high quality of its professional men, medical, legal and ministerial. The names of Dr. Adams Moore, Dr. Charles M. Tuttle, Dr. William Burns, Drs. Sanger, Bugbee, Watson, Moffett, and others, were known beyond the limits of the North Country, and for a young man to rank with them was a severe test of his ability and courage.

That Doctor Beattie "made good" professionally the record of the last quarter of a century is proof. That his personality met with approval in his new location, both among his elders and those of his own age, is well shown by the fact that on May 29, 1890, he married Elizabeth Arnold Tuttle, daughter of Dr. Charles M. and Luthera (Moulton) Tuttle. Their four children are: Margaret, born January 18, 1891; Barbara, born December 28, 1897; Elizabeth, born February 5, 1901; and Catherine Gray, born August 7, 1905.

Though his progress in his profession made it necessary for Doctor Beattie to travel considerably during the later years of his life, Littleton always was his home and as such the object of his affectionate interest and powerful support. As a man, as a citizen, as a doctor, he was ever ready to heed any call to do something for Littleton and its surrounding country.

Notable in this respect was the inception in his mind of a plan, which he carried through to entire success, of a hospital in Littleton, which should serve the entire White Mountain region in an adequate manner. Interesting, first, his friend and patient, John J. Glessner of Chicago and Bethlehem, that gentleman started the hospital fund with a gift of $10,000, which he has since many times augmented, and from this nucleus it has been possible to put in being an institution which is an acknowledged model of its kind and which does a magnificent and well-appreciated work. Doctor Beattie was medical director of the hospital and the president of the board of trustees from the time of its establishment and it is impossible to over-estimate the value of his support to the enterprise, which, in fact, may well be counted among the monuments of his life work.

He was for many years, and at the time of his death, medical referee of Grafton County. He was one of the founders of the Cohashauke Club, Littleton's principal social organization for many years, and also was much interested in the work of the White Mountain Board of Trade, whose annual meeting at Bretton Woods he was planning to attend on the afternoon of his death. He had been for some years a director in the Littleton National Bank and often had given valuable coöperation in movements designed to advance the interests of his town and section, as a member of committees of the Littleton Board of Trade and otherwise.

Doctor Beattie was highly esteemed by his fellow practitioners in New Hampshire and in the wider circle of his acquaintance, and was a member of the Grafton County Medical Society, the New Hampshire Medical Society, the Association of Railroad

Surgeons, the Doctors' Club of New York City and the society connected with the famous Mayo hospital in Minnesota.

Fraternally, Doctor Beattie was a Mason and a Knight of Pythias, belonging to Burns Lodge and Chiswick Lodge, respectively, both of Littleton, and also in Masonry was a Knight Templar and Shriner.

Politically, he was a Republican, and a prominent one in local and state councils, until the Progressive movement developed, which he joined heart and soul and in which he was even more of a leader than in the old party.

In November, 1908, he was elected to the New Hampshire House of Representatives from Littleton and was one of the best-known members of the Legislature of 1909, serving on the important committee on railroads. January 9, 1901, he was commissioned brigadier general and surgeon general on the staff of His Excellency, Governor Chester B. Jordan, and so served during that administration.

In 1912 Doctor Beattie was one of the first prominent men in New Hampshire to come out unreservedly in support of Theodore Roosevelt as the nominee of the Republican party for president of the United States, and in recognition of that leadership he was placed at the head of the Roosevelt ticket in the state's presidential primary.

It was during the last year of the doctor's life that his great professional opportunity came to him and was recognized and embraced. Devoted to his profession and continually on the watch for new ideas in medicine and surgery, he had each year attended lectures and clinics in some medical center of his own country; and in the fall of 1912 he determined to go abroad for study there.

At Oxford he was the guest of Sir William Osler, who gave him letters of introduction and advice as to the best course to pursue. Doctor Beattie had always made a specialty of surgery and in Vienna and Berlin did much operating, but his chief work was in the laboratories of Doctor Piorkowski, who claimed to have discovered a turtle serum cure for tuberculosis. The Berlin doctor took a great fancy to Doctor Beattie, gave him his confidence, and taught him to make the serum.

Doctor Beattie returned to his own country to introduce the cure, his advent being heralded in scientific circles as of great importance. He became a national figure in medical circles. I. O. Blake, a New York friend, in speaking of this, said that no physician was ever received in New York City with the consideration and respect that Doctor Beattie received when he came back from Europe with the cure. Only one paper there commented adversely and this same paper afterward retracted its statement.

Doctor Beattie had, some years previously, passed the New York examination and had been given his license to practise medicine in New York. The University of Berlin, during Doctor Beattie's stay in the German capital, conferred upon him the degree of "Herr Doctor" and he also brought home several certificates showing his mastering of the courses of study.

Hundreds of patients from all over the country suffering from tuberculosis sought his help by letter and telegram and appointments were made for them to come to Littleton and New York, Doctor Beattie treating patients in both places. The opening of the White Mountain season and his connection with the Maplewood Hotel as house physician stopped his trips to New York, and a New York physician had been conducting the work for him at that end. Much has been said in the papers about the serum and the results, but the true fact is that almost every case which came under Doctor Beattie's own personal supervision has shown marked and wonderful improvement. He had felt extremely gratified at the results among those under his direct care and

was already making plans for his winter's work, when death came.

At the time of Doctor Beattie's death the press of the state and the country contained many tributes to his memory and estimates of his career. None surpassed in truth of statement, sincerity of sentiment and felicity of expression that of the Doctor's home paper, the *Littleton Courier,* from which we quote as follows:

"Doctor Beattie was removed from his career at a time when his great usefulness was becoming more and more apparent, and when a wide field of endeavor and opportunity was opening before him. He had high professional aspirations and it was characteristic of him that in his recent work in behalf of tuberculosis sufferers, he seemed to give no thought to the financial end but appeared to think only of the good he could do in helping to relieve the suffering of those afflicted. In the field of surgery it was the same. Though, in his wide practice, he had many wealthy patients, he was quick to respond to the calls of the poor and needy. Many of his operations he performed, without expectation of pecuniary reward.

"An unwavering determination, an unswerving devotion to the duties of his profession and almost ceaseless toil helped to bring him to the place he occupied as the trusted physician and skilled surgeon. His mental equipment was of an order that proved a great factor in his success. Through his own ability, he won his way to achievement and though the years he lived were less than fifty, his life was long, measured by its accomplishment. His days for many years had been filled with laborious work and innumerable engagements and none but a man of remarkable physical and mental strength could have borne the burdens he shouldered. Whatever he undertook he carried through to the end and into these undertakings and enterprises, private and public, he threw whole-souled zeal and enthusiasm.

"Personally, Doctor Beattie was very popular. His manner and address and his individuality were unusually pleasing and he won friends easily and kept them, inspiring the deepest loyalty and affection among those who knew him best. He loved to dispense his hospitality to those around him and though he had little time for social life, his home was practically an open house to his friends.

"Many have told, since his death, of personal knowledge of generous deeds he has done, both in and outside of his professional life, of many charities and benefactions unknown to the world. He had been to many a tower of strength in time of trouble and it is felt that one may say of him as the late Robert G. Ingersoll said in his oration at the funeral of his brother, 'If everyone for whom he ever did a kindness should drop a flower on his grave, he would sleep tonight beneath a mound of roses.'

"Doctor Beattie's death brought telegrams and letters expressing affection and grief from all over the country. Tuesday afternoon and evening the house was open to the public and from 2 in the afternoon to 10 at night a steady stream of friends and patients came to see the body. It was a demonstration of feeling seldom witnessed and those who came seemed deeply moved with sincere sympathy and sorrow. It was the last 'office hours.'

"The funeral was held at the home October 1 at 11.30 a. m., and was attended by a great throng of friends, patients and professional associates from all over the state. The local business houses were closed, practically all the business and professional men of the town attending the service. Rev. P. J. Robinson of the Unitarian Church of Littleton officiated, assisted by Rev. Paul Moody, pastor of the South Congregational Church at St. Johnsbury, Vt., a classmate of Doctor

was already making plans for his winter's work, when death came.

At the time of Doctor Beattie's death the press of the state and the country contained many tributes to his memory and estimates of his character. None surpassed in truth of statement, sincerity of sentiment and felicity of expression that of the Doctor's home paper, the Griffin Courier, from which we quote as follows:

"Doctor Beattie was removed from his earthly activities at a time when his greatest usefulness was becoming more and more apparent, and when a wide field of endeavor and opportunity was opening before him. He had high professional aspirations and it was characteristic of him that in his recent work in behalf of tuberculosis sufferers, he seemed to give no thought to the financial end but appeared to think only of the good he could do in helping to relieve the suffering of those afflicted. In the field of surgery it was the same. Though, in his wide practice, he had many wealthy patients, he was quick to respond to the calls of the poor and needy. Many of his operations he performed, without expectation of pecuniary reward.

"An unswerving determination, an unwavering devotion to the duties of his profession and almost ceaseless toil helped to bring him to the place he occupied as the crowned physician and skilled surgeon. His mental equipment was of an order that proved a great factor in his success. Through his own ability, he won his way to achievement and though the years he lived were less than fifty, his life was long, measured by its accomplishment. His days for many years had been filled with laborious work and innumerable engagements and none but a man of remarkable physical and mental strength could have borne the burdens he shouldered. Whatever he undertook he carried through to the end and into those undertakings and enterprises, private and public, he

Beattie's brother-in-law, Dr. William G. Ricker, at Yale College. Mr. Moody read briefly from the scriptures and also read a poem, Mrs. Harry D. Green then singing 'Nearer My God to Thee' and Mr. Robinson giving the prayer and benediction.

"Scores of persons were represented by floral tributes, choice and beautiful, and various societies and bodies also sent flowers. Burial was in Glenwood Cemetery, The bearers were Gen. William A. Barron of the Crawford House, Israel O. Blake of New York City, Leon H. Cilley of the Maplewood Hotel, Dr. Raymond D. Giles, Dr. John M. Page and Henry O. Hatch of Littleton."

DREAMING

By L. J. H. Frost

I dream today of bygone years
All full of hope devoid of fears,
When sweetest flowers adorned life's way;
Withered and dead they lie today.

The winds blew soft and days were fair,
While bird-notes trembled through the air;
The rose-hued future seemed to say—
"There ne'er will come a darker day."

Hope's cheering banner floated wide,
Over life's quiet sunlit tide;
And Love's argosy in ether blue
Said, "smile for aye, all hearts are true."

At length there came a storm-clad day,
That swept my bower of hopes away;
Leaving behind a shadow deep
To which sad memory goes to weep.

Now faring on toward life's last gate,
My weary soul must calmly wait
'Till from across the tideless sea
I hear my Father calling me.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

By P. L. F.

In old colonial days, when life was like a story,
Men lived in simple ways and gave to God all glory.
One time when food was scanty and want was at the door,
Two ships came in with plenty for all their winter's store:
A day for thanks was set—its founders long outliving—
We celebrate it yet; it was the first Thanksgiving.

THE OLD GARRISON HOUSE, EXETER, N. H.

By Delia H. Honey

Built substantial are its walls,
  Built of logs hewn smooth and square,
By the River Squamscot standing,
Back from the "great bridge," commanding.
  Large, and many rooms to spare.

Built by the Queen's councilor
  In the many years gone by;
Of great chimneys it had four,
Of quaint stairs as many more
  'Neath which they could hie.

Sixteen hundred fifty-eight
  Saw this grand old garrison built,
As a home for Sir John Gilman
And a refuge from the Red man,
  Ere their blood was spilt.

Full two hundred years and more,
  It has stood the work of time,
Under the hot summer's glow—
Covered with the winter's snow
  Of our northern clime.

In the years when old New Hampshire
  First became a loyal State,
There was held a grand reception
In these walls, and no deception,
  To their Governor so great.

In the later years the students
  Liked this quaint old place.
Daniel Webster's classic lore
Here he found, and many more
  By the names we trace.

Neither time, nor age, nor man,
  Has removed from window panes
Writing made there by the hands
Long years laid away in bands,
  Sepulchral are their chains.

Time and man have wrought great changes,
  But the house will stand
'Till generations pass and come,
And *we all* have reached that home
  In the promised land.

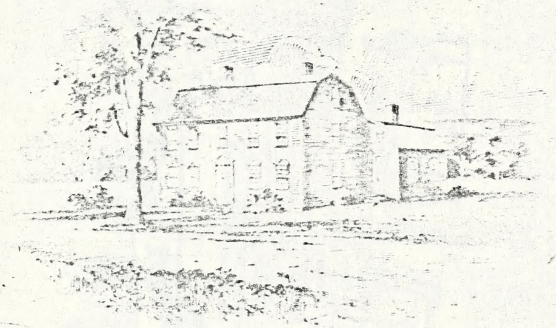
LANDMARKS OF CONCORD

*By Mrs. Joseph B. Walker**

If at the very commencement of my paper I speak of Sugar Ball Monument, erected only last fall (October 26, 1899), it is because it commemorates the first recorded act of our pioneer settlers. They rested on the Sabbath day, and with song and sermon and prayer consecrated their new home in the wilderness to the service of God and liberty. It is a landmark that future generations will regard with honor, as the years go by.

The first range of house lots was laid out in May, 1726, about four months after the plantation of Pennycook had been granted to the petitioners by the General Court of Massachusetts. The boulder, with an inscription cut upon it, at the corner of Main and Penacook Streets, marks the first house lot, in the first range, on the east side of Main Street. This land was assigned to Rev. Timothy Walker, who was ordained the first minister of Pennycook November 18, 1730. Having brought his young wife to this new parish, he was anxious to make a home, as they then lived in a log house. In 1733 the town appropriated fifty pounds to assist in building a two-story frame house. This stands today. Upheld by its stanch oak timbers, it has resisted the winds and storms of one hundred and sixty-seven years, faithfully sheltering six generations of the family. It remained practically as originally built until 1848, when the present owner removed the huge but unsafe chimneys, and restored the old house for his own home. Parson Walker's diary tells us that the trees were set out by him May 2, 1764, and have, therefore, reached the good old age of one hundred and thirty-five years.

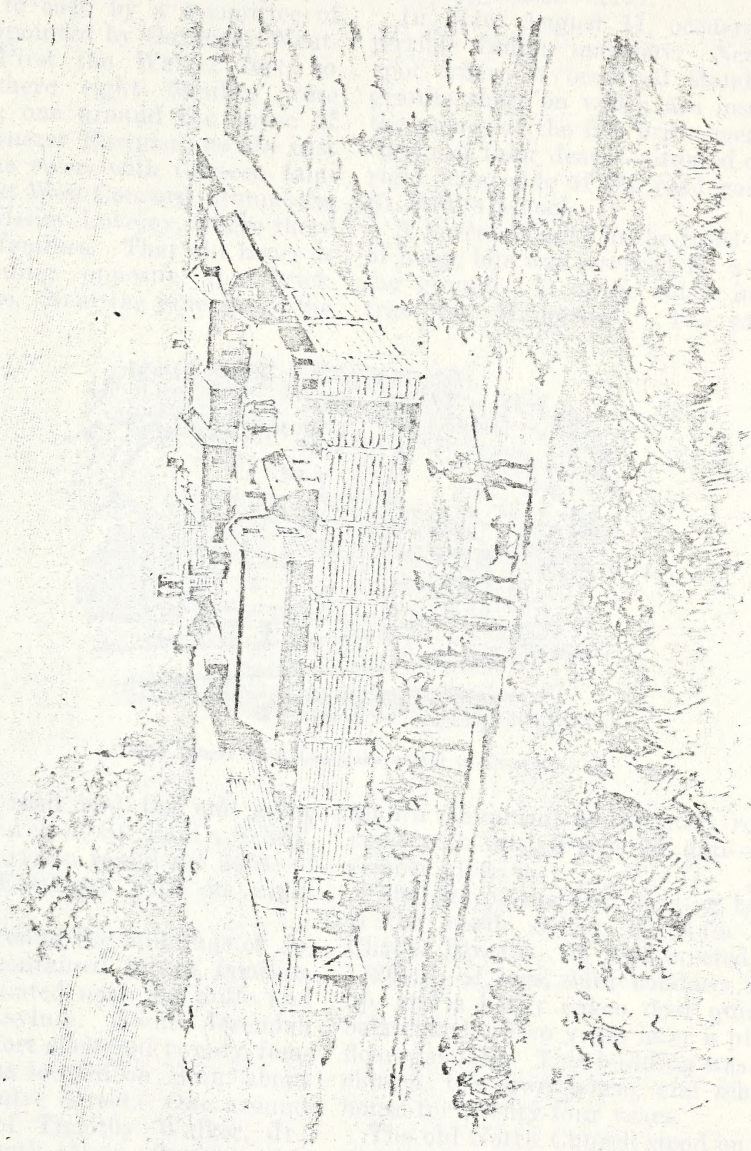
Forts or garrisons were built in various localities to protect the people from the hostile Indians. These were made of hewed logs which lay flat upon each other. The ends, being fitted for the purpose, were inserted in large posts, erected to receive them. These walls of timber were as high as a common dwelling house. At the corners were boxes where sentinels kept watch and ward in time of danger. Loopholes, high up, allowed the aiming of guns at the enemy.



Parson Walker's House

These garrisons enclosed one or more acres of land and contained buildings for the comfort of those stationed there. In the front yard of this old house is a stone on which is inscribed the names of the men who

*This paper was read before the Concord Woman's Club in 1900, by the late Mrs. Walker.



Timothy Walker Garrison

retreated with their families to Parson Walker's fort.

In 1746 there were seven fully equipped garrisons in the town. They had been located and the inhabitants assigned to each by a committee of militia appointed by Governor Wentworth. First the Walker fort, so called, where eight families were "stated"; one around the house of Capt. Ebenezer Eastman, on the east side of the river, with thirteen families; one at West Concord, around the house of Henry Lovejoy, where there were ten families. That old house is still standing opposite the brick schoolhouse. Near the junction of the Hopkinton road and the one going past the church at St. Paul's School, stood the garrison round the house of Jonathan Eastman, with its eight families.

The one round the buildings of Joseph Hall contained fifteen families, and was situated near the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum. Lieut. Jeremiah Stickney's fort sheltered twenty families and was located on Main, about opposite Centre Street. One around the house of Timothy Walker, Jr., was on South Main Street, with twenty-two families.

The garrisons about the house of Mr. George Abbott, on what is now Fayette Street, of Mr. James Osgood where the First National Bank stands, and Mr. Edward Abbott, at the corner of Montgomery and Main Streets, whose old house is now a stable in the rear of the large one, were finished the following season—1747.

In 1746, August 11, occurred the terrible Indian massacre. Near the spot where it occurred stands the granite shaft on which are inscribed the names of the five brave men who then met their death—situated on the right hand side of the road going to St. Paul's School.

A parcel of land in the third range of house lots was reserved for a burying ground. It is the oldest in central New Hampshire. The earliest known monument is a natural, rough stone with initials and the date—December 11, 1736.



House Where First Legislature Met in Concord

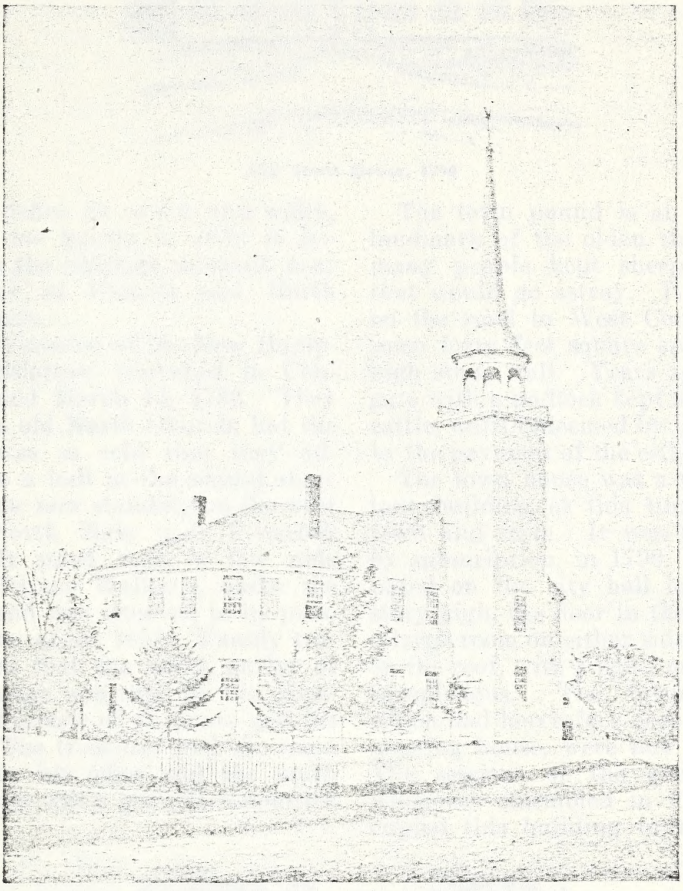
The site of the first meeting house is the north corner of Main and Chapel Streets. It was erected, in 1726–27, of logs, with windows high up, and a heavy oaken door quickly barricaded. Two years later a plank floor was laid. This building was the church, the town house, and schoolhouse for twenty-four years.

The old North Church stood on the site of the Walker schoolhouse. It was built in 1751, and was enlarged by a pentagonal addition fifty-five years later (1806), and used for worship until 1842. In this church the election sermons were annually preached

(from 1784 to 1731). In it the convention for ratifying the United States Constitution was held in June, 1788, which, as the ninth state to approve that Constitution set the wheels of the National Government in motion.

Near the southwest door of this old church stood, for more than a century, the large stone, used as a mounting block. Tradition says that the women paid for it, by giving each a pound of butter (no doubt the women all helped as so many came to meeting on horse back, or behind their husbands or friends on pillions). After the church was burned, it was given to Mr. Walker, and removed to its present position just south of his house—in 1870.

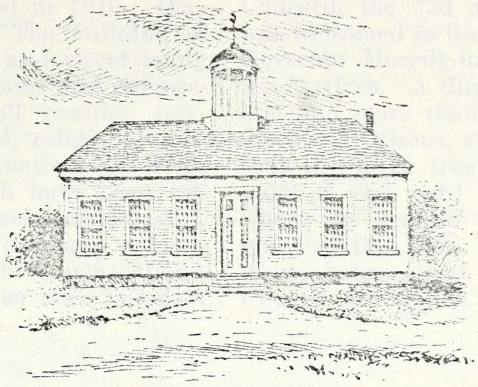
Early in the century a bell was hung in the old North belfry, which so delighted the people that every day but Sunday it was rung at 7 o'clock, at 12 and at 9, and at all other times when any kind of an excuse could be found to ring it.



"Old North"—First Congregational Church

The Friends' meeting house, a small brick building, in the early part of the century, stood on the site of Governor Rollins' mansion. It was sold to the town for a schoolhouse.

When Main Street was laid out, stone bounds were placed at certain



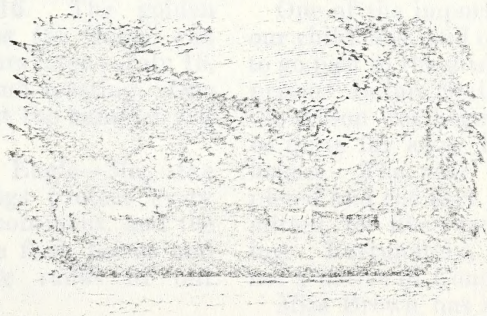
Old Town House, 1790

points to define its course and width, the only one known to exist is imbedded in the concrete sidewalk near the corner of Church and North Main Streets.

The first session of the New Hampshire Legislature, convened in Concord, opened March 13, 1782. They met in the old North Church, but the weather was so cold that they adjourned to a hall in the second story of the house now standing on the west side of North Main near Penacook Street. It stood then, a few rods south of Parson Walker's, under the big tree, and was removed to its present position about 1851. Family tradition says that the north parlor of the parsonage was used by the president or governor of the state and his council. The treasurer had the room over it for his office and the south sitting room was a general committee room.

The town pound is an interesting landmark of the olden time when so many people kept sheep and cows that would go astray. It is situated on the road to West Concord, a lot some forty feet square enclosed by a high stone wall. Years ago, a heavy gate with a padlock kept securely any cattle, until redeemed by their owners by the payment of the established fine.

The town house was a very important building at this time, for both town and state. It was built partly by subscription, in 1790. It was situated on the city hall lot; was one story high, the door in the center and a large room on either side. A cupola on the roof, with a vane, made it quite conspicuous. The town meetings, which had heretofore been held in the meeting house, were now held there. The sessions of the general court, whenever assembled in Concord, occupied this building until the State



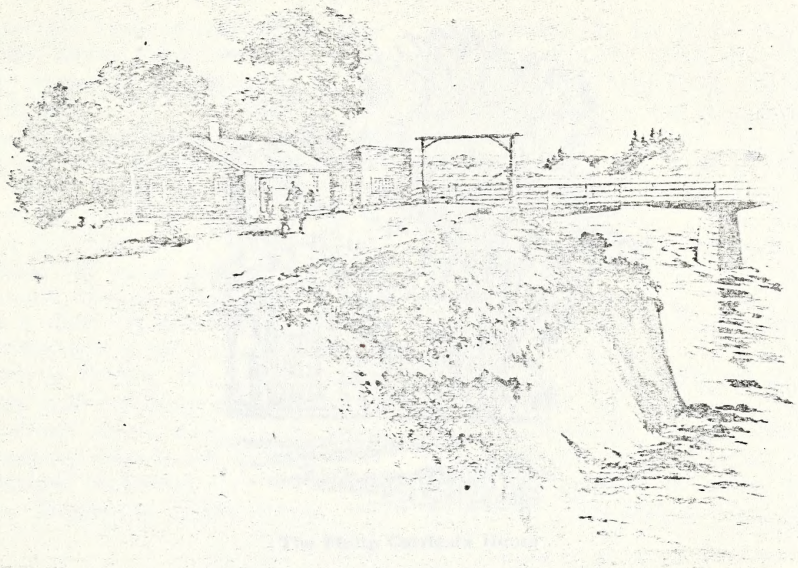
The Old Pound

House was completed in 1819. Doctor Bouton says: "The building in the course of years, underwent many mutations, modifications and enlargements, answering all possible purposes—civil, political, religious, military, judicial and fanatical; a sort of Noah's ark in which have been collected all things, clean and unclean."

The State House has been a landmark for at least three generations. The corner stone was laid Tuesday, September 14, 1816. The golden eagle which crowns the dome was raised about two years later—July 18, 1818—with music and feasting. One of the toasts given at the banquet was this:

"The American Eagle—May the shadow of his wings protect every acre of our united continent, and the lightning of his eye flash terror and defeat through the ranks of our enemies."

When General Lafayette came to Concord, the 22d of June, 1825, he was welcomed to the city and state by Governor Morrill in the hall of Representatives. A dinner was served to him and more than six hundred soldiers and citizens, and, tradition says, that the large tree in the southeast part of the yard marks the place where the general sat. He was the guest of the Hon. William A. Kent, whose house stood where the South Church now stands.



First Concord Bridge

One of the important landmarks of our childhood, and one we were afraid to go past in the dusk was the old state prison. Before State Street was made the prison was begun, and thought to be quite far away from business and houses. The year 1812 saw it completed and the first prisoner was committed, for five years, for horse stealing. Fortunately, however, he was not a native of Concord.

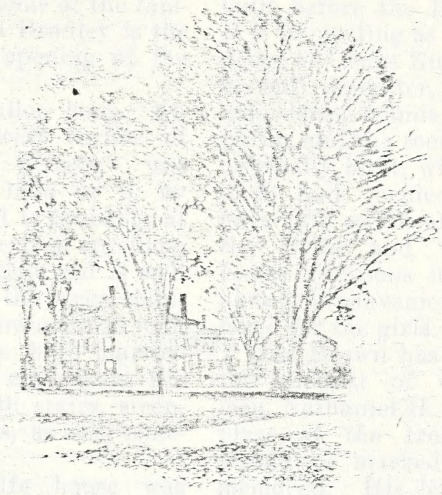
Miss Brown has said that Hannah Dustin tarried here but a night, in

her terrible journey up the Merrimack. You all know the story of her great suffering, and her scalping the Indians. If the monument erected in Haverhill and the one on Dustin's Island are both correct representations of the same woman, our granite monument shows a wonderful expansion in physical proportions. Her courage and brave determination made a heroic woman of the pale weary mother.

Merrimack River was crossed by ferry boats until about 1795, when the lower, or Concord bridge, was built. The next year the Federal bridge was completed. The latter crossed the stream several rods west of its present position. It was voted by the town to allow the bridge proprietors $25 a year, as compensation for the privilege to the town's people of going toll free, from the hours between 9 and 4 on the Sabbath on their way to and from meeting

Very few of us can remember, and perhaps have never heard that Concord and Boston were in direct communication by boat, up and down the Merrimack, through the Middlesex canal, and the first boat arrived in the autumn of 1814, and continued to make regular trips, for freight principally, until the fall of 1842. The landing place and large freight house were a few rods south of the lower bridge, on this side of the river. In 1818 the people were delighted with the new steamboat, and availed themselves of the invitation of the proprietors to take trips up and down the river.

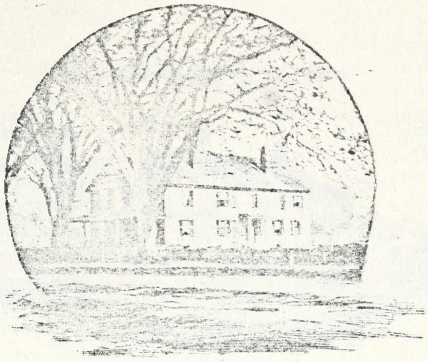
The first houses in Pennycook were built of logs, but the civilization of the settlers required houses built of timber and boards, hence the first sawmill was erected and put in operation, on Mill Brook at East Concord, in 1729, when but a few of the inhabitants had brought their families to the new township.



The Philip Carrigain House

It is interesting to note some of the houses built during the first fifty years. On the east side of the river is the Pecker mansion, built in 1755 by Philip Eastman, recently fitted up by Mr. J. Eastman Pecker for his valuable library.

Abraham Bradley came from Haverhill in 1729, one of the earliest settlers. The original house of logs built in 1729–30, gave place to the present one, erected in 1769. For one hundred and thirty-one years it



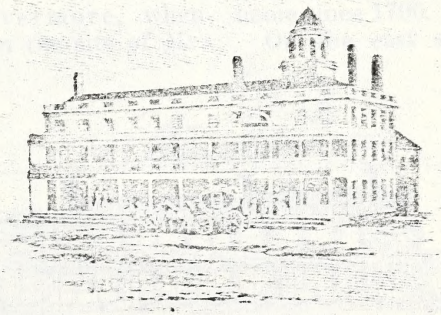
Washington House

has been the home of some of the family. Mr. Moses Hazen Bradley is the happy owner at the opening of the new century.

The Farrington-Fuller house situated on the northwest corner of State and Pleasant Streets,* was erected as early as 1755 or 6, by Steven Farrington. It is probably at this time the most perfect specimen of a house of that period and is well worth a visit. It has the large chimney in the center, the low ceilings with projecting beams, the high narrow mantels and chimney cupboards, the small front entry, with stairs, steep, and making two turns, as was characteristic of that time.

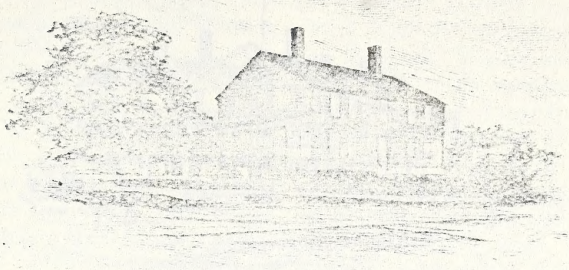
The Benjamin Rolfe house was built before the Revolutionary War. It is interesting as being once the residence of Count Rumford, and later of his only daughter, the Countess. The main house stands as of old; the hall, parlor and the room over it remain as originally built, with the hand-carved dado and cornices. The Countess gave this estate and funds to found the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum. Large additions have been made to have it a convenient and comfortable home for the girls.

Miss Brown has referred to one of the choicest of Concord's literary men, Nathaniel H. Carter. His birthplace at the Iron Works District should be marked by some suitable memorial. His letters from Europe



Eagle Coffee House

*Where the Wonolancet Club House has since been erected.



Butters' Tavern

and his poems, written some seventy or eighty years ago, have lost but little if any, of their interest by the lapse of time.

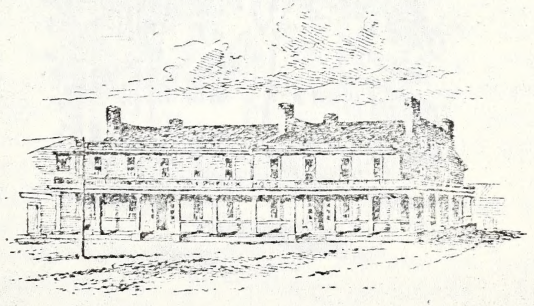
Of the many houses erected before 1800 I can only mention a few for want of time. Among them the Coffin house, which for more than an hundred years stood under the beautiful elm tree on Main Street; Mr. Charles Parker's house and Mr. Herbert's old store and tavern now used as dwellings; Dr. W. G. Carter's residence, which was built by Philip Carrigain. The freshet that spring was kind to him, for it floated the timber and boards almost to the very place where he needed to use them. He was an old bachelor, and to build so pretentious a house for himself made the people give it the name of "Carrigain's folly."

Major Daniel Livermore, when building his house on the site of Mr. J. C. Thorne's, just after the Revolution, trespassed on the sidewalk a foot or more. He was engaged to a young lady, living up the street, and the young folks said the "major put his house out into the street so he could sit at the window and see his sweetheart come tripping down the road."

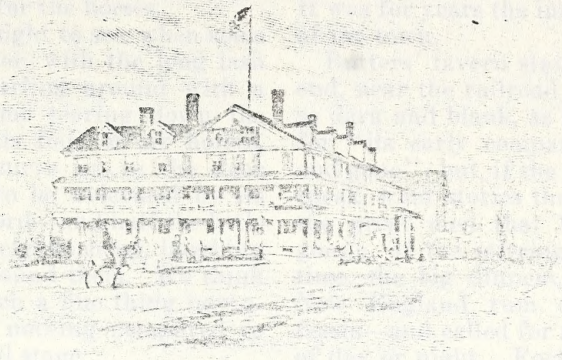
At the north end of Main Street stands the large house built by Benjamin Kimball in 1804. A fine specimen of that style of architecture, it has never been changed, and has always been occupied by descendants of the original proprietor. It stands back from the street with a wall of stone in front—a two-story house with 4 chimneys, a wide hall, running from front to rear with a door at either end, all the rooms opening into the hall.

The Doctor McFarland house, opposite the city hall, has been a delightful home since 1790.

On the east side of South Main



Old Phenix Hotel



Old American House

Street, back from the road, stands the Rogers house. In the region of South Spring Street stand three very old houses. I am sure many of you will recall others, that I have not time to mention.

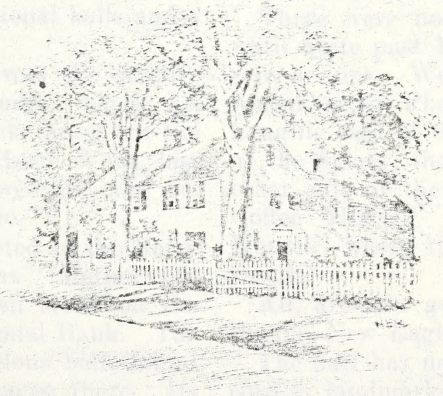
Most of these old houses have been changed to meet the requirements of subsequent generations.

The following lines, written some forty years ago by a friend, are still more applicable today:

"Should some past worthy, hat and cue,
And buckles on his knee,
But come to earth, the Pennycook
Of modern times to see,
He'd wander on beneath the gas,
A stranger in the 'town.'
Seeking his home to find, alas!
No old-time house is here,
All, all, are changed, or gone."

In studying this subject, I wondered if ever there was a town of law-abiding citizens where there were so many taverns in its first one hundred and twenty years, as in Concord.

Then, remembering that it was the capital of the State, the head of navigation, and in direct communication with Boston by water, and with the sea at Portsmouth by a fine road, and on the direct route to the north and Canada, I could understand the necessity for many taverns for the comfort of the men and horses, and the big teams that brought produce from the north, and took back dry goods and West India supplies. There was need of the stage taverns where the passengers were faithfully cared for, and



Rolfe and Rumford House

never a lack in the big barns of straw and provender for the horses.

It was a fine sight to see, when some jolly stage driver, with the long lash of his whip, curling around with a sharp snap, came tearing down the road, driving his four or six horses, in a graceful curve up to the door of the tavern, to be welcomed by its courteous landlord—and half the little gamins in the neighborhood, laughing and cheering around them. We think the tally-ho coach a fine thing now-a-days, but it is nothing compared to the old-time mail stage.

At the north end of Main Street was the Washington tavern, now standing—a tenement house, under fine elm trees. Here, was ample accommodation for man and beast, and a large hall for occasional balls and a good time generally.

Across the street was the smaller tavern of John George, where his grandson and namesake hung out the quaint sign on Old Home Week, last summer—a sort of welcome and reminder of the long ago.

One of the most noted in the Revolutionary period, was "Mother Osgood's" tavern, which stood on the site of the First National Bank. The hungry and the bibulous both found satisfaction and welcome there. Its hostess was gracious; its table was hearty and its liquors were strong. It was for years the inn par excellence of the town.

Butters' tavern stands at the south end, near the railroad bridge, looking so dark and blank, as if sighing alone for "its early companions all faded and gone"; but, if the old rooms could speak, what stories they would tell of the great men that had been their guests, of the stirring scenes in war time, the big dinners, the gallons of New England rum drank at their feasts—and called for almost any hour of day or night. Fortunately for the men of that time, and the women too, the rum was made of good West India molasses, at the distillery of Sampson Bullard a few rods north of the present railway station.



The Farrington-Fuller House

There were no hotels in Concord, until quite past 1800. All were taverns or inns. We elderly people well remember the Pheonix Hotel, with its hanging sign of the bird in the midst of the flames; the Columbian, on the other side of the street; the "Eagle Coffee House," Gass's "American House," where the opera house now stands.

All, are now gone, giving place to the fine New Eagle.

The half has not been told of Concord's landmarks. It would take many fifteen minutes to tell it all,

but I hope this afternoon's exercises will stimulate us all to learn still more of our own history.

The time allotted to my paper is more than passed—but, I would like to leave this thought with you: would it not be a good work for the Woman's Club to mark in a suitable manner the more important historical places in our town? Not all at once, perhaps, but we should have this in mind as something to be done for future generations worthy of the Woman's Club of Concord.

A LITTLE PATH

By Frances M. Pray

Oh little path across the field,
You're worn by many feet;
  The feet of those who slowly go
  Toward evening when the sun is low,
But morning brings the children's steps
And happy laughter sweet.

Yes, little path, each one you take
To woods and singing brook,
  And some are led for flowers there
  And others seek release from care,
A lesson there for every one
Will he but stop and look.

Dear little path, your leafy cool
Is treasured in each heart
  Whose feet have passed along your way,
  And so whatever bring each day
A peaceful corner it may hold
From all cares safe apart.

THE GREAT CURE

By Georgiana Rogers

If fear is our greatest microbe,
  So faith is our greatest cure;
The secret is in believing
  That help Divine is sure.

Then cease your "chemicalizing"
  And know you were born pure,
And never cease to remember—
  That help Divine is sure.

A SEPTEMBER OUTING

In the Picturesqus Pemigewasset Valley of New Hampshire

By Francis H. Goodall, Washington, D. C.

"As journeys this Earth, her eye on a sun,
through the heavenly spaces,
And, radiant in azure, or sunless, swallowed in tempests,
Falters not, alters not; journeying equal,
sunlit or storm girt:
So thou, son of Earth, who hast Force,
Goal and Time, go still onwards."

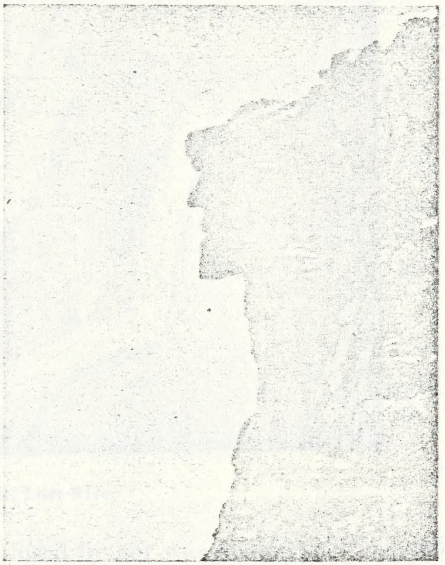
I left Washington, D. C., August 26, 1913; visited some friends in Fairfield County, Conn.; also relatives at the dear old homestead at Bath, Grafton County, N. H.; then went to Plymouth; took the Pemigewasset Branch Railroad for Fairview in the town of Woodstock, which is twenty miles north from Plymouth.

The whole Pemigewasset valley in this vicinity is very picturesque, with its winding river, fine meadows, beautiful trees, hills, mountains and gorgeous autumn foliage. The train passes Livermore Falls, where the river dashes down over wild rugged rocks, making a fine water-power to furnish food for many hungry families. It then passes Campton and West Campton, which region has been very beautifully described by Thomas Starr King in his book, "The White Hills."

Twenty years ago, the writer spent two most delightful summers at West Campton, and his "reminiscence bump" still points with pride to visits made by him to Paradise, Purgatory, Bald Mountain, Prospect Mountain and other places, while there.

Fairview is only twelve miles from the celebrated Franconia Notch, and from the piazza of the hotel, looking north, one can see Mount Lafayette, Mounts Cannon, Lincoln, Liberty, Eagle Cliff, Wolf, Kinsman, Pemigewasset, Russel; Blue Ridge, with all the gorgeous scenery of the Pemigewasset valley, up through North Woodstock, Lincoln, to the Notch, where the Grand Old Man (or the Great Stone Face as he is often called) keeps his silent vigils over these great majestic natural wonders, century by century. He was a very old man long before Adam was created.

Near by the Fairview House, comparatively easy tramps can be taken, by visiting Parker's Ridge, Loon Lake,



Old Man of the Mountain

Russel Pond, Grandview or Parker Mountain, from which places extensive views of the Pemigewasset valley, North Woodstock, and Lincoln may be had, as well as of many mountains in this region. One most delightful excursion is to Lost River, near Mounts Moosehillock and Kinsman, where the Moosehillock River makes a wild dash down through great chasms of big rocks, disappearing at times and then reappearing. You

will see here the Hall of the Ships, Shadow Cave, Judgment Hall of Pluto, Hall of Forgetfulness, Lemon Squeezer, Rat Hole, Cave of Silence and the Ice Box, where it is said, you can find ice in July. You have to procure a special suit of overalls and jacket for this trip— 25 cents each.

Other interesting places are Agassiz's Basin, Balance Rock, Indian Leap, Georgianna Falls, Mountain Side, Thornton Gore, Mad River and Waterville. At Georgianna Falls there are really three separate falls, two of which make wild leaps of eighty feet each..



Paradise Falls, Lost River

In talking with Mr. A. W. Sawyer, the proprietor of the Fairview House, about the early settlements made in that locality, he handed the writer a statement, made by his grandmother, Mrs. Abagail Binkham, a short time before she died, of a few incidents in her life, and by his permission a few facts are mentioned. She was born at Derry, N. H., July 13, 1799, and married Joseph Russel, April 27, 1820. She once moved into a new log house, in a cold time in December, before it was finished, the doors and windows not having been put in. She passed over the Pemigewasset River on an old ox sled holding a baby in her arms. She had to hang blankets of her own weaving in the places cut for doors and windows to keep out the cold. To begin housekeeping, she had to borrow many things from her relatives. For a stable for the cow, poles were driven into the ground and covered with bark and brush. The first factory cloth used by her was bought at Franconia, N. H., in 1824. Owing to hard times, her husband went away on business, and she supported herself and five children, by boarding the schoolteacher and taking in work. She had the first kerosene lamp used in Woodstock. She also made cooking soda from burnt corn cobs. Would that there were, now, many more such noble, resolute, self reliant women like Mrs. Binkham and that many more incidents of such heroic lives could be recorded for the benefit of succeeding generations.

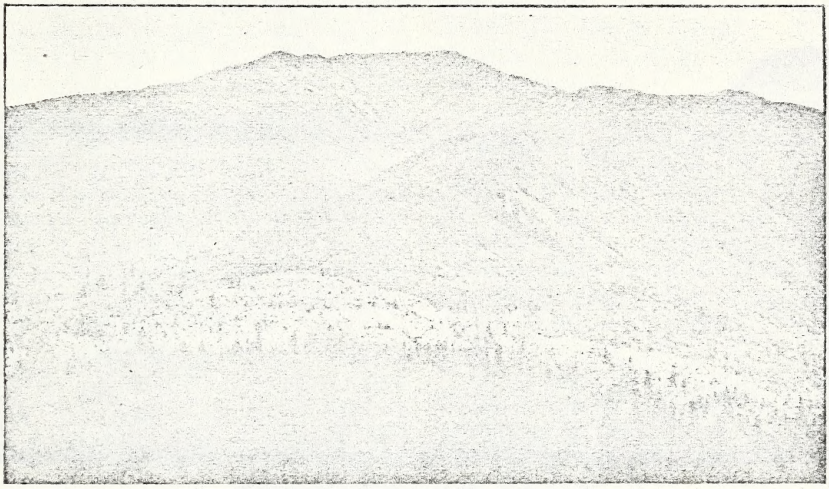


The oldest house in the town of Woodstock is the log house referred to in said sketch. It was built of hard pine logs, hewn out with a broad ax, the timbers being morticed together at the corners. It is still in very good condition, and nearly one hundred years old. It is now used as a wood shed and also for storing purposes.

At Lincoln, one mile northeast of Fairview, there is a large paper mill, where they employ over five hundred men. The mills are run night and day, including Sundays. Spruce logs of all sizes are used. They are first sawn into blocks, about two and one-half feet long; then the bark is peeled off by machinery and the blocks are split into four parts at one stroke by four big knives, operated by machinery. They are then ground up into pulp and run into big revolving vats of hot water. Sulphur, alum and rosin are then mixed with the pulp, until it is ready to go through the steaming and drying process, by passing through a large number of big steam rollers, until it comes out as paper in great wide rolls. It is then cut up into different sizes, according to the use for which intended, and packed ready for shipping. Some of this paper is sent to the Government Printing office at Washington, D. C.

The writer and his daughter took an auto for the Profile House one day and there took the trail for the highest peak of Mount Lafayette—a six-mile climb—most of the trail being steep and rocky, except, occasionally, where it runs through a gorge when passing from one peak to the next one.

There are really three separate peaks to this mountain and just before reaching the last one, there is a pretty little lake, where the sportive trout, leap and jump about, playing tag and showing their bright spots in the glistening sun. From the summit a very extensive and grand view of all the surrounding country can be obtained.



Mt. Lafayette

A great variety of trees and mosses can be seen on this trip—white and yellow birches, beeches, maples, hemlocks, spruces, balsams, mountain ashes with large bunches of bright red berries; also mountain cranberries, wild gooseberry bushes, with pretty bright leaves of many colors. Some of the tree-moss is over two inches thick, light green and often tinged with red; there is also the beautiful club moss, with its long tendrils of dark green. The club moss will keep fresh and nice

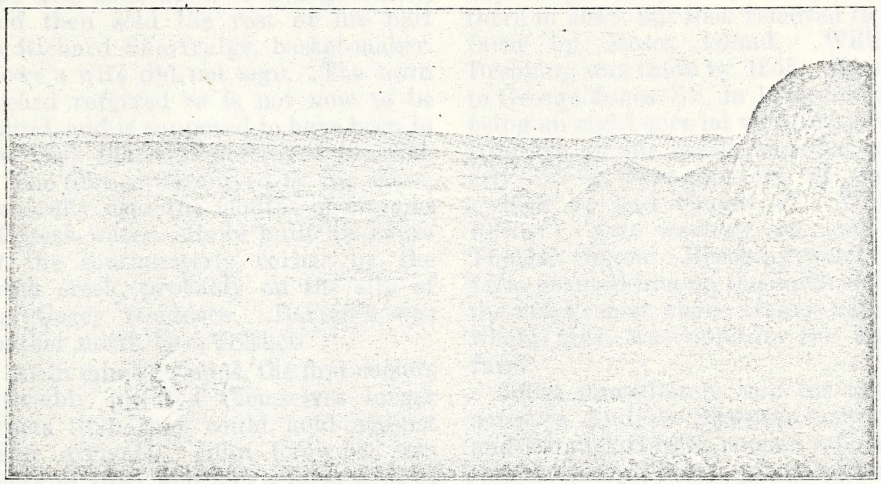
for several months, if kept in a large bowl or dish, filled with water, and occasionally, completely immersed in water for an hour or more. It also adds very much to its attractiveness to put some bright red berries with it; like the mountain ash or black alder berries, or some immortelles, dyed red. The climb should not be undertaken without sneakers, rubbers, or shoes with rubber heels and a good stout stick to prevent slipping or falling.

Another special excursion was taken by rail to Plymouth, Woodsville, Littleton, Bethlehem Junction, through the Crawford Notch to Bartlett, N. H.; then returning same route, all for $2. It is called "the autumn leaf excursion." It was a fine clear day and the scenery nearly all the way was gorgeous, especially along by the Ammonoosuc River Falls, Mount Washington, and through the Crawford Notch, and back. It was really worth much more than $2 "a head," but no protest was made by anyone on that account.

There is something much more imposing and elevating in our grand old mountains,

"Standing alone 'twixt the earth and the heavens,
Heir of the sunset and herald of the morn,"

when one considers their utility in furnishing our supplies of water, and also the great rivers, which not only greatly beautify the landscapes, but furnish the power to supply the wants of so many persons. They are the great reservoirs for snow, hail and rain. They also diversify and change the climate and the soils of the earth to make it more productive. They are the resting places of light and of its shadows, and their rock sculpture has a peculiar, grim humor and expression of its own. Leaping waters, fine scenery and "the wine of the mountain air" induces us to feel



Franconia Notch from Mt. Lafayette

"the comradeship of things" and to exclaim with the poet, Mr. Arthur Symonds:

"I have loved colors and not flowers,
Their motion, not the swallow's wings;
And wasted more than half my hours
Without the comradeship of things.

"How is it now that I can see
With love and wonder and delight,
The children of the hedge and tree,
The little lords of day and night?

"How is it that I see the roads
No longer with usurping eyes,
A twilight meeting-place for toads,
A midday mart for butterflies?

"I feel in every midge that hums,
Life fugitive and infinite;
And suddenly the world becomes
A part of me and I of it."



PIONEERS OF PORTSMOUTH NECK

By J. M. Moses

By the "Neck" was originally designated the land between Sagamore and Salt creeks, extending eastward to the Little Harbor Channel; the section now reached by Little Harbor Avenue and its branches.

Nicholas Rowe, who was there in 1640, in a deed of October 5, 1659, recited that the town had granted this neck to him and Edward Barton, as would appear by the records; that he had sold four acres to George Jones, and then sold the rest of his half to Richard Shortridge, basket-maker. Rowe's wife did not sign. The town record referred to is not now to be found, and is supposed to have been in the book that was destroyed in 1652.

The first settlers lived by the shore, generally near the mouths of streams of fresh water. Rowe built his house at the southeasterly corner by the fresh creek, probably on the site of the Carey residence. Barton's was farther north by a freshet.

As in mining camps, the first comers probably granted themselves larger tracts than they could hold against later arrivals. John Crowder was there in 1640, and had a farm west of Barton's on the north shore, with the island now called Belle Isle. On January 31, 1648, the town granted Edward Barton that "no man shall sitt downe betwen him and John Crowder's Raylls." March 20, 1656, it was ordered "that James Johnson, William Seavey & Anthony Brackett shall end the difference between Edward Barton & Nicholas Rowe, confirming the land in difference." Deeds show that Jones' lot adjoined the land that Shortridge bought. Thus it is plain that Crowder, Barton, Rowe and Jones were adjoining owners around the east end of the Neck.

"Rowe's" was one of the landing places of Henry Sherburne's ferry in 1645. He was allowed two shillings per passenger for conveying people from the "Great House" at Odiorne's Point to Rowe's or Great Island (Newcastle), six shillings to Strawberry Bank, and twelve shillings to Maine.

There grew up at Rowe's quite a little settlement of fishermen and small owners, whose holdings were later absorbed into the larger estates adjoining. John Moses was probably there in 1648, but soon removed to his farm by Moses Island. William Brooking was there by 1655. He sold to George Jones, Sr., in 1670, his land being an eight-acre lot with forty rods frontage on the creek, bounded easterly on a four-acre lot of Jones (which he had bought of "Widow Rowe"), and westerly on land of Thomas Onyon. Brooking went to a farm granted him on the north side of the creek, next above Henry Savage, whose farm was opposite the Moses farm.

Jones immediately sold his twelve acres to Andrew Sampson, mariner, and Samuel Harris, cooper, who sold them to Joseph Berry, planter (Sampson's son-in-law?). Berry deeded Sampson, for love, etc., as his "beloved friend," a house-lot at the south corner, sold Harris about five acres at the head of the fresh creek, and sold the remainder in 1774 to John Bowman of the Isles of Shoals, fishermen. A "Widow Bowman" owned there in 1696. Samuel Harris died about 1680, and Lewis Williams came into his place, marrying his widow, Christian, who was a widow again in 1696; was Widow Christian Kar three years later, and sold the land to her son-in-law, Thomas Maine.

On March 31, 1648, the town granted Robert Davis, carpenter, a lot "in Sagamore Creeke next poynt west of John Moysis." William

Evans lived near Robert Davis in 1656. On January 4, 1657, John Hart, shipwright, was received as an inhabitant, to have eight acres, also Thomas Onyon received, he "having purchased of Robert Davis his lot in Sagamore Creeke." A week later Davis was allowed a lot of four acres farther up the creek, between Thomas Onyon and John Hart. In 1660 he sold this lot to Edward Bickford, who was there in 1686.

Onyon's lot began about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the creek, and included the rocky point where it turns northeasterly almost at a right angle. He moved to the Plains, probably before 1678, where he was killed by the Indians in 1696. Part, if not all, of his land at the creek passed into the possession of the second Robert Purrington, who had land north of Bowman in 1774. Purrington acquired fifty acres there in all, which he exchanged with the second William Cotton. This must have included the Martyn farm.

On May 22, 1663, Richard Goss bought eleven acres, having twenty-six rods frontage on the north side of the creek. In 1694 his sons, Richard and Robert, sold this to William Cotton. It was a little west of Sagamore road. On March 15, 1670, Robert Lang, fisherman from the Isles of Shoals, bought a similar lot, west of Goss; this lot extending to the Jones road, which was next to Henry Savage.

The Jones road was probably laid out to accommodate the Lane sawmill, which stood near its southern end, opposite Moses Island. This mill was begun by Sampson Lane; deeded, unfinished, to Ambrose Lane in 1649; in 1653 referred to as "not yet perfected nor like to be"; perhaps never completed, though the dam was referred to in a deed of January 25, 1722 (Deeds 13–10). In 1655 Ambrose Lane had left the place, and Richard Tucker, as his attorney, deeded Henry Savage two houses "wherein J. W. Daviss & Henry Sawase (?) formerly lived," with sixteen acres of upland, just above the mill.

Lane also owned land on the south side of the creek opposite Thomas Onyon, where, September 25, 1656, he deeded Henry Sherburne eleven or twelve acres, to which the town added a grant of sixty acres, all of which probably adjoined land on Sherburne's creek which Sherburne had owned as early as 1646. He acquired a large tract here, extending east to Little Harbor, and probably including the point, with its adjacent island, from which the bridge now goes to Newcastle.

Lane also had the Crowder farm, which he soon sold to John Jackson, cooper. On March 20, 1656, we find a town record confirming "unto John Jackson and his heirs & assigns forever the house and land and the Island Which was formerly possessed by John Crowder."

I have not found mention of Edward Barton or Nicholas Rowe after 1659. The town records of December 16, 1659, mention "the house that was Edward Barton's." A year later Mark Hunking, shipwright, was evidently in his place. On January 22, 1660 the town "granted unto Marke Hunkins & Richard Shortridge that they shall have the whole of the neck upon which they live unto Jno. Jackson's fence."

There was later inserted into this record, between Hunkins and Shortridge, the name of Christopher Sowton (Lawson?). There is a later deed that refers to Christopher Lawson's having owned a small island near the mouth of the Piscataqua, possibly the little island (at high water) in front of Shortridge's. I have found no other reference to his owning in this vicinity.

John Jackson's farm extended inland, southwesterly perhaps one hundred rods, with a width of thirty to forty rods, bounding westerly on the little stream that empties east of the bridge to Belle Isle. In 1666 Jackson

had as much more land laid out to him, adjoining on the west. The east line of this farm, marked in 1648 by "John Crowder's Raylls," is one of the oldest of Portsmouth farm boundaries.

On January 11, 1698–9, John Davis, aged about eighty, deposed that "being a liver where now Mr. Marke Hunkins live in the year 51 or 52 the said land which said Hunkins live on now joined to to the land which was called Crowder's farm, and the said fence stands nighest to a foot where the said old fence stood." He mentioned Mr. Hunkins' gate," where the line crossed the road. This line ran some thirty rods southwest of Little Harbor Avenue to a corner, from which the line westerly was marked in 1717 by a wall that had been built by the second William Cotton, who had owned on the south. The well defined boundaries of Jackson's farm are an important aid in locating adjoining owners.

The John Davis above mentioned is supposed to have been the same that married a daughter of Richard Shortridge and bought of him in 1689 a small lot by the shore next to Mark Hunking's land, at the east end of Little Harbor Avenue. This lot was later in possession of Hunking, and sold by him in 1726 to the second Richard Shortridge.

Jackson lived by the brook. He died in 1666, having given most of the land east of the brook to his son, John, and the island to his son, Thomas. His son, Richard, established himself on Christian Shore, where he is said to have built the Old Jackson House, called the oldest now standing. He and his mother, Joane, in 1669, sold John Wyatt (later spelled White) a two-acre lot on the east side of the brook, and, about the same time, a half-acre lot to Richard Dore, tailor. Both purchasers built on their lots, which remained in their respective families over fifty years.

In 1672 Richard and his mother sold Peter Ball, fisherman, twenty acres west of the brook. This is the farm through which the road now goes to Belle Isle. It extends some twenty-five rods south of Little Harbor Avenue, being thirty-two rods wide at its southern end. Its west line ran northeast to a rock in the Salt creek, near the shore. As late as 1718 there was a gate across the road on Ball's west line.

Thomas Jackson owned the land on the west side of Ball in 1672, but lived on the island. William Uran had a lot in this vicinity granted him in 1653. Northeast of Ball's farm, bordering on the brook, was the eight-acre lot granted January 1, 1656, to John Locke, carpenter.* He sold it March 23, 1660–61, to James Drew, mariner, who sold half of it to his brother, Samuel. Within four years both of them deeded their halves to Richard Manson, fisherman, in whose family it remained over seventy years.

By the waterside, adjoining the northwest side of John Locke's grant, was a tract owned in 1661 by John Jones, blacksmith. He died in September, 1667, after having removed to a place on the Jones road, near his son, Francis. On March 27, 1663, he and wife, Anne, had deeded Abraham Corbett, distiller, "all that one point of land by the sea-side lying between the land of the said John Jones on the north-west side and the land of James Drew on the south-east side, containing three fourths of an acre and three rods." Corbett was in Kittery in 1669, with wife, Alice.

Farther west, up by the head of the cove near the South Road, probably by an entering stream of fresh water, Walter Abbott and William Cotton settled very early. Walter Abbott and wife bought eight acres of Goodman Cliffon about 1640. On March 31, 1650, Anthony Brackett, planter, sold William Cotton "all that my

*This location seems to be required by many deeds, but is inconsistent with one deed (Jacksons to Ball, 3–123b). If not here, it must have been farther west on Salt creek. Jones was next west of Locke, Jackson next east of him.

now dwelling-house at Strawberry Bank near unto the house of Walter Abbott, with all the lands thereunto belonging, that is to say, from the head of the cove near Walter Abbott's along by the Water-side before the Dwelling-house up to the head of the creek that runneth along before the same. . . . which lands are joining to the lands of Walter Abbott," etc.

On September 24, 1661, Thomas Langley of Portsmouth, shipwright, sold Robert Mussell of Portsmouth five acres, granted by the town, "situate & being on a point of land near the Little Harbor's mouth, and is between the land of Walter Abbott and the said Mussell." This I judge to have been up by Frame Point.

Other early settlers on Salt creek near Cotton's cove were James Cate, carpenter, and John Whidden, bricklayer.

On Sagamore creek Robert Elliot, carpenter, was living near Henry Savage in 1664, and Thomas Walford had a great plantation at the head of the creek.

All the first comers lived by the waterside, the creeks being their first means of communication and transportation. The first roads were mere rights of way to the meeting house and saw-mill, and were long subject to gates. In their deeds the men mostly called themselves masters of some trade, but they must have lived mainly by fishing and hunting, with such beginnings of agriculture as they could make in their clearings.

The second and later grants to settlers were generally inland. On these many of the second generation settled, digging wells and clearing farms. Their children would carry civilization still farther back into the country.

So much for locations. For insight into the lives and characters of the people, the records are all too scanty. It is unfair to quote the court records, for they give only the worst episodes. Over against them may be set the fact that nearly every householder subscribed for preaching.

In the Provincial Papers, Vol. 1, page 217 *et seq.*, may be read some more interesting than edifying testimony about witchcraft in 1656. Thomas Walford's wife, Jane, must have been an impressive character, as according to the testimony, she had the power of appearing in more than one place at the same time, and even her husband credited her with preternatural powers, as evidenced by the behavior of the cattle when she "overlooked" them. It would have gone hard with her if she had lived in Hampton or Ipswich; but the Portsmouth judges do not seem to have been much impressed. They merely put her under bonds for good behavior, and soon dropped even that precaution. She afterwards collected damages for an accusation of witchcraft. The superior woman of the place was plainly Elisa Barton, who took no stock in the hysterical imaginings of Susannah Trimmings, but declared them mere "phantasy."

The leading men, of those that have been mentioned, were Henry Sherburne, Thomas Walford, John Jackson, William Cotton and Robert Elliot.

In closing I will give a few facts about the Hunkings, on account of their connection with the Wentworths.

The first Mark Hunking died in 1667, having bequeathed his homestead on the Neck to his wife, Ann, and his eldest son, Mark; also a tract of land to his son, Archelaus (which tract was sold by his son, Mark, in 1717); and a cow to his daughter, Mary, who in 1711 was widow of Thomas Wakham. Mark, Jr., subscribed for preaching in 1671; was appointed to the Provincial Council in 1710; had the titles Colonel and Esquire. He died about 1730. A wife, Sarah, signed his deeds from 1717 to 1728. She was probably

either daughter of Henry Sherburne or sister of Richard Sloper. (See State Papers, Vol. 31, page 672.)

His "only surviving child and heir," January 7, 1731–32, was Sarah Wentworth, mother of Gov. Benning Wentworth, who had the Hunking farm and built the Old Wentworth House. The Wentworths bought the Shortridge farm and other land adjoining it until they had the whole east end of the Neck.

THE WILLOW TREE

By Charles Nevers Holmes

It overhangs a placid pool
  Where sleeps a slothful brook,
Afar from cottage, church or school—
  A sunny sylvan nook.

Aloof from road or sound of wheel,
  From human crime or care,
Alone—where man to God may kneel
  In penitential prayer!

No piney paths invade this spot,
  Around it lies the wood,
A grove untrodden and forgot
  Where earth is pure and good.

At times some zephyr's sigh is heard,
  And murmur of the bee,
Or carol of sequestered bird
  In merry melody;

At times the forest echoes wake
  When woodman fells some tree,
Or far away the huntsmen make
  Discordant revelry.

And day by day, and year by year,
  Beside that pool's dead flow,
Yon Willow stands as staunchly here
  As two-score years ago;

Like aged hermit all alone
  Unsheltered from the sky,
Or monarch on a mossy throne
  Too sturdy yet to die;

A patriarch, gnarled, grim and gray,
  A relic of times past,
That weathered winter's wildest day
  And wind's severest blast.

His shadow like a mantle lies
Upon that pool's still face
Where swiftly flit the dragon-flies,
And lilies lend their grace;

His limbs are weird, his boughs are bare,
And 'neath the moon's wan light
He rises like a spectre there—
A ghoul-tree of the night!

Yet 'mid his boughs when noon is nigh
Some songbird sweetly sings,
And to his leaf the butterfly,
Wing-wearied, safely clings.

Beside that pool he reigns apart—
King Willow on his throne,
Still strong in limb and stout in heart—
Unrivalled and unknown!

MY PARK

By William S. Harris

Here, where the blue lake's peaceful cove
Is shadowed by a noble grove,
Is my retreat, by Nature planned,
The choicest spot in Summer-land.
The massive pines their heads uprear,
And gather grandeur year by year.
The thunder's bolts they've long defied,
And brushed the winter's snows aside.

Among their boughs the zephyrs sing;
Around their feet soft mosses cling,
And matted vines, a verdant floor,
With scarlet berries dotted o'er.
Beyond the shadow of the pines
The sunlight on the water shines,
And tiny wavelets break and flash
As 'gainst the pebbly shore they dash.

What joy to wander 'neath these trees,
Play with the gentle, scented breeze,
Gaze on these peaceful scenes, and feel
The calm and beauty o'er me steal.
How oft have I, in leafy June,
Or sultry summer afternoon,
Resting upon this fragrant sod,
Communed with Nature and with God.

* * * * *

Next summer I return in glee
And seek my beauteous grove to see;
Sure that green wood and lake of blue
Will welcome back their lover true.
Alas! what dire disaster here
Has made my park a desert drear?
Where are my trees? Stumps fill the ground;
Tree tops and brush are heaped around.

A brown and ugly saw-dust bank
Stands where the plumy ferns grew rank.
The tender vines are trampled down;
The scorching sun has burned to brown
The mossy carpet, once so lush;
And ragged, dead, decaying brush
Has choked the shallows of the cove—
Despoiled alike are lake and grove!

O monster harsh, of cruel power,
With jaws of steel to thus devour
A century's beauty in a day!
And, not content to snatch away
The setting of the radiant gem—
Fair jewel in earth's diadem—
This monster, for his cruel glee,
The gem itself despoiled must see!

THE SUBMERGED

By H. J. Krier

Remember me as one who made no history;
As one who lived and died without acclaim.
Just as a wild flower blown 'mid bog and mystery—
Arises, but to feed the earth again.

Remember me as one who knew no glory;
Who never fought nor bled nor ran away;
Who, like the annals of a simple story,
Left nothing, nor took aught away.

LITTLE ELIZABETH

372

By Eva Beede Odell

About a mile above Meredith Bridge was the home of little Elizabeth. The father and mother, Seth and Betsy, had come to this place to live when they were married, as the farm was a wedding present to Seth from his father. Elizabeth had two brothers younger than herself, Sherburne and John, and one winter day, when she was eight years old, they told her that there was a little baby sister in the spotted bedroom. This room had its ceiled walls painted dark red, with large round spots of white, hence its name. The other children were blue-eyed, but the new baby's eyes were very black. Elizabeth was delighted that she had a real live baby to play with, and she wanted to name her little sister Caroline. She planned how she could rock her in the cradle and hold her in her lap, for eight years old made her quite a big girl, she thought. The rag doll and the doll whose head was made from a corn cob were forgotten, and even the kitten felt neglected.

Elizabeth had always been so willing to help her mother about the house in all the ways she could, and in the care of her younger brothers, that the parents did not realize that she was not very strong, but when the new baby was about a week old they noticed that their oldest child was far from well. Soon she grew so much worse that the doctor was sent for. When he came and examined the little patient he looked very serious, and said she had a bad heart trouble. Elizabeth was very anxious to get well, especially as she was so fond of the new baby, so she said to the doctor, "If you'll only get me well, I'll take all the medicine in your saddle bags." The medicine, however, did not help the little girl and it was not long before they knew that she must die, and she knew it, too, but she was not afraid. She said to her mother, "I shall go to heaven sha'nt I, for I never told a lie."

In the burying ground, on the road to the Bridge, they buried little Elizabeth, in a corner under a tree. A man in the neighborhood made the gravestone. It was a small slab of granite, on which were chiseled the initials of her name, "E. F."

A few years later Seth sold the farm and the family moved to Upper Gilmanton. Caroline always remembered how she cried when they went away, because there was not room enough for her to ride in the chaise with her mother and the little twin babies. As she grew older what she cherished most about the old home was the thought of the dear little sister Elizabeth who had died when she was a tiny baby, the little sister who had named her and loved her so much, and who was not afraid to die, and believed she would go to heaven because she had never told a lie.

In after years Caroline often told her own little girl the story of Elizabeth and showed her the quaint little white dress, with short waist and narrow skirt, that Elizabeth used to wear.

Many, many years later, when Caroline was a woman of seventy, she and her daughter visited the grave of little Elizabeth. In a corner, beneath a tree, they found it, marked by the little stone bearing the two letters, "E. F."

Folded away in a trunk in the attic, Caroline's daughter still keeps the old-fashioned dress worn by little Elizabeth and in her heart she cherishes the story of the dear little girl whose consciousness of perfect truthfulness gave her the assurance of an entrance to heaven.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. CHARLES E. HILL

Charles Edward Hill, a prominent lawyer of Newark, N. J., and New York City, died October 5, 1913, at a private hospital near Paterson in the former state, from pneumonia, following cerebral hemorrhage.

Mr. Hill was born in Wolfeboro, N. H., June 10, 1851, being a son of Charles F. Hill and a descendant of John Hill who settled in Greenland, Me., in 1619—a year before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Mass. The family removed to Newark in 1867, where young Hill studied law with his father, and became his partner after his admission to the bar in 1873. His father died in 1889, after which he continued in practice alone, with an office in Newark and one in New York City also. From 1881 to 1884, and again from 1898 to 1902, he was a member of the Board of School Commissioners of Newark, and for four years president of the same. He was for two terms a member of the Board of Aldermen, and served as president of the City Council. In 1886–88 he was a member of the New Jersey Assembly and in the latter year the Republican leader in that body. He was also active in military affairs and served for several years as judge advocate general of the Fifth Regiment of the National Guard of New Jersey. He was a prominent Mason and active in Methodist Church affairs. He is survived by three sons, Arthur E. Hill, professor of chemistry in New York University, Charles Greenwood Hill of Freeport, L. I., and Dr Frederick M. Hill of New York City. His wife, Caroline Greenwood, died a few months since.

COL. WILLIAM S. GREENOUGH

Col. William S. Greenough, a well-known citizen of Wakefield, Mass., died at his home in that town, October 26, 1913.

He was a native of Chester, N. H., born August 25, 1843, and educated in the public schools, at Chester Academy and Phillips Academy at Exeter, where he was in attendance when the Civil War broke out. He enlisted in the Fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, and served in the Department of the Gulf. After his term of enlistment had expired he reënlisted, serving as captain of Company D, in the Eighteenth New Hampshire Regiment, and being brevetted as major in recognition of his services.

His occupation was that of an engraver and he was a member of the firm of William S. Greenough & Co., stationers in Boston. He had served on the board of selectmen in Wakefield, and represented the town in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1889 and 1890. He was active in the G. A. R. and had been quartermaster-general of the Department of Massachusetts. He belonged to the Loyal Legion, had been chairman of the Republican town committee of Wakefield, and was appointed on the staff of Governor Robinson of Massachusetts in 1884.

Col. Greenough married a daughter of the late Col. John W. Noyes of Chester, and, besides his wife, leaves two sons and a daughter, Chester N. Greenough, assistant professor of English at Harvard University, William W. Greenough of Wakefield, and Mrs. Robert M. Stetson (formerly Miss Helen D. Greenough) of Wakefield.

FRANK E. BROWN

Frank E. Brown, for eighteen years assistant general passenger and ticket agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad and one of the best-known railroad men in New Hampshire, died November 9, at his home after a brief illness. He was the son of the late Horace A. and Sarah S. Brown and was born in Claremont, July 15, 1850. He was graduated from the Concord High School in June, 1868.

Mr. Brown was clerk for the superintendent of the Concord Railroad until March 1, 1883, when he was appointed general ticket agent, with offices in Concord. At the consolidation of the Concord and the Boston, Concord & Montreal roads under the name of Concord & Montreal Railroad, he was appointed general manager and ticket agent. When the road was leased to the Boston & Maine he was appointed assistant general passenger and ticket agent, with an office in Concord, where he remained until October 24, 1910. Then President Mellen made him first assistant general passenger agent, the duties of which office kept him in Boston, though he retained his residence in Concord. He was identified for many years with the Mt. Washington Railway.

Mr. Brown was deeply interested in music, and some of his published compositions have been widely known. Brought up in the Episcopal faith, he served for many years as organist at St. Paul's Church in Concord, and later served as organist and choir director at the First Baptist Church.

He was a Republican and had served his ward in the state Legislature. He was a member of Blazing Star Lodge, A. F. and A. M., of the Wonolancet Club and of other social organizations. He was twice married, first to Evelyn Hazelton, who died in 1888, then to Annie Baker Dietrich, who survives him, as do two sons by the first wife, Frank W. Brown and Charles Walker Brown.

REV. EDWARD A. RENOUF

Rev. Edward A. Renouf, rector emeritus of St. James Episcopal Church of Keene, and the oldest Episcopal clergyman in the

state, as well as the oldest surviving graduate of Harvard College, died at his home in Keene, November 11, 1913.

He was born in Boston, Mass., November 15, 1818, graduated from the Boston Latin School in 1834, and Harvard College in 1838. He then studied for the Episcopal ministry, and in 1843 became rector of the church at Lowville, N. Y., where he remained several years, after which he was for a time connected with St. Stephen's Church in Boston. In 1859 St. James' parish in Keene was organized and Mr. Renouf was called as rector, and received into the New Hampshire diocese, in which he has for a long time been prominent. The church edifice was built in 1860. Mr. Renouf continued as rector of St. James till 1868, when he resigned. He subsequently served for fourteen years as rector of St. Peter's Church at Drewsville, of which he was made rector emeritus in 1892. In 1906 he became rector emeritus of St. James' Church, Keene, where he had retained his residence.

He had ever manifested a deep interest in the welfare of the city, had served on its superintending school committee, and contributed, at one time, $500 as the basis for a fireman's relief fund, and had given another $500 toward a police benevolent fund. He had traveled extensively abroad, through all parts of Europe, Egypt, the Holy Land, China and Japan. He married, first, Harriet Fuller Lester, of Rensselaerville, N. Y., who died in 1862, leaving one son, Edward, long professor of chemistry in Johns Hopkins University. He subsequently married Esther Thomas of Keene, who died in 1909, leaving one daughter, Elsie, wife of Dr. Burton C. Russell of Keene.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

Governor Felker has filled the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court, occasioned by the elevation of Judge George H. Bingham to the bench of the United States District Court, by the appointment of Associate Justice William A. Plummer of the Superior Court to such position. He has also filled the vacancy on the Superior Court bench, occasioned by the resignation of Chief Justice Wallace, and the promotion of Judge Pike, by the appointment of Oliver W. Branch, son and partner of Hon. Oliver E. Branch of Manchester. There now remains to be filled the vacancy occasioned by the promotion of Judge Plummer to the Supreme bench. The only name prominently mentioned in connection with this position is that of Hon. William H. Sawyer of Concord, councilor for the Fourth District. It is not known that he is an aspirant for the place, but the belief is general that he would accept if appointed.

On the afternoon of Friday, November 7, a memorial service in honor of the late Hon. John M. Mitchell of Concord, associate justice of the Superior Court of New Hampshire, was held at the Merrimack County Court House, in Concord, Judge Robert N. Chamberlin of Berlin, the presiding justice at the regular fall term of Court for the county, presiding. The exercises had been arranged by a committee of the bar, consisting of Gen. Frank S. Streeter, Hon. Nathaniel E. Martin and William A. Foster, Esq., of Concord. Mr. Martin gave a brief biographical sketch of Judge Mitchell, and presented a series of resolutions, paying due tribute to his character and services, which were formally adopted after appreciative addresses had been heard from Chief Justices Pike and Parsons of the Superior and Supreme Courts, Attorney-General Tuttle, Ex-Attorney-General Eastman, Hon. Oliver E. Branch, Associate Justice Kivel of the Superior Court, who succeeded Judge Mitchell, Col. Stephen S. Jewett of Laconia, William A. Foster and Gen. Frank S. Streeter of Concord, and the presiding justice. A fine portrait of Judge Mitchell, presented by his daughters, hangs upon the wall of the court room, at the left of the judge's bench.

The Forty-seventh Annual Session of the National Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, opened in Manchester on Wednesday, November 13, continuing ten days, Worthy Master Oliver Wilson of Illinois presiding. The striking feature of the session was the unprecedentedly large number of candidates initiated in the Seventh or highest degree of the order, the same exceeding 5,000, of whom more than 3,000, by the way, were from New Hampshire, which state still holds, as it long has, the lead in the membership in this degree, as it does, in fact, in membership in the order, among all the states in proportion to size. This is the third session of the organization held in New Hampshire, it having met in Concord in 1892 and 1895, the Seventh degree class in the former year being the largest ever initiated up to that time.

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Devoted to History, Biography, Literature and State Progress

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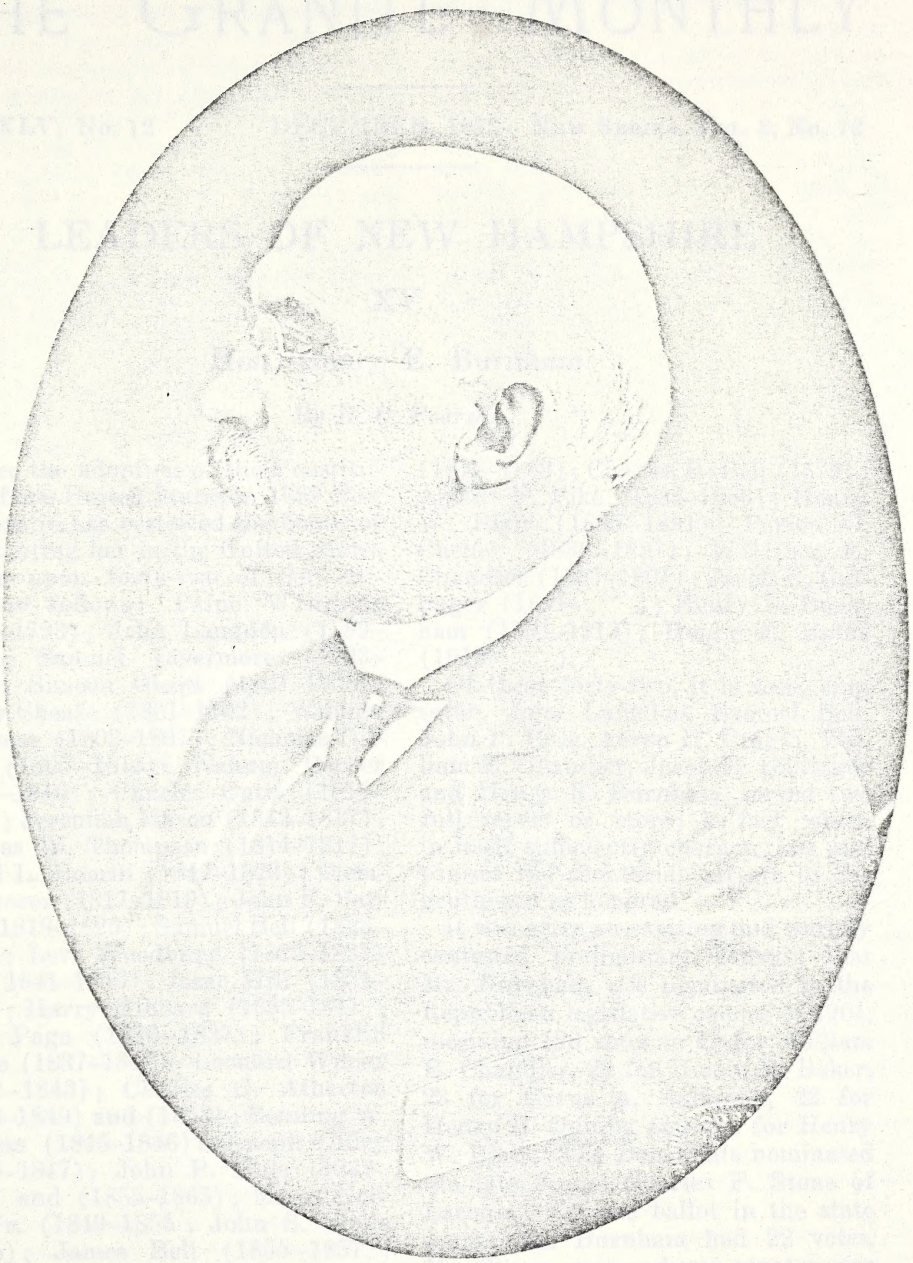
HENRY H. METCALF, Editor and Manager

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY



HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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LEADERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

XV

Hon. Henry E. Burnham

By H. C. Pearson

Since the adoption of the Constitution of the United States in 1789 New Hampshire has bestowed the honor of representing her in the United States Senate upon forty-two of her citizens as follows: Paine Wingate (1789–1793); John Langdon (1789–1801); Samuel Livermore (1793–1801); Simeon Olcott (1801–1805); James Sheafe (1801–1802); William Plummer (1802–1807); Nicholas Gilman (1805–1814); Nahum Parker (1807–1810); Charles Cutts (1810–1813); Jeremiah Mason (1813–1817); Thomas W. Thompson (1814–1817); David L. Morrill (1817–1823); Clement Storer (1817–1819); John F. Parrott (1819–1825); Samuel Bell (1823–1835); Levi Woodbury (1825–1831) and (1841–1845); Isaac Hill (1831–1836); Harry Hibbard (1835–1841); John Page (1836–1837); Franklin Pierce (1837–1842); Leonard Wilcox (1842–1843); Charles G. Atherton (1843–1849) and (1853); Benning W. Jenness (1845–1846); Joseph Cilley (1846–1847); John P. Hale (1847–1853) and (1855–1865); Moses Norris, Jr. (1849–1855; John S. Wells (1855); James Bell (1855–1857); Daniel Clark (1857–1866); Aaron H. Cragin (1865–1877); George G. Fogg (1866–1867); James W. Patterson (1867–1873); Bainbridge Wadleigh (1873–1879); Edward H. Rollins (1877–1883); Charles H. Bell (1879); Austin F. Pike (1883–1886); Henry W. Blair (1885–1891); Person C. Cheney (1886–1887); William E. Chandler (1887–1901); Jacob H. Gallinger (1891–); Henry E. Burnham (1901–1913); Henry F. Hollis (1913–).

Of these forty-two, it is seen, only seven, John Langdon, Samuel Bell, John P. Hale, Aaron H. Cragin, William E. Chandler, Jacob H. Gallinger and Henry E. Burnham, served two full terms or more; a fact which in itself sufficiently characterizes and praises the senatorial careers of the gentlemen so honored.

It was after an exciting and warmly contested preliminary canvass that Mr. Burnham was nominated in the Republican legislative caucus of 1901, receiving 198 votes to 47 for William E. Chandler, 29 for Henry M. Baker, 23 for Cyrus A. Sulloway, 22 for Henry B. Quinby and one for Henry W. Blair. The Democrats nominated the late Judge Charles F. Stone of Laconia. On the ballot in the state senate Mr. Burnham had 22 votes, Mr. Stone, one, and one senator was absent. In the house Mr. Burnham had 279 votes, Mr. Stone, 83, and Henry M. Baker, one. Elected on January 15, 1901, Senator Burnham

took his seat on March 4 of the same year.

Returning in 1907 for the reëlection which a great majority of his party and of the people of the state desired him to receive, Mr. Burnham's vote in the Republican caucus was 194 to 31 for Frank D. Currier, 28 for George B. Leighton, 14 for Henry M. Baker, three for Rosecrans W. Pillsbury and one each for Chester B. Jordan, John McLane and William E. Chandler. Nathan C. Jameson was the Democratic nominee and the legislative ballot resulted as follows: In the senate, Henry E. Burnham, 18, Nathan C. Jameson, six; in the house, Henry E. Burnham, 236, Nathan C. Jameson, 117, George B. Leighton, one.

It was a body of great men that Judge Burnham joined in the United States Senate of 1901. To appreciate that fact it is necessary only to glance hastily through the roster and note the names: Aldrich, Allison, Bailey, Beveridge, Blackburn, Burrows, Clapp, Cullom, Daniel, Depew, Dolliver, Dubois, Elkins, Fairbanks, Frye, Gallinger, Hale, Hanna, Hawley, Hoar, Lodge, Morgan, Platt, Proctor, Spooner, Teller, Vest;—the list might be prolonged almost to the limits of the roll without including an unworthy or insignificant name. Most of them are gone, now, and the country misses their wisdom and their greatness.

To this august body the reputation of Senator Burnham as a lawyer, as an orator and as a Republican had preceded him; and to an appropriate place in the nation's highest councils he was warmly welcomed by his colleague, Senator Gallinger, and by other representatives of both the majority and the minority parties.

He was at once given a committee chairmanship, that of the important special committee on Industrial Expositions, and was assigned also to membership in and service upon the committees on Claims, Territories, Education and Labor, University of the United States, Relations with Cuba and Revision of the Laws of the United States. These were substantially his assignments during the 57th and 58th Congresses, until at the third session of the latter he became chairman of the committee on Cuban Relations, succeeding in that capacity Senator Platt of Connecticut, who became chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and substituting for some of his first committees Agriculture and Forestry, Pensions and Forest Reserves and the Protection of Game. Continuing in these places through the 59th and 60th Congresses, he was made at the first session of the 61st Congress chairman of the very responsible and onerous committee on Claims. Splendid service there caused his further promotion in the 62d Congress to the chairmanship of the great committee on Agriculture and Forestry, comprehending within its scope the nation's greatest resources and most important internal problems. In addition to this chairmanship he served during the last years of his second term upon the committees on Commerce, Pensions, Territories, Forest Reservations and the Protection of Game, Expenditures of the Department of Justice and Disposition of Useless Papers of the Executive Department.

During his twelve years in Washington Senator Burnham gave no time to self-advertisement or to the playing of politics. He made no speeches except upon topics to which he had devoted earnest thought and study. But in constant attention to and participation in the work of the important committees to which he was assigned, as well as in faithful attendance upon the sessions of the Senate itself, no member of that body in any degree surpassed the senator from New Hampshire.

Eloquent testimony to this effect is given in a few letters received by the author of this article from some of the leaders of the United States Senate during the period of Senator Burnham's service, said letters having

been written without Senator Burnham's request or knowledge.

For instance, Hon. Charles Warren Fairbanks, United States senator from Indiana from 1897 to 1905 and Vice-President of the United States, and in that capacity presiding officer of the United States Senate from 1905 to 1909, writes:

"You ask my opinion of the public service of Senator Henry E. Burnham. I am pleased to say that I was a close observer of the Senator's public work and most heartily commend it. He was thoroughly loyal to the public interest; he carried a conscience into all he did; his judgment was formed upon important public questions after thorough investigation and all his acts were controlled by the very best and most enlightened motives. He possessed in the fullest degree the confidence and respect of his associates.

"Sincerely yours,

"CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS."

One of the keenest judges of men and measures in our political history writes:

"Honorable Henry E. Burnham was a most efficient, able and conscientious Senator, faithful in the performance of all the duties connected with his office, and valuable in committee work and on the floor of the Senate.

"Very truly yours,

"W. M. CRANE."

From one of the "live wires" in the Republican leadership of today comes this tribute:

"Senator Burnham was a painstaking, intelligent, discriminating Senator. All the work undertaken by him was thoroughly, completely and creditably performed. He was courageous in the performance of every duty and influenced solely by the best interests of the country and the permanent welfare of its citizens. I cannot too strongly commend his work in the Senate. Modest, unassuming, courteous, kind and sympathetic, he was admirably fitted by nature for the great work which fell to his hands, and the state of New Hampshire was greatly honored by this loyal public servant.

"Very truly yours,

"WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH."

A New England neighbor sends this sincere appreciation:

"I was associated with Honorable Henry E. Burnham as a member of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry for several years and during the latter years of that service he was the Chairman of that Committee. I don't think it was ever my good fortune to be associated with a more urbane, genial and pleasant gentleman.

"In something more than five years' service I don't think I ever heard him speak an unkind word. He was a man of few words but he had that happy faculty of stating his position in a manner that carried great weight and that, too, without giving offense to any who were not in accord with him.

"He was never a trimmer; his associates always knew where he stood upon every matter that came before his Committee for consideration and as a result he had the confidence and good-will of his associates to an extent not often equalled by the Chairman of any Committee as important as the one over which he presided.

"So far as I know, he carried with him, when he left the Senate, the genuine respect and good-will of his colleagues without reference to party.

"C. S. PAGE."

Very fittingly, however, it is from the pen of Senator Burnham's colleague at Washington throughout his term of service that we get the best estimate of the worth of that service to the state and the nation. The oldest member of the United States Senate in point of service and its Republican leader, the more than a quarter of a century which Senator Jacob H. Gallinger has passed in the capitol at Washington has made it possible for him to measure very accurately the aims and achievements of his associates. Praise from him is praise worth while; and this is what he says of Senator Burnham:

"I first met Senator Burnham in 1873, we both being members of the New Hampshire Legislature that year. I became well acquainted with him at that time, and was particularly impressed by his geniality and kindness of heart. While he did not take a prominent part in debate he was diligent in his attendance upon the sessions, and his opinions carried much weight with his fellow members. From that period until his entrance into the Senate of the United States I seldom saw Mr. Burnham except at political conventions and at meetings of the Republican State Committee. His contest for election to the Senate was a very strenuous one, but the part that he played in it was marked by his usual conciliatory disposition and consideration for those who opposed him. He entered the Senate under very favorable auspices, his reputation as a careful legislator and successful lawyer having preceded him.

"At the time Senator Burnham became a Senator there was much agitation for the admission of the Territories of New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory into the Union as States. From a long list of applicants Senator Burnham had been chosen by the Committee on Committees to fill one of the four vacancies in the Committee on Territories. This committee was no sooner organized than a subcommittee, of which Mr. Burnham was a member, was selected for the purpose of investigating the fitness for statehood of those territories of the Southwest. On the return of this subcommittee, Senator Dillingham, its chairman, drafted and presented to the Senate the report of the committee on the question of giving statehood rights to those territories. When the report, which was adverse, was presented, in January, 1903, Mr. Burnham made one of the ablest and most exhaustive speeches in opposition to giving statehood to Arizona and New Mexico ever delivered in the Senate. It was the greatest effort of his Senatorial career, occupying four days in its delivery, holding the close attention of the Senate throughout, and evoking much favorable comment.

"During the same year Mr. Burnham was selected as a member of a subcommittee of three of the Committee on Territories to make a general investigation of conditions in Alaska. The party sailed from Seattle to Skagway, thence by rail over the famous White Pass, thence down the Yukon by river steamer to Dawson and Nome, and on board a Revenue cutter around the peninsula and down the south coast, returning to Seattle late in the summer. During the trip testimony was taken at all the large settlements, and the evidence thus gained led Senators and others to look to Mr. Burnham as an authority on the subject of Alaskan legislation. He drafted and introduced several bills designed for the welfare of the people of that remote region, especially in regard to the construction of much-needed railroads.

"Another important assignment which Senator Burnham received on his entrance into the Senate was to the Chairmanship of the Committee on Industrial Expositions. The plans for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis were then being formulated, the Government was preparing to make extensive exhibits at that great fair, and the committee found plenty to occupy its attention. As a representative of the Senate he visited the Exposition in an official capacity and delivered an address there.

"In 1904 Senator Burnham was given the Chairmanship of the Committee on Cuban Relations which he held until 1909 when the reorganization of committees gave him the Chairmanship of the Committee on Claims. The work of this committee is the most onerous of any in the Senate, and service upon it is always avoided when possible. While serving in this capacity he had charge of the omnibus claims bill in the Senate. The bill came to the Senate from the House of Representatives, was referred to the Committee on Claims, and due largely to the personal efforts of Senator Burnham the so-called French Spoilation Claims, in which many New England people are interested, were added as an amendment. The debate on bills of this character is always very bitter, but under the leadership of Chairman Burnham this important amendment, with others of a minor nature, remained in the bill when it passsed the Senate.

"As a member of the Committee on Forest Reservations and the Protection of Game Senator Burnham twice reported favorably bills, introduced by me, on the Appa-

lachian and White Mountain projects. Shortly before his retirement from the Senate he had the satisfaction of seeing the so-called Weeks bill become a law, and under it negotiations are now in successful progress for the acquirement by the Government of a considerable tract in the White Mountains as a forest reserve.

"In 1906 Senator Burnham introduced the first rural parcel post bill that was offered in the Senate. The draft of the bill met with the approval of the Post Office Department at that time, Hon. George von L. Meyer being then the Postmaster-General. The portion of the present parcel post law dealing with rural service is almost identical with that bill, and has resulted in great convenience to residents of farming communities.

"Another committee which occupied much of Senator Burnham's attention was that dealing with pensions, of which he was a member for ten years. The Senator had been a close student of Civil War history, with a very clear knowledge of all the important battles. This equipment made him sympathetic with the old soldiers, caused his pension views to be very liberal, and peculiarly fitted him for membership on that committee.

"In 1910 Senator Burnham was largely instrumental in having passed a bill appropriating $12,000 for the purchase by the Government of the site of Fort Constitution in Portsmouth Harbor, according to the agreement entered into in the early days between the State and Nation.

"In 1911 Senator Burnham became Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, which position he held until his retirement from public life. In that capacity he was instrumental in having appropriated a considerable sum of money that had lapsed under the law for the benefit of the Appalachian and White Mountain Forest Reserves.

"Senator Burnham was a conscientious legislator. He held conservative views on all great questions, and never allowed himself to be carried off his feet by clamor or the demands of interested parties. While he was not so much in the public eye as some Senators, he was, nevertheless, an exceedingly useful and faithful member of the body in which he served for twelve consecutive years. When he left the Senate he had the high regard and good wishes of every member without regard to his political affiliations, and carried into private life the consciousness of having served his country as a national legislator with fidelity and credit.

"J. H. GALLINGER."

His birth, his training and his professional career combined to give Senator Burnham the best possible preparation for his work at Washington. The finest of New Hampshire ancestry and of New Hampshire education were his, and to them he added honorable, successful and useful experience at the New Hampshire bar before entering upon nation-wide public life.

It was at Dunbarton, November 8, 1844, that a son was born to Henry L. and Maria A. (Bailey) Burnham, whom they christened Henry Eben Burnham. He was in the eighth generation from Robert Burnham of Norwich, Norfolk County, England, three of whose sons came to America early in the seventeenth century. They were strong men in the settling of the new land and the making of the new nation, large landholders, deacons of the church, holders of responsible town offices. Senator Burnham's father, for instance, served as county commissioner and high sheriff, representative in the legislature and state senator.

Henry E. Burnham was educated in the town schools, at the famous old Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and at Dartmouth College, from which he graduated with Phi Beta Kappa honors in the class of 1865. For the commencement day program of his graduation he was selected for a disputation with Judge Horace Russell of New York upon the Monroe doctrine and his success then was such as to foreshadow his later eminence.

At once upon leaving College he began the study of the law, at first with Minot and Mugridge of Concord and afterwards with E. S. Cutter, Esq., and the late Judge Lewis W. Clark of Manchester. He was admit-

ted to the bar in April, 1868, and immediately entered, in Manchester, upon the practice of his profession. He soon formed a partnership with Judge David Cross and later had as his associates at different times George I. McAllister, Esq., Hon. Albert O. Brown, the present head of the state tax commission, Hon. Edwin F. Jones, recently president of the state constitutional convention, and George H. Warren, Esq. These connections he severed upon his election to the Senate, but following his retirement from political life this year he resumed with satisfaction the practice of a profession in which for almost half a century he had been a state leader. He will occupy offices in the new Amoskeag Bank building upon its completion.

Mr. Burnham derives a title by which he often is called from his service as judge of probate of Hillsborough County from 1876 to 1879. From 1875 to 1877 he was the treasurer of the county. He had served previously as a member of the state house of representatives in 1873 and 1874 and was a member of the constitutional convention of 1889. It was while again serving in the legislature, in 1901, that his fellow-legislators honored him with his first election to the United States Senate. In 1888 he presided with great acceptance at the Republican State Convention. From 1892 to 1900 he was a member of the state ballot law commission.

Judge Burnham has been justly honored, also, in the fraternal circles of his state. He was elected in 1885 grand master of the Masonic grand lodge of New Hampshire; is affiliated with Washington lodge of Manchester and the various superior bodies, including the Consistory, and is an honorary thirty-third degree member of the Scottish Rite. He has been prominent, also, in Odd Fellowship and some twenty years ago was commander of the famous Amoskeag veterans with the rank of major. He is a member of the Derryfield Club, Manchester.

A further division of his time with his professional, public and social life has been claimed by business affairs, and he has been officially identified with the banking interests of Manchester and with other corporations as well as with the city board of trade.

But amid all these pressing activities Senator Burnham always has insisted upon securing for himself a due share of enjoyment in a beautiful and happy home life. He married October 22, 1874, Miss Elizabeth H. Patterson of Manchester, daughter of John Duncan and Hannah (Eaton) Patterson. The three daughters of Senator and Mrs. Burnham are Gertrude Elizabeth, wife of Charles Maurice Baker; Alice Patterson, wife of Aretas Blood Carpenter; and Edith Duncan, wife of Arthur Osborne Roberts, all of Manchester.

Space is lacking here in which to mention in detail even the most notable of the many triumphs which Senator Burnham has won as lawyer, legislator and orator. Some of those which came early in his career were fittingly characterized by the late Hon. Charles H. Bartlett of Manchester, in a brief biographical sketch contributed to the GRANITE MONTHLY for August, 1892. Others of more recent occurrence are recalled by Senator Gallinger in his contribution to the present article. Two which Judge Burnham himself recalls with especial pleasure are his poem for the centennial celebration of the town of Dunbarton and his oration on the occasion of the semi-centennial of the city of Manchester.

Senator Burnham is most widely famous, perhaps, for his eloquence in legal and political argument and as an orator of occasion. But beneath this most attractive attribute, as foundation stones for his leadership of men and affairs, are his absolute probity, his sincere and kindly nature, his untiring industry and his acknowledged mastery of every subject to which he applies himself in the varied course of his activities.

NEW HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE

The New Department of Home Economics

By H. H. Scudder

The New Hampshire college at Durham has for years taught its young men students how to earn a living. It has this year introduced a course in Home Economics, aimed to teach women how to spend the income earned by the husband. To spend is simple, but to spend wisely, to spend intelligently and efficiently, is quite a different matter. A certain portion of each man's income must be devoted to the maintenance of his home. To make the most of the money devoted to the home is the purpose of this new line of instruction, and that there is a desire in New Hampshire for information on this point that shall be authoritative and specific is indicated by the fact that the number of women students at the college promptly doubled with the announcement of the opening of the new department.

The parents of New Hampshire are to understand, however, that the broader education has not been sacrificed for the sake of this special instruction. The student learns other things than home economics. Home economics, in the language of the universities, is made a "major"; but the student takes as "minors" English, other modern languages and natural science. These are required not only as contributing to a better understanding of the problems of the home, but for their general educational value. The result is that the student gets the liberal arts education with special emphasis laid on the subjects which are to be of practical value in everyday life after graduation.

Miss Helen B. Thompson, who has charge of the work, is an expert. She not only knows how to keep house, but she knows all the theories involved. She not only can make a dress, but she knows all about cloth. She can cook a dinner and also know to what degree the meal will nourish the eater and why. She knows how to furnish a house on the least possible amount of money and how to do it with taste. As other professors teach how to make better farms, she teaches how to make better homes.

It is the charge against the average girl graduate that though she knows art and music and literature, she can not darn socks or build a fire, or get the dinner. The course in home economics is aimed at this defect. The average girl who marries goes to her work of home management inexperienced. The home economics course will send her to her new duties fitted to meet them. If she has servants she will be able to direct them. If she must do the work herself she will be able to do it well, and with a minimum of drudgery.

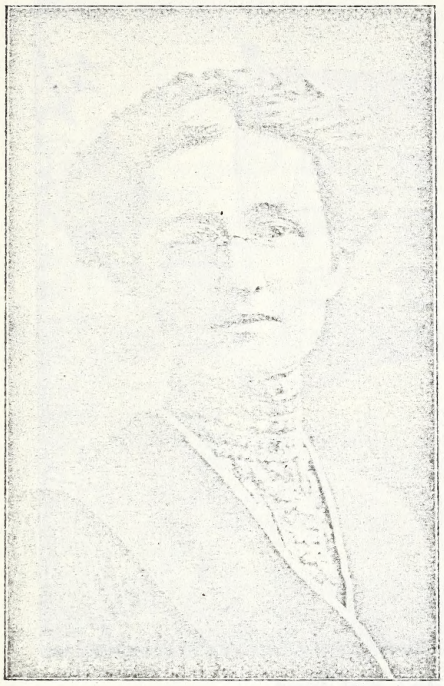
Down in the basement of Thompson Hall, a kitchen has been made. It is modern and it is clean. Having learned something of the theory of foods the girl here puts her theories to the test. She learns to cook, she learns to wash dishes, she learns to dry them, and she learns to sweep. She learns of all the labor-saving devices invented and how to make use of them. She learns how not to be a drudge.

"Household Methods and Management" is one of the courses offered, in this new department, to freshmen. It deals with the general care of the house, including methods of work, labor-saving devices, domestic laundering and table service. Another course taken early is in Food Economics. In this the student is taught the cost of food preparation, and how to equip a kitchen. She studies food products in their marketable and man-

ufactured forms. She learns what foods cost, and why.

"Personal Hygiene," and "The History and Economics of the Home," are other courses. Personal health and the position of the home in the economic world are the subjects.

Another course for freshmen deals with clothing. The students learn



Miss Helen B. Thompson*

how cloth is made, what the various kinds are made of, and what varieties are suitable for clothes. Girls in this course learn how to make their own clothes, how to care for their garments, and how to repair them.

In the second year a course is given in foods which considers the chemical composition and nutritive value of foods. Food stuffs are studied as to their digestibility and their available nutrients. The student is taught what changes are effected in them by the application of heat. This is continued in the junior year with courses in nutrition dietetics. The composition of the human body is explained, together with what nutrition is required and what foods will supply this.

One man's food is another man's poison, and the student learns why. She is taught dietary calculations. She learns how to plan, prepare and serve a meal which will give the nutrition needed by the particular person served. She is taught the relation of food to disease.

But food and clothing are not all. The home economics student learns to consider the family. There is instruction in the history and development of the family group. The legal, social and ethical problems of the family are taken up. In the senior year there is a course in Humanics where such subjects as the Influence of Heredity, Sex Education and Social Hygiene are studied.

Another aspect of the home is the dwelling. The student in home economics takes up the history and development of the modern house. She learns to know a good house from a poor one and to be able to design one which will most effectively meet the needs of the family who are to use it. She learns to know what sort of house will lend itself to economic administration.

But with all this eminently practical work, the æsthetic is not forgotten. If the girl learns to recognize a house that can be kept cool in

*Prof. Helen B. Thompson, head of the Department of Home Economics, at the New Hampshire College, and Dean of Women, is a graduate of the Kansas State College, of the class of 1903, where she also taught till 1907, receiving then the degree of M. S. For the next two years she was at the head of the Department of Home Economics in Lincoln College, Lincoln, Ill., and from 1909 to 1912 was Professor of Home Economics in the Rhode Island State College. She spent last year in graduate work at Columbia University, New York City, where she was a graduate and research scholar and received the degree of A. M., and also that of M. E: (Master of Education). She is a member of the Biochemical Association of Columbia University, the National Home Economics Association, the New England Home Economics Association and the International Congress of Hygiene.



summer and warm in winter and be managed at a minimum of expense and labor, she also learns how to apply the canons of good taste. She studies color and design in furnishings. She learns about floor and wall finishes. She learns how to select furniture; she studies space and color values, and she learns, without going extensively into the study of fine art, what to seize and what to shun in the matter of pictures. She learns about dress, and gains an appreciation of style. All graduates will not be able to do it, but all will have an opportunity to learn how to select with taste and make with skill any garment. The girl can go to the theater, see a gown, come home and prepare a pattern, cut and make the dress.

The courses in the Home Economics department cover all four years. There are twenty-six of them and to the layman certainly they leave little unaccounted for or neglected. It is hoped they will meet the demand of the people of the state. There are also two to train for teaching domestic science in high and preparatory schools.



Smith Hall, Girls Dormitory, N. H. College

DOWN THE WIDE OLD TURNPIKE ROAD

By Shirley W. Harvey

The road runs out before us,
Wide and empty, clear and free;
Summer sunshine all around us,
Summer sounds upon the lea.

Like a troupe of care-free travelers
We are journeying afar,
With the turnpike as our compass,
And our wills the northern star.

For, we're tramping, just tramping down the wide old turnpike road.
Oh tramping, just tramping when the sunset skies are red.
With God's own fields around us, and God's heaven overhead,
We're tramping, yes just tramping, down the wide old turnpike road.

You can hear the cattle lowing
In the pasture on the hill,
And the God-like calm of evening
Makes your very soul stand still.

Though our feet are sore and weary,
And our clothes a sight to see,
Yet our hearts are glad and happy,
And our thoughts swing wide and free.

For, we're tramping, just tramping down the wide old turnpike road.
Oh tramping, just tramping when the sunset skies are red.
With God's own fields around us, and God's heaven overhead,
We're tramping, yes just tramping, down the wide old turnpike road.

There's nought for us to worry for.
There's nought that we must do.
We tramp and breathe, and laugh and live,
And stop when we get through.

We take things as we find them,
Take what the road may bring.
In the rain, we grin and bear it,
In the soft warm dusk, we sing:

For, we're tramping, just tramping down the wide old turnpike road.
Oh tramping, just tramping when the sunset skies are red.
With God's own fields around us, and God's heaven overhead,
We're tramping, yes just tramping, down the wide old turnpike road.

34 Reed Hall, Hanover, N. H.

ABNER J. NUTTER

The Last Old-Fashioned School Teacher in Dover

By L. A. Stevens

Doubtless some Dover people hold a dim remembrance of Abner J. Nutter, public school teacher in the old town in the middle of the last century. He died in West Roxbury, Mass., March 23, 1911.

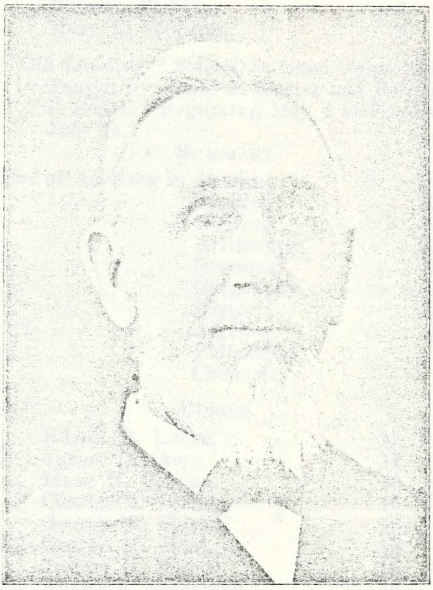
Mr. Nutter was born in Wakefield, May 1, 1822, the son of Alpheus and Hannah Nutter. His father was a farmer and general mechanic. Young Nutter made the most of the educational opportunities offered by his native town and better-equipped Hampton.

He taught at Rye two winters; at Dover ten years. Our records are imperfect, but it appears that he was employed at Garrison Hill district in 1844; Fourth Street Secondary in 1847; was transferred to "The Old Landing" grammar in 1850, and in 1851 became principal of the grammar department in the new building near the junction of First and Chestnut Streets.

His accession to the last named post was the natural result of his intelligent service at "The Old Landing," and gave general satisfaction. Later he taught one winter at Barnstead; at Watertown, Mass., four years, and at West Roxbury, Mass., thirty-one years and eight months.

Mr. Nutter had a strong bent for teaching, but early in life circumstances placed him in a limited sphere. He belonged to a teaching order of which our departmental age will soon know nothing, except through the researchers of the curious. He was of a type of character almost as wholly vanished now as that of the school houses of his day. He did not believe in the efficacy of finesse with children or their parents. He was less inclined to manage than to command. It was fixed in his mind that the highest and best discipline of youth went hand in hand with good hard drudgery, stimulated and assisted by competition—and he yielded no more to natural bent than to indolence of idle preference. Liking or disliking this or that subject of study mattered not at all.

It is simple justice to add that



Abner J. Nutter

schools in his charge were always well up to the standard of his time, but he contributed almost nothing to the growing desire for larger school opportunities. To him it seemed more likely that the energy and enterprise of the American people would be best conserved by perfecting the town grammar schools. In short, he did not believe that the subjects taught in high schools were the best for public educational purposes.

In the common schools of the fifties he was a wonder. Treading in the same circle no contemporary was his superior. He attended the Free Baptist Church during his stay in Dover. Politically he acted with the Free Soil party. Living to such an advanced age he survived the majority of his pupils, but the following lists will prove interesting in this vicinity and elsewhere:

No. 3, Garrison Hill School District, instructed by Abner J. Nutter from May 13, 1844, to March 1, 1845, making 37 weeks at $24.50 per month.

PUPILS

John Baker,	16
Asa Baker,	14
Edwin Bangs,	11
George E. Baker,	7
Eben Colby,	18
Rudolph Gage,	14
Isaac N. Gilman,	11
George W. Heath,	15
Brackett Hayes,	14
Benjamin Hall,	10
Alphonso Hayes,	19
Thomas J. Ham,	7
Zenas K. Hoag,	5
L. Hanson,	5
William Jenks,	8
George Jenks,	13
George B. Legg,	13
Cyrus Littlefield,	7
George Moulton,	11
William Moore,	8
Joseph Mason,	7
William J. McGaugh,	14
Edwin Nute,	5
Henry B. Osgood,	10
Joseph L. Page,	17
George W. Page,	15
John T. Rand,	14
Mark F. Rand,	8
James Sowerby,	15
John H. Sowerby,	13
Enos H. Sawyer,	12
Joseph H. Sargent,	14
George Townsend,	9
John H. Willey,	7
Daniel W. Watson,	17
John Whittier,	16
Samuel Whittier,	10
William Webster,	8
Benjamin F. Webster,	5
Abigail Bangs,	16
Elizabeth Bangs,	12
Mehitable Baker,	11
Elisabeth Bickford,	4
Susan F. Clarke,	11
Phœbe Gilman,	12
Susan M. Gould,	12
Julia A. Gould,	10
Eliza J. Gage,	4
Mary E. Gage,	4
Sarah J. Hanson,	17
Arabella T. Hurd,	11
Nancy Hayes,	11
Octavia H. Hurd,	9
Abby T. Littlefield,	4
Sarah Moulton,	14
Rebecca Nutter,	11
Abby M. Purinton,	4
Clarissa Richardson,	15
Anna E. Rand,	12
Cynthia S. Ricker,	12
Olive Rendall,	12
Margaret P. Rand,	10
Sarah A Sawyer,	16
Hannah M. Sawyer,	14
Lydia A. Sowerby,	11
Matilda Watson,	11
Eliza J. Webster,	13
Susan Whittier,	12
Henrietta Webster,	11
Hannah Webster,	9
Mary E. Webster,	3

"Old Landing" School, Summer Term 1850, Taught by Abner J. Nutter and Rebecca C. Smith. Beginning May 4 and ending July 25.

SUMMARY

No. of scholars in Reading,	109
Spelling,	109
Writing,	99
Arithmetic,	107
Grammar,	70
Geography,	95
History,	21
Algebra,	18
Philosophy,	4
Chemistry,	4

PUPILS

Edwin B. Locke,	11
James Clarke,	11
Isaac N. Gilman,	16
Charles E. Varney,	16
George W. Clarke,	16
George H. Ham,	15
Joshua G. Flagg,	15
Albert A. Stackpole,	15
William H. Locke,	14
Albert A. Gordon,	14
George S. Wendell,	13
Henry B. Hall,	11
John Q. Toppan,	11
Daniel L. Thompson,	10
Charles A. Dore,	10
Samuel F. Morrill,	13
Augustus Townsend,	13
Albion P. Stevens,	13
George E. Horne,	13
Charles S. Locke,	12
Edmund Wilson,	12
Edwin Nute,	12
Samuel F. Wiggin,	12
Eben M. Foster,	12
George W. Chapin,	12

William H. Barden,	12	Ellen M. Locke,	15
Wilbur F. Warren,	12	Phœbe G. Flagg,	15
Thomas H. Foss,	12	Isabell Horne,	15
Charles W. Burgess,	11	Martha F. French,	14
James A. Thompson,	11	Hannah J. York,	14
Hannah F. Leighton,	18	Sarah J. Willey,	14
Harriet E. Wiggin,	15	Elisabeth A. Warren,	14
Sophia A. Norris,	15	Ann M. Griffin,	13
Ellen Hampson,	15	Hannah L. Clough,	13
Ruth Kimball,	15	Frances J. Murphy,	13
Olive A. Hartford,	12	Emily M. Nutter,	13
George W. Durgin,	15	Hannah Scates,	13
Samuel E. Twombly,	15	Lenora A. Leighton,	12
George F. Shepard,	15	Lydia Wright,	12
John B. Stevens, Jr.,	14	Frances J. Linton,	12
Charles E. Grant,	14	Elisabeth R. Morrill,	12
Theodore Littlefield,	14	Frances A. Borden,	12
Charles Philbrick,	14	Eliza J. Scates,	11
Moses F. Young,	14	Achsah A. Horne,	11
James A. Reynolds,	14	Ellen F. Langford,	11
Edwin Sawyer,	13	Ann M. Morrill,	11
Russell B. Wiggin,	13	Mary H. Warren,	10
Alonzo H. Drew,	13	Sarah A. Norris,	8
Benjamin Gerris, Jr.,	13	Priscilla R. Freeman,	14
Charles E. Scruton,	13	Asenath A. Cushing,	13
Charles A. Frye,	13	Martha A. Stackpole,	13
William Lanford,	10	Ellen F. Morrill,	13
Joseph H. Wiggin,	10	Emily J. Crockett,	13
Thomas Farnsworth,	10	Abby S. Peirce,	13
Samuel W. Cushing,	10	Harriet A. Burleigh,	12
Charles A. Faxon,	10	Martha A. Faxon,	12
Simon F. Hartford,	10	Anna M. Savory,	12
George W. Folsome,	10	Susan E. Lord,	12
James J. Meader,	10	Hannah S. Perkins,	12
Martin L. Shapleigh,	10	Mary E. Shapleigh,	12
Charles H. Clarke,	9	Harriett A. Clough,	11
George E. Foot,	12	Delia A. Varney,	11
George F. French,	12	Ellen M. Gordon,	11
Seorim Demeritt,	12	Clara A. Hill,	11
John T. W. Ham,	11	Frances J. Stackpole,	10
Charles H. Norris,	11	Harriet F. Chapin,	8
Mary F. Varney,	15		

THE FALLING LEAF

By L. J. H. Frost

Slowly and silently one by one
Down to the earth the dead leaves come;
Withered and faded, brown and sere,
Emblems they are of our brief life here.

Once they were young and bright and fair,
As they waved a kiss to the passing air;
They have changed their robes of green and gold
And lain down to rest on the earth's mould.

So our brief life passes, day by day,
Bearing us all slowly away
To the land of rest, our Father's home,
Where change and death can never come.

NOT NOW BUT SOMETIME

By N. F. Carter

We see not now as we would see;
A veil is on the heart and eyes,
Dim vision often mystifies,
When, in disguise, truth hidden lies
We wait for light in times to be!

So in the present darkness led,
We often grope among the weeds,
We stumble over human creeds,
We miss the deeds that help our needs,
And fail to find the living bread!

In meted gifts of good and ill,
In paths o'er wastes of desert sand,
We do not see our Father's hand,
Nor understand what God hath planned
To mould and shape us as He will.

The full assurance of our hope,—
God's safe and glowing harbor-light
To glorify the darkest night,—
Oft fails our sight when waves are white,
And storms we vainly seem to cope!

We reason when our faith is weak,
"If God is good and heareth prayer,
The gall and wormwood why not spare?
Why call to bear such loads of care,
The griefs too deep for tongue to speak?"

But we shall know when fall the scales
From blinded eyes, and gone the haze,
That, glad or sad the passing days,
Love's glowing rays light darkest ways,
And God's great goodness never fails!

FAREWELL SONG OF THE MIGRATORY BIRDS

Translated from the German of Hoffman von Fallersleben by Ellen McRoberts Mason

How beautiful was field and wood!
How sorrowful is now the world!
Gone is the lovely summer-time
And, after joy, came mourning-time.

We poor birds mourn sore,
We have no home more,
We from here must fly away
Into the wide world where we may.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE GOVERNOR'S DINNER

In the Old Colonial Days

By Fred Myron Colby

Mrs. Stowe begins her story of "The Minister's Wooing" with the announcement that "Mrs. Kate Scudder had invited Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones and Deacon Twitchel's wife to take tea with her on the afternoon of June 2, A. D. 17—." I might begin this short sketch of an entertainment of one hundred and eighty years ago by saying that Madame Cutts, sometime in the third decade of the nineteenth century, when the first John Wentworth was ruling over New Hampshire and His Excellency Samuel Shute was the royal governor, made a great dinner to which were invited all the colonial magnates of Kittery and Portsmouth. In fact this is just what I should have done only that another has given a better account of the old-time entertainment than I could possibly do. My great-grandmother, who was a young lady at that time just entering upon her belledom, was present at that dinner, and in her old age she wrote from memory a description of it, which, as a picture of the olden time, has no little value.

It is written on dark-colored crown paper in a small cramped hand, and is considerably over a hundred years old, for Great-grandmother Gerrish died soon after the close of the Revolution. The memorandum with numberless other relics—old silver with the Cutts arms upon it, samplers, books and wearing apparel among which are the high-heeled shoes of Madame Cutts, a satin waistcoat embroidered with silver of old Governor Cutts, the first of the royal governors of New Hampshire—are kept in an antique trunk in the library which is opened only occasionally for the purpose of seeing that all is well with the contents. The last time we looked the relics over I made a copy of the memorandum, and if one wishes to know exactly how they did at a big dinner in the colonies in the days of George the First, and when Pope was writing the "Essay on Man," here it is as recorded by an eye-witness. My great-grandmother's journal says:

"At the Island, July 16, 1783.

"Today while the house and all the land was still, and the men with the lads and lasses were away at the harvesting, and I sat alone (Prudence and Dorothy being in the kitchen) I chanced to look up from my spinning wheel through the open door, across the creek towards Portsmouth. And something, I scarce knew what, carried me back through the years to the old time and the old scenes and the old faces when I was a girl. Was it the soporific of the hot, sluggish air, or the shining of the smooth water, or the gleam of the roofs and spires of the city, or was it the smell of the hay, wafted in from the new-mown fields? Most likely the last, for I remember it was the same season of the year—haying time—that the event happened which stands out the clearest in my mind, the day of the big dinner, the Governor's dinner as we have always called it since.

"Sitting here now I can seem to hear the rush of the barges through the summer waters, and see the august throng of people that gathered that day at the hall, the sheen of the gold-laced and silver-laced coats and waistcoats, and the ornamented brocades, the stately bow and decorous gravity; can still see the admiring smile of the courtly Wentworth as he drank my health in one of those spiral-stemmed, monogram-engraved champagne glasses that were mother's especial pride, and which, when not

in use, always sat on the highest shelf of the parlor cupboard. Ah, well, who would ever think it was nigh on to sixty years ago!

"What changes the years do bring! Who would have believed then that we should ever have tired of King George's rule. I hardly understood it all anyway, perhaps because I am a woman, but it was something about taxation and representation. Well, now that it is all over I hope that the profit will be worth what it cost. It is almost like a new life—this change from loyal subjects of the crown to a nation of freemen. New men have come upon the stage, the old men have gone. The names of George Washington, Franklin, Hancock, Stark and Langdon are in everybody's mouth. In that old time it was Pepperell, Wentworth, Belcher and Shirley, none the less good men and true.

"The island remains unchanged, thank Heaven for that! The Cutts domain is as baronial as ever.* Very little change is visible anywhere. The oaken floor, which it was mother's rule to have daily rubbed with wax, still shines like mahogany, and the dear old crest and coat of arms that belonged to our family in England greet me where they are carved over the great fireplaces. Yes, our little world seems to be set aside and has not yet fallen into the new ways of this strange age. Every night the drawbridge is taken up for safety, as in the time of the Indian invasions, and every morning it is put down, connecting us with the main land. We still keep and use our coach and barge, our silver with the armorial bearings and our array of servants. In doors and out the true English hospitality reigns still as in the good old days when the Cutts feasted the Pepperells and the Wentworths, in our great dining room, where sixty guests could sit down at a time.

"And that reminds me of what I started to write about, the story of one of those stately dinners of the ancient time. Let me see, it was in the middle of July and mother's birthday, and I think the year 1727. I was then nineteen, and was just home from school at Boston, where I had been taught not only music, drawing and embroidery, but one day in every week was devoted to the manufacture of cake and pastry, and if I do say it, I could roll out a piecrust as light and flaky as feathers and white as snow. I could row a boat and ride a horse too, with the best, and could put on a saddle without help from any one. And I could make butter and cheese as well as mother. We used to make two cheeses a day and churn every morning. It was always a busy life at our island home, but I was glad to get back to it.

"It was while at Boston that I saw 'tea' for the first time. I was invited by Betty Royall to visit her one afternoon, and at the supper table there sat Madame Royall, entrenched behind a great silver tea service, and a servant brought in the tea, all hot to be served. I had never seen the beverage used before and scarcely knew how to act, but I waited until it was poured, and Mrs. Royall had added sugar and cream to her cup and raised it to her lips, when I followed her example. We drank it from the daintiest china imaginable. It pleased me so much that I purchased a pound of tea to carry home to mother, but it was a costly luxury, for I had to pay a guinea a pound for it. Soon after father sent to England for a tea service that had our arms engraved upon it, and he also purchased a set of china that was fully as handsome as Madame Royall's.

*Cutts or Gerrish Island has an area of sixteen hundred acres. The proprietors used to keep thirty cows, several hundred sheep, and their large old fashioned house contained fifty rooms. They kept a pleasure boat, and every young lady had a horse and saddle of her own. They had a domestic chaplain; had prayers every morning and evening in an apartment they called the Chapel, and had a steward and butler, and a household of twelve African slaves.

"We had so much family silver that I remember it took Chloe and Luce, our two African slave girls, a whole day to polish it, at the time of the Governor's dinner. What a busy week it was! We were in the midst of the haying season too, but we managed to secure extra help from Kittery. Never were the big brick ovens kept busier than they were then. It would have made some people's eyes stare to see the pies and cakes and puddings that men pulled out of those ovens. The day before the entertainment two hands had all they wanted to do to turn the spits in the kitchen for roasting the ducks, chickens and turkeys, which were to be served cold. Outside, behind the garden wall, an oven was bricked for roasting a hog which was put whole upon the spit; this barbecue as they called it was to be served hot and would be the feature of the dinner.

"The day of the entertainment arrived—a bright, beautiful day with a good breeze. The house was in readiness from cellar to garret. The grass was rendered smooth and the walks that led to the house from the landing were beautifully graveled, each side of which box had been planted. Several rose bushes, which had been brought from England by Francis Champernowne, the first proprietor of the island, were in full bloom and their fragrance filled the air. Everybody in the house was dressed in their best. Father—everybody called him Major Cutts—was dressed in a suit of brown velvet, laced with gold, and a wig that would have covered two heads today. Mother wore a black damask, a lawn cap and hood, a white and silver stomacher, cuffs with double ruffles and velvet shoes with silver clasps. I remember that I was braced up in a crimson satin dress, sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, and a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off and distended at the top by an ample hoop. On my neck and bosom a lace handkerchief was fastened in front by a large bosom pin. My shoes were of white kid with peaked toes and heels of two or three inches elevation, glittering with spangles, and I had on a pair of blue silk stockings.

"Our company began to arrive at eleven o'clock. A fiddler and a drummer were stationed at the landing to bid them welcome with 'God Save the King!' It was a gay sight to see the old house in its holiday garb, the crowd of servants, the barges sweeping up to the wharf, several of them with African crews that were dressed in livery, and the rich costumes of our visitors. What a stately company they were as they walked up to the house. There were Governor Wentworth and his lady, he in blue velvet and she in white damask and tabby; Mr. Pepperell in a scarlet velvet suit and his wife in a crimson tabby trimmed with silver; Secretary Atkinson in white satin breeches and coat and a blue-corded silk waistcoat, and Madame Atkinson in a stiff gold-colored satin dress, and Parson Adams in his silk cassock and his wife in a brown damask. There were sixty invited guests—all the *elite* of Portsmouth and Kittery.

"Upon entering they were entertained with cake and sack, passed round by the servants on silver salvers. They remained seated a short time, gossiping and laughing, and finally broke up in small groups. Some danced upon the green, others walked about the island, visiting the stables and barns, and still others had a little excursion on the water. At one o'clock the great gong summoned all to dinner.

"Our dining room was a picture of old-time hospitality. The great table groaned under its weight of delicacies such as it seldom bore. At one end snapped and bristled the barbecue, which was done to perfection, while roasted chickens and turkeys, boiled hams and tongues, were paraded at the other, flanked by pastry of various kinds and immense plum puddings,

with ducks, custards, and fish caught from the water within an hour or two, lobsters, jellies and preserved fruits of several kinds. All but sugar, wines and spirits, of which there were enough to have furnished twenty ordinary dinners, were the produce of the island.

"But the center of the table exhibited the grandest beauty of all. It was a silver tube tub that would hold four gallons full of pancakes (flapjacks) rising from its rich and polished sides like an immense snow drift, for it was covered from the base to the attic with powered white sugar. A floating island, representing a ship in the sea, was stationed a little below. A large bowl of punch was handed round, and the ladies as well as the gentlemen did justice to the wine and cordials which were presented in flowing goblets.

"They sat two hours at the table, when chocolate and tea were announced upon the green before the door. After these refreshments many of the gentlemen smoked, and, late in the afternoon, with an abundance of ceremony, bows and courtesies, the company bade us adieu, and Cutts Island settled once more into its accustomed pastoral quiet. And to think I've lived nearly sixty years since that time; why, it seems as if it was but yesterday that I listened to the grave, formal compliments of Governor Wentworth and blushed when Mr. Pepperell said he guessed that young Mr. Gerrish had an eye to the Cutts property. Well, they have all been dead these many years, governors and councilors and baronets and their stately dames, and I alone am left to tell the story of that old time. "Sic transit gloria mundi," as our good old Parson Adams used to say.

"MARY CUTTS GERRISH."

A BIRTHDAY THOUGHT

(To my wife)

By E. H. Hunter

Once more befalls to me this pleasant task;
A time in which to breathe my inmost thought;
And once again, as oft before, I ask
That happiness today may be your lot.

Our lines seem laid along smooth, sunny ways—
Time's trickling sands make music in the ear;
And yet, we look towards other, happier days,
In Heaven, with all it promises, my dear!

I pray that when our birthdays here shall cease,
And from life's smiles and tears we're called to part—
God grant us never ending joy and peace,
And love together evermore, sweetheart.

THANKSGIVING AND THANKSLIVING

The Musings of a Quiet Thinker

Thanksgiving is good, but *thanksliving* is much better. He is greatest, who confers the most benefits.

When we attempt to exercise the "thinking substance," wind it up and set it a-going, we soon realize that there are "two mes" that we must contend with—a "me" and a "not me"—that is, that we have a dual nature and consciousness.

The ordinary eating, drinking, sleeping man is not the real one, but he is a pretender, an experimenter, an interloper, a vain and fleeting show, who lives, moves and has his being in a world of appearances only; of illusions and delusions; and he wanders about, vainly striving after more light and insight; after something more real, beautiful and true. Eventually, he begins to realize that there is an inner man, who is a much higher and better one, who is the "other me."

We mingle with men and things in the ordinary affairs of life and share the same life with them; but we are so "hide bound" by our senses and by our surroundings, that we fail to see this part of our life is made up largely of very *little* things. S. T. Coleridge, in his "Aids to Reflection," has very aptly remarked, that "to magnify the little is to exclude the great." Now here comes the test of real manhood and womanhood. Whether we shall choose the highest and best things in life or the ordinary, little ones, as our chief aim and goal.

Our wise Creator has given us this great and beautiful world, full of hope, joy and new life, with a higher nature—(the other me)—to work out our destiny with fear and trembling.

"We live in deeds not years, in thoughts not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Let this, then, be the test of real manhood and womanhood. "Thanksliving" would then become a real thing of daily occurrence and our lives would be much greater and happier.

If the grumblers and disgruntled ones would only realize that "His loving kindness is *better* than life," and would then make most earnest efforts to obtain it, the dawn of the millennium would indeed be very near.

TRANSFIGURATION

By Maude Gordon-Roby

The snow is falling thick and fast,
But on this Christmas day,
I see a strange procession move,
And every one looks gay.

They do not mind the cold or sleet,
Or chilling winds that blow,
For in each heart the Christ is born,
Each face with love doth glow.

On through the centuries they come,
Like angels, fair and mild;
For no one's old—and no one's poor—
Who loves a little child.

ELIZA UPHAM BELL

By Sarah B. Lawrence

Of that fast vanishing generation which gave Exeter its literary, artistic, religious and social prominence, there passed from among us, recently, Eliza Upham Bell, a granddaughter of Samuel Bell, who, in 1820 was Governor of New Hampshire, twelve years United States senator, and three years a justice of the Supreme Court. It is not often where one whose life has been so removed from the public gaze, that its simplicity, sincerity and reverence come like a blessed benediction upon those whose precious privilege it was to feel her influence and be moved by its inspiration.

Genial and generous hospitality was one of her special gifts—almost amounting to a fine art. In thought we go back to the fine colonial home on Front Street, with the great purple and white rhododendrons growing in the front yard, and the ever-ready old-time welcome of the inmates of the old home.

Within the home a flavor of antiquity impresses one; old pictures look down from the walls, and old mahogany furniture brings to mind the generations of the past. Books are everywhere; and the artistic world comes within the scope of this cultured family. Lucy Bell is well known as an artist of ability as well as her late sister, Eliza, she combining philanthropy with her artistic work. A widowed sister, Mrs. Nathaniel G. White, now of Washington, D. C., with her daughter have spent much of their time in foreign travel, are well known for their great philanthropic work. They are frequent visitors to the old home in Exeter, spending their summers at their beautiful cottage at Little Boar's Head—the first to be built at that new fashionable seaside resort. A brother, Charles U. Bell, is a noted judge of the Superior Court in Massachusetts. He is in appearance a typical judge, being a man of great dignity with snow white hair. He resides in Andover with his family. Another brother, James D. Bell, is also a lawyer in Florida (Hawthorn). Memory recalls the mother, Mrs. Judith A. Bell, widow of Mr. James Bell, a well-known lawyer, a son of Samuel Bell. Mrs. James Bell was a woman of courtly dignity, possessing all the fine graces of an old-time lady, being tall and stately, with white hair arranged in puffs about her patrician face. She came of distinguished ancestry, a brother Francis W. Upham, LL. D., of New York, an eminent lawyer and author, being the last survivor of a family of eleven.

Mrs. Bell died in 1895, after nearly fifty years' residence in Exeter. One of Mrs. Bell's last interests was inaugurating the movement which has resulted in the building of Exeter's fine hospital. The first meeting took place in her library. Eliza was equally interested, and was one of the most active members of the hospital committee. The unfortunate and the poor mourned for this noble woman who never failed them in their hour of need.

A beautiful and touching dignity seemed to rest upon Miss Eliza U. Bell in her last days as she sat by, quietly waiting and listening for the sound of the "sunset gun" in her well-spent life. With a feeling of sadness does the writer lay this little tribute upon the new-made grave of an honored friend, whose memory is enshrined in a halo of veneration.

November 11, 1913.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HARLAN PAGE AMEN

Harlan Page Amen, one of New England's most noted educators, for the last eighteen years principal of Phillips Exeter Academy, died at his home in Exeter, November 9, 1913.

He was born in humble circumstances in Highland County, Ohio, April 14, 1853, the son of Daniel and Sarah J. (Barber) Amen. At the age of nineteen he went to Exeter, proposing to work his way through the academy, which he did successfully, completing the four years' course in three years, the last year holding the Gordon Scholarship. From Exeter he went to Harvard, where hard work and superior scholarship carried him through to graduation with honor in 1879. Both at Exeter and Cambridge his roommate was William De Witt Hyde, now president of Bowdoin College. Immediately after graduation he became an instructor at Riverview Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he continued teaching, successively, mathematics, English, Latin and Greek, and becoming joint principal and proprietor of the institution.

In 1895 he was called to the principalship at Exeter, to succeed Prof. Fish, and there continued, with great success until his death, serving for the first four years as professor of Latin as well as principal. He had instituted many improvements and greatly advanced the prosperity of the institution, the number of students having increased, under his administration, from less than 200 to more than 500.

In 1886 he was given the honorary degree of A. M., by Williams College and, in 1911, that of Litt. D. by Dartmouth.

Dr. Amen had been president of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, the Headmasters' Association, the New Hampshire Association of Academy Teachers and the Harvard Teachers' Association, and vice-president of the Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club. He was a member of the Archæological Institute of America, the American Philological Association, the American Historical Association, the American Whig Society, the New Hampshire Historical Society, the New Hampshire Society of the Cincinnati, the University Club of New York, Twentieth Century Club of Boston, the Appalachian Mountain Club and New Hampshire Rhodes Scholarship Committee.

He is survived by three daughters, Margaret R., Elizabeth W. and R. Perne Amen, and a son, John H. Amen, a member of the upper middle class at the academy. The two elder daughters are graduates of Vassar and Miss Margaret Amen is a teacher at the Bryn Mawr (Pa.) School.

DR. JOHN H. CLARK

Dr. John Howe Clark, born in 1837 in the town of Greenland, died November 30, 1913, in Amherst, where he had resided for several years past.

Dr. Clark, son of Rev. Samuel W. and Rebecca (Howe) Clark, was educated at Dartmouth College and Dartmouth Medical School, graduating in 1857. He served as assistant surgeon in the Navy during the Civil War, being attached to the Gulf Squadron under Farragut. He was later stationed at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, and had various other assignments up to 1881 when he became a member of the Naval Examining Board. From 1883 to 1886 he was fleet surgeon of the Pacific squadron. On his return to Atlantic waters he was assigned to duty at the Portsmouth Navy Yard and in 1890 was sent on special duty to Europe in the U. S. S. *Baltimore*. He was then ranked as medical inspector, and in 1893 he was made medical director of the United States Navy and president of the Naval Examining Board.

He was unmarried, but left a handsome property.

HON. BENJAMIN R. WHEELER

Benjamin R. Wheeler, long a leading citizen of Salem, died at his home in that town, November 6, 1913.

He was born in Salem April 23, 1840, and had always resided there. In early life he was engaged in shoemaking, but enlisted in the Union Army upon the outbreak of the Civil War and rose in the service to the rank of captain.

After the war he returned to shoe manufacturing, and continued in the business till 1878, when he retired, and afterward gave his attention to public affairs. He had served seven years as a selectman; had been six times chosen a representative in the legislature (being a member of the present House), and had served as state senator in 1883–84. He had been active in the Grange and other fraternal organizations. He leaves one daughter, Mrs. Fred Woodbury, of Salem.

HON. FRANK H. DANIELL

Frank H. Daniell, long prominent in the public and business life of Franklin, died at his home in that city, November 30, aged 75 years.

He was a brother of the late Hon. Warren F. Daniell, whose death preceded his but a few months, and was born in Franklin, June 19, 1838. He was educated in the public schools and at Franklin Academy,

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

and was for some years engaged in the office of the Peabody & Daniell paper mill, but afterward engaged in the hosiery business in what is now the Sulloway Mill. Subsequently he was for a time engaged in the insurance business; but for the last thirty years had been most of the time in public service, having been postmaster from 1885 till 1897; mayor of Franklin in 1899 and city clerk from 1901 till 1912, inclusive. He was also two years a representative in the legislature. Before Franklin became a city he served as a selectman, several years as a supervisor of the check list, and was a member of the first board of education. He was also for a long time a member of the fire department and, at one time, chief engineer. He was prominent in Masonry, a member of Mount Horeb Commandery, K. T., an Odd Fellow, and a charter member of Franklin Lodge, K. of H.

He had been twice married and is survived by a wife and three sons—Robert, by the first marriage, Charles F., of Melrose, Mass., and Frank C., of White River Junction, Vt.

WILLIAM F. BROOKS

William F. Brooks, born in Freedom, February 13, 1828, died in that town, November 24, 1913.

Mr. Brooks was for a long time engaged in ship building in East Boston, Mass., and later for many years in the produce business on North Market and Blackstone Streets, Boston. He represented Ward One, Boston, in the Common Council in 1871–73 and served as alderman in 1874. He was superintendent of Faneuil Hall Market and inspector of provisions in 1876–78. At the time of his death he was one of the oldest members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. He is survived by three sons and a daughter, Frank P. Brooks, William C. Brooks, George M. Brooks, and Mrs. Alice E. Weeks.

GEORGE W. SANBORN

George W. Sanborn, born in East Kingston February 23, 1838, died in that town November 21, 1913.

He was a son of Col. Charles and Betsy P. (Brown) Sanborn, his father having been engaged in the Boston Custom House under the Pierce and Buchanan administrations. For a few years in early manhood he was in the commission business in Boston, but had spent most of his life in his native town where he was for many years in partnership with the late Hon. F. Tilton French in the meat and cattle business, wholesale and retail, besides engaging quite extensively in lumbering, and in general merchandise.

Politically he was a staunch Democrat. He was chairman of the Board of County Commissioners in 1887–93, in which period the Exeter court house and records building were erected. He long served on the former state board of equalization. He had served East Kingston as moderator and selectman, and for the past quarter century had been town and school treasurer. He was a representative in 1869, 1878, and 1881–82, and had been delegate in two constitutional conventions. He was a trustee of Brown Academy, East Kingston, in which he was much interested, and had been a trustee of the Union Five Cents Savings bank.

Mr. Sanborn left a wife and two daughters, Mrs. James Monahan and Mrs. Charles F. Knights.

COMMODORE CHARLES P. PERKINS

Commodore Charles P. Perkins, U. S. N., retired, died at San Francisco, Cal., on Sunday, October 5, 1913. He was born in Somersworth, N. H., February 18, 1848; was appointed midshipman on July 24, 1865, and was graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis June 4, 1860.

During the Spanish-American War he was executive officer of the U. S. S. *Monadnock*, and was promoted to the rank of captain on October 3, 1904. He was designated to act as assistant to the commandant of the Pacific Naval District, and later was appointed a member of the board to inspect the merchant marine, in which capacity he served from January 17, 1907, to June 30, 1909. He was transferred to the retired list with the rank of commodore upon his own application June 30, 1908.

HON. HENRY E. HOWLAND

Hon. Henry Elias Howland, born in Walpole June 30, 1835, died at his home in New York City November 8, 1913.

Judge Howland received his preparatory education in Walpole and at Kimball Union Academy; entered Yale College and graduated with the class of 1854, at nineteen years of age. He studied law for a year in the office of Judge Frederick Vose of Walpole, graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1857, and the same year entered the office of John Sherwood of New York City, Mr. Sherwood being a son-in-law of Gen. James Wilson, the noted Keene lawyer and statesman. In 1865 Mr. Howland became a partner of Mr. Sherwood, the firm relation continuing for over twenty years, and the business of the firm becoming extensive in all the higher courts. In 1878 he became the partner of Henry H. Anderson, this relation continuing till 1896.

In 1873 he was appointed, by Governor Dix, a judge of the Marine Court. He was appointed president of the tax department of New York City by Mayor Cooper in 1881, and was named by Governor Morton as presi-

dent of the Board of Managers of the Manhattan State Hospital. He had been president of the New England Society of New York, of the University Club, and of various other civic and social organizations. He was chiefly noted, however, for his facility and eloquence as an after dinner speaker.

In 1865 Judge Howland married Miss Louise Miller of New York who died in 1884, leaving several children.

COL. GILMAN H. TUCKER

Gilman H. Tucker, a native of the town of Raymond, and long a distinguished citizen of New York, though always holding his legal residence in Raymond, was born January 20, 1836, the son of Gen. Henry and Nancy (Dudley) Tucker.

He was educated at the Normal School in New Britain, Conn., at Phillips Andover and Kimball Union Academies, and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in the class of 1861.

Espousing the Republican party cause, he took the stump in its behalf in the campaign in which Nathaniel S. Berry was elected governor, and was recognized by the latter with an appointment upon his staff.

His first business connection was with Brown & Taggard of Boston, publishers of educational text-books, with which firm and its successors he continued till 1867 when he became New England agent for Scribner & Co. of New York, in which capacity he served twelve years, when he was called to New York to take charge of the entire educational department of the firm, in which capacity he continued till 1883, when he became secretary of the School Book Publishers' Association of the United States. A few years later he was chosen secretary of the American Book Company in which position he served efficiently until his death, November 14, 1913.

Colonel Tucker retained an ardent love for his native town, and was its benefactor in many ways, most notably in the donation of the Dudley-Tucker library. He retained the old family homestead in Raymond and there spent his vacations. He was a member of numerous clubs and organizations in both New York and New Hampshire.

He first married in 1861, Mary H Greene of Windsor, Vt., who died seven years later. In 1871 Mrs. Caroline Kimball Clark of Newton, Mass., became his wife, who with two sons survives him.

J. HERBERT SAWYER

J. Herbert Sawyer, inventor of the Sawyer spindle which revolutionized the cotton spinning industry, died at his home on Beacon Street, Boston, November 3.

He was a native of the town of Henniker, born June 10, 1837, his ancestors having been among the early settlers of Newbury, Mass. Educated in the public schools, he taught for some time in youth and later was engaged for a time in a store in Manchester. He then took up the study of civil engineering, and was in charge of mill building at Palmer and Ware, Mass. Subsequently he became the agent of the Otis Company at Ware and later of the Appleton Company at Lowell, where he was engaged when his spindle patents were taken out. In 1880 he removed to Boston, where he became treasurer of the Newmarket Manufacturing Company, and later of the Chicopee Manufacturing Company, which positions he held till his retirement some fifteen years ago. He was one of the original members of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, a trustee of the Home for Aged Men, a member of the Exchange, the St. Botolph and Unitarian clubs, and the New England Historic Genealogical Society. He also was a director of the New England National Bank.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER'S NOTES

The Governor and Council have filled the vacancy on the Superior Court bench, occasioned by the promotion of Associate Justice William A. Plummer to the Supreme Court, by the appointment of Hon. William H. Sawyer of Concord, as had generally been expected would be the case. There has been some criticism of this appointment by the partisan press, not on account of any lack of qualification on the part of the appointee, as there is no such lack, but because of the fact that he was himself a member of the Council at the time of his appointment. It is well to bear in mind in this connection, however, that in our early history men served in the Council and as judge of the higher courts at the same time, though under our present Constitution that is impossible. It is fair to remember, moreover, that members of the Council have been appointed to other offices under previous administrations, and, more than that, governors themselves have held other offices while occupying the Chair of State. Both Person C. Cheney and James A. Weston served as mayor of Manchester while filling the governor's chair and Nahum J. Bachelder was secretary of the State Board of Agriculture all the while he was governor of New Hampshire; and nobody has yet shown that any interest suffered in any of these cases.

The two important offices that remain to be filled under the state government are that of Commissioner of Agriculture and member of the Public Service Commission to succeed Prof. T. D. W. Worthen, whose term expired some months ago, and who has continued to serve, holding over till his successor has been named and qualified. No interest has suffered in the latter case, as there is no question as to Professor Worthen's fitness and ability, and the opinion seems to be general that he should succeed himself. In regard to the position of Commissioner of Agriculture, there seems to be no little difficulty in securing the right man to fill it. Scientific training and practical knowledge, in large measure, are required in the incumbent in order that improvement be made over the work of the old Board of Agriculture, and no man has come in sight, as yet, who fills the bill in these respects, and can be had for the salary provided. There are men enough willing to take the place, undoubtedly, and some who do not hesitate to scramble for it; but no one has yet appeared who desires the position, who is capable of doing as good work as did the old secretary of the Board of Agriculture, and the Governor and Council do not intend to rest content with anything short of material improvement. Hence, the delay in the matter of appointment which may continue for some time longer.

With this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, Volume Eight of the New Series, (Vol. 45, regular issue) covering the year 1913, is completed. Copies of the bound volume may be had in exchange for the numbers for the year and 50 cents to cover cost of binding, on or about January 20, 1914. *Meanwhile subscribers in arrears are respectfully requested to bring their subscriptions up to date and a year in advance. All who attend to the matter within thirty days can settle at the advance rate of $1.00 per year for the entire time.*

At the annual session of the New Hampshire State Grange, held in Concord December 16-18, a resolution squarely endorsing equal suffrage was adopted, after full debate—a futile attempt having been made to suppress the same—by a vote of 110 to 61. This is decidedly an advance step, since never before has this organization directly endorsed the equal suffrage movement, though it went so far, two years ago, as to favor submission of the question to the people.